NOW PAKISTAN

BY

Camille Mirepoix

Published by :

GRENICH
ELPHINSTONE STREET,
KARACHI.

January 1967

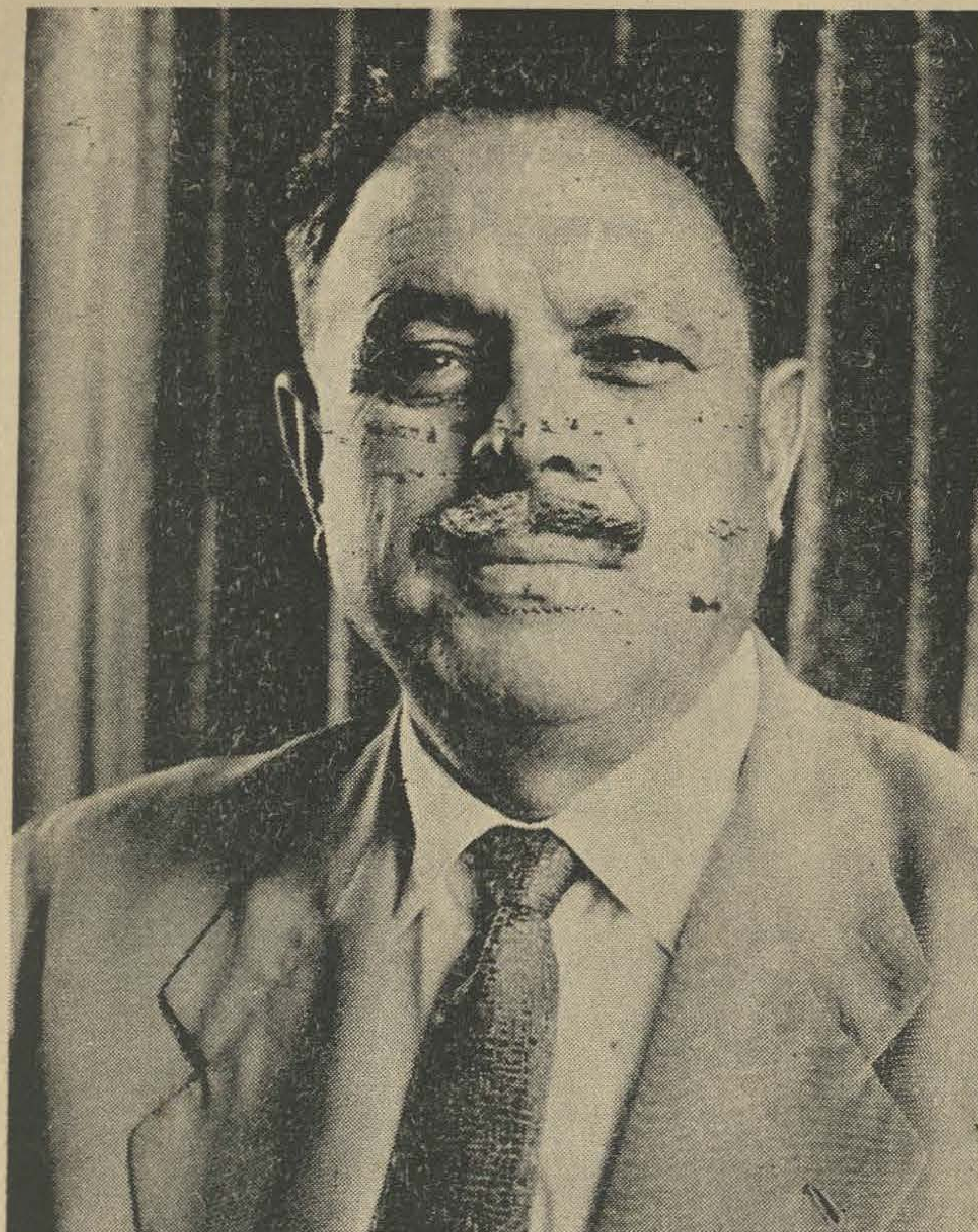
Our books

See Pakistan First 1960

See Pakistan Again 1964

Now Pakistan 1967

Printed by : M. E. NAMAZI 510, Elphinstone Street, Karachi.



What President Ayub Khan thinks about See Pakistan First

" I think it is fascinating and describes places in Pakistan intimately and in a colourful language".



PIA NOW FLY TO PARIS
ISTANBUL
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as well as to: LONDON · FRANKFURT · GENEVA · ROME · MOSCOW
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About this book . . .

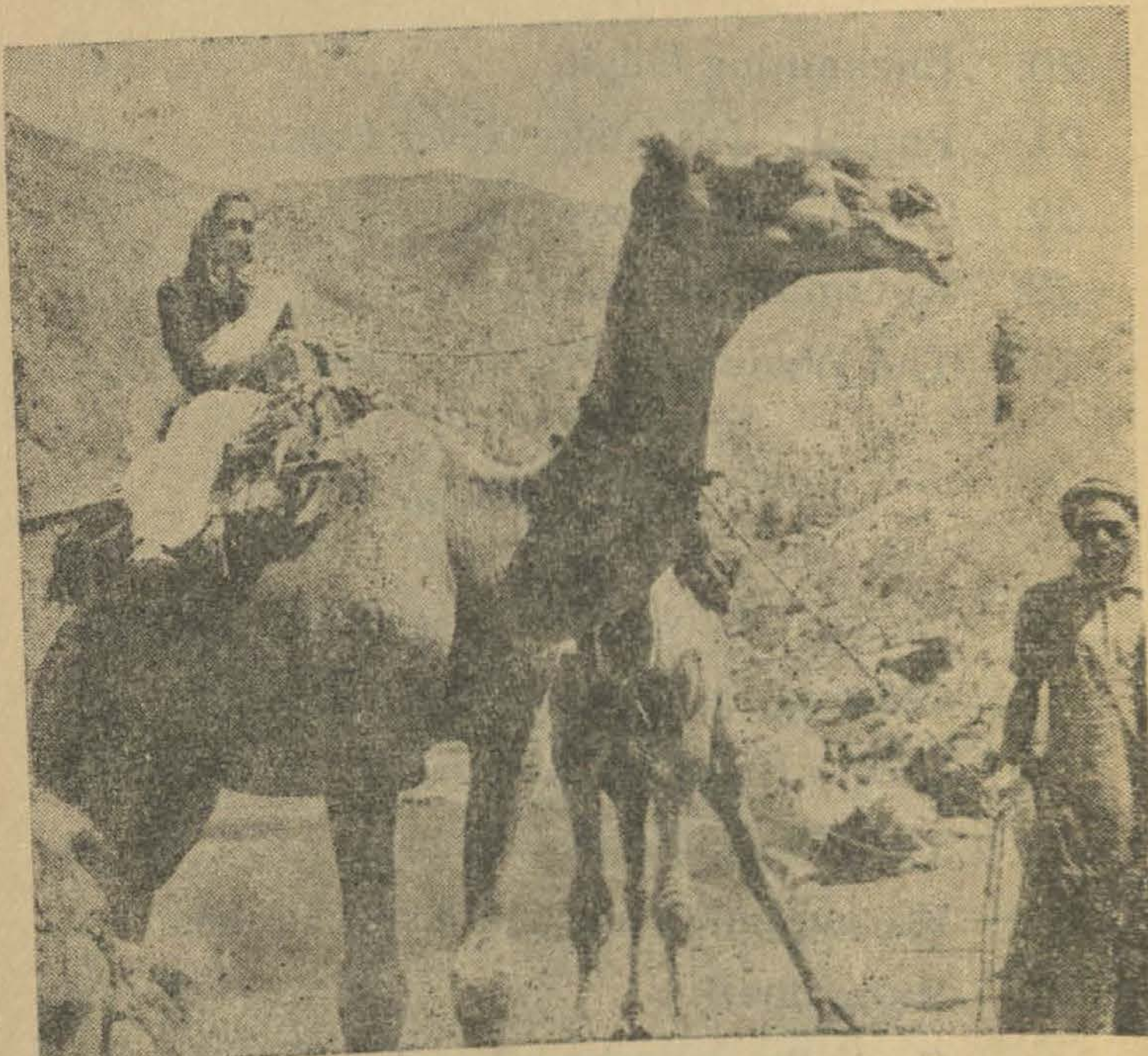
Countless armchair travel writers bring the knowledge of far-off places to the hearth of the vicarious wayfarer. But how many can instill the warmth, and enigmatical pleasure and romance of fresh pastures in the readers hearts...........

As the author herself says :- "I have travelled this globe not once, not twice but many times. I have dined with royalty as an honoured guest in the opulent palaces of the East. I have wined and broken bread with natives in remote villages where time stands still; I have tasted rare fruits and fish (caught in their icy rivers) with Gilgitis, beneath the shadows of Nanga Parbat......I have shared their laughter and sorrow, so different, and yet so similar at all their tables. I am a traveller with tales to tell. . .many tales – and all worth telling. In a lifetime of journalism I have garnered a rich harvest of sto^ries, ripe with human interest and all that makes life—the life as we know it today. Come with me here through these pages and enjoy, enjoy."

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Prologue

I sat astride a camel on Clifton Beach in Karachi by the shores of the Arabian Sea. Dark sand all around me and burning sunshine. Pedlars shouting in a strange tongue, showing off their wares, sticky candy. betel nuts and peppery cakes. Urged by his master, the camel pranced with me into the shallow waters, A bumpy ride for one unaccustomed to Asian modes of transport, a little frightening, but funny, in the late afternoon of a Karachi summer, July 1958. I laughed thinking how incongruous it was for me to be in this Ali-Baba Land setting-so far away from home in New York.

A week later I was in Lahore, city of Mughal architecture and history, lovely town but not for me, I did not belong. A week later I expected to be on my way to the States. This was the last night of my visit, engagement with friends at the Gymkhana...Taxis on strike, telephone out of order, restless feelings as if I was missing something. Call it intuition, a great clamour inside me, I must reach the Gymkhana. Two guests from my hotel obliged and got me there at midnight but my friends had long since departed. I sat down alone in the dark, feeling as if I had come home. Soft music poured out of an open window. A woman I knew slightly called my name. " Come over " she said "stay awhile and meet my friends." Hesitatingly I did, reluctant to leave the chair with its feeling of comfort.

I hadn't belonged to anywhere since the death of Pierre, my artist-mate, some 88 months earlier. I could still remember him saying, before the end "I want to travel Camille, I want to see the Taj Mahal and walk beside Shalimar.........and this little plane bag which has always carried my things for hospital check-ups will be filled with paints and brushes instead."

I never thought of that bag anymore. I had given it to a stranger on my last night in New York. It had been a gruesome reminder of being filled to the brim with Pierre's blood—stained clothes after he had stumbled and fractured his skull the day he was to leave the hospital.

No paints and brushes, no long awaited travels, just my struggles of adjustment and a wandering, alone.

Somebody's birthday party. Introductions and a sudden hush when one of the participants said with a smile " Hello madam — How did you get so far ?".

A feeling akin to fear swept through me. Who was this stranger addressing me with such familiarity? How did he know I had come so far ? His face was kind and his voice gentle yet my uneasiness increased. Vague memories were stirred, I could not recall ever having seen him before. As if reading my thoughts he spoke again and said " So you don't remember when I came to your house in New York with your neighbours before

you left for Africa? I purchased some things off you for my apartment when I was a delegate from Pakistan to the U. N. Before my return I gave them all away but I kept that small plane bag. Its the most useful item in baggage, I carry it with me whenever I travel."

Shock overwhelmed me, I could hardly speak, "You" I murmurmed "You are that man, You have the bag still?" Deep in anguish I pressed myself back further in the chair speechless while the man continued talking softly about his journeys. He had been to the Taj Mahal and walked beside the Shalimar. Then suddenly becoming aware of my distress, he stopped talking and searched my now tear stained face. "Does that bag mean so much to you?" he said. "If it does I shall give it back..." I could not answer for my anguish had turned to mild joy......Pierre's little bag had travelled to all the places he had wished to go..."No, no," I answered, leaning forward to clasp the stranger's hand. "You must keep the bag always because meeting you tonight has brought someone very far away, very close—you have made me very happy..."

Much later when the wonder of it seeped through me, I realized that this was meant to be, otherwise why did I have an impulse to visit Lahore in July when its heat reached tropical intensity and walking in the street felt like walking in flames. Everyone I met, had said "Don't go to Lahore now, its too hot, its not the season," but obstinately I went. There were so

many places I had been to in my wanderings. Lisbon, Rome, Mombasa, Kilimanjaro & Nairobi, then flight to Goa with stop over Karachi as its only outlet. Like a design planned, my casual itinerary had become a direct route to a certain climax with a sequence, which to me was a beginning and a new start. My sorrow drifted away. It was meant to be. I was drawn here as if by pattern. One ordinary mortal in the vast map of life destined by an unknown force into a happy instance which appeared to be a miracle... Why? Why should a stranger return to his homeland carrying the bag Pierre used? Why on that very night I struggled to reach an ordinary party? Why should the stranger have found me by sheer accident bringing a relic of the past to help my present, giving courage where courage had vanished.

With renewed zest and spirit, the feeling that Pierre somewhere in the hereafter was telling me to be brave and carry on, I worked with fresh ardour. Everything I wrote was sold and editors, those often distant creatures smiled upon me and asked for more. My travel now had a meaning. "It was meant for me to come here." I commenced describing all the places I had seen, and early in 1959 I met Altaf Hussain of "Dawn" who suggested that I start a travel column, portraying Pakistan for his Sunday Magazine. He left the arrangement entirely to me. I thought of the wide sea in Cox's Bazar and its beach 70 miles long. I remembered the charm of the Hill-track people and days spent in villages deep in the Khyber Pass. And

how could I forget those breathlessly wonderful flights over the Himalayas to Gilgit, which led to remote mountain villages like Sherkila in Punial and the Water of Immortal Life in Gupis with Rajas for my hosts, high up in the Karakoram Range. I had walked through the pages of time and history and gloried in the beauties of Mughal palaces. I wondered how many Pakistanis had seen what I had seen. I wanted them to share my travels and called my column "SEE PAKISTAN FIRST."

It became very popular and people from for and wide sought me out expressing their pleasure after visiting the places I wrote about. And thus the first editorial of "See Pakistan First" was born—to be quickly followed by a second. In a short time both editions were sold out and I wrote a sequel called "See Pakistan Again." This also sold quickly and with the countless changes due to new peace measures, strife, developements and new delights, I have made this new book "Pakistan Now," to fit in as advantageous portrayal of what the visitor, businessman and new resident may expect in the way of sights and sounds in Pakistan today.

CHAPTER ONE

Pakistan First Impression

The dreamed of journey has started—at last...... and people of all lands arrive, the rich, not so rich, the comfortably-off tourist, the student and the traveller all with high hopes, some come by Karachi's huge International airport, others by road and many by ship and whether alone or in a group, their vehicle has changed and has become a magic carpet for each one... Asia, land of Arabian Nights, the place where dreams come true.

Sometimes the tourist agent meets and greets them with a leis of white pungent flowers and they are thrilled. The adventure is beginning. What do they expect ? The ladies think of Desert-Shiekhs riding on noble steeds whose saddles are samples of crimson velvet and gold embroideries. They think of glamorous sarees, filmy silks and beautiful Oriental jewellery, perhaps too, romance with a tall dark and handsome male, a sauve descendant of the Mughal Kings to whom their beauty will appeal. They are going to take the grand tour. Who knows what may happen ?

What do the men think of ? Ah ! veiled women, intrigue, polo games, sport of the Maharajas, not knowing that there are no such titles here, only Rajas who govern in the mountain states. They wonder if they will meet a beautiful girl who will understand

them. After checking in at any one of the big hotels, could be the Intercontinental, Beach Luxury, the Metropole, the Palace, the Central or the less expensive Taj; Bristol, The Deluxe and their first meals consist of curry-rice and all those spicy dishes of the Orient, not realising that one must go slow on these foods to avoid sudden after effects. Friendliness just spills out all over them and they chatter to the table waiter and tell them where they have come from and where they are going, and the waiters are smart and pay attention and make plenty baksheesh (tips) this way. The average tourist is overwhelmed by the amount of servants there are in Asia and this sympathy goes out to his bearer, who though on duty to cater to his needs during the wee hours, generally goes to sleep on his beat after the last guest has come in. Often it is the other way arround and the guest feels horror-stricken when he sees that good bearer of his, stretched out on a thin blanket on the floor in the dead of night outside his door. Many have been known to offer a pillow to soften the hardness, little dreaming that the bearer will accept it with a slow smile while thinking what a sucker the tourist is—and dosen't he know that all their lives, they sleep on the hard floor and love it.

First morning in Karachi, they pay a call on the consuls of their respective countries-to pick up mail and sign the visitors' register. Letter from home. How important they feel because it is addressed to them in Karachi. The American visitors are captivated by the beauty of their Embassy and feel so proud. They

want to shout out loud. "This represents my country: I pay taxes to help keep it up," They practically want to walk in on the Ambassador to say "Hello—I am from California, howdy pal," and they settle for a casual greeting from the American receptionist instead. because, unless they are very VIP they just dont get near the Minister-Plenipotentiary—However, they usually get friendly with the Pakistani receptionist at the mail desk who responds with alacrity and amiable mien to the hordes of tourists who pour in. The Pakistanis take interest in the visiting Americans, and they enjoy that interest. They are curious and show a warmth they would not show at home among strangers.

The Continental and the English fare better. Their displomats have more time to be friendly while Arab visitors take tea, minutes after arriving at their missions. Then comes sight seeing. Frere Hall for a start and the excitement waxes high. All the glories of the Budhist era is spread before their eyes in this splendid museum . They take notes and pictures then stroll through Frere Hall Gardens, amazed at how Pakistanis look in Shalwar and Kamiz, thrilled with the gray coloured dresses of the women...and childrens' clothes. They speak to them and get replies, sometimes in English, sometimes not; nevertheless an understanding is there and goodwill, sprouts forth between the humblest peon off duty and the rich tourist. In Pakistani eyes, all tourists are rich. How else could it be? They come from lands flowing with milk and honey.

The tourist offers the kids a candy-bar and if their father is around, a cigarette. What friendship could be better? Admiration pours forth aud believe it or not, from all walks of Pakistani life, an invitation often follows these gestures to visit even a humble home, take tea and see the family. What intrigues the visitor most? The veiled women in Purdah of course. How can they stand it, all covered up. Do they feel hot? Yet when told that many women could be unveiled like the younger girls but that tradition and custom is so strong, they would not do it even to please their husbands. They think of what their parents would say and cling to this formality,

When exploring the bazars and big shops, crowds always follow the average European and American. They wonder why? They are walking sedately, minding their own business, and still they are followed. Why? They have to be told why. Their clothes are different. The Western stamp is strong. They have a questioning look in their eyes as if ready every second—for a surprise and of course they all have cameras swinging from their shoulders. They take taxis all the way (so inexpensive in this country) and the air of their land lingers. Miss Gay Paris and Miss America are welcome sights and the whistles commence among the Pakistani males, whistles, for beauty and youth...may be any nationality. The blonde Scandinavians come in for special attention and they adore it. The crowds grow thicker and they are pleased. They ride camels on Clifton beach and buy golden sandals in Bohri

Bazar. They shop and shop for Sarees, for brassware and gifts and usually the cab-driver makes it his business to watch for their exit and entrance at the hotel. The taximan always has a brother or cousin in business who sells better arts and crafts than others. Could be on Inverarity Road or down by West Wharf. All the storekeepers are his relatives. What, the visitor must have a little table with ivory mosaic on snake legs. He knows where the best ones are. Whatever he makes on the side is his business, generally he trys his best so see that the tourist gets a fair deal. It works out wonderful and everyone is happy. And the tourist is proud of his or her personal escort who knows all the ropes.

A speciality of fun are the snake-chamers. Suddenly the tourist in the car will shriek—for on the Victoria Road side of the Metropole, the bewiskered Sindhis are sitting squat-legged on the pavement, playing soft notes on a flute. From a basket at their feet, a cobra will rise, slowly, taller and taller. The taxi will stop. Miss Tourist will clutch the door tightly and say "will the cobra jump? Will it bite? Is it dangerous?. While snapping a picture to show the folks back home. She may be shivering in horrow at the same time, but the camera will wind while and viper dances and sways to the soft music. She breathes a sigh of relief when advised that the snake is under complete control of his master. When the music stops he settles down to a titbit-reward and sleep...all this can happen only in Karachi—metropolis of contrast —land of Ali Baba happenings.

The big tour has started. The tourists see Thatta and the fabulous Mughal Tombs, at Manghopir the crocodiles. They watch native dances and visit homes for tea and samosas through a chance meeting on the hotel verandah They invite their hosts to call, should they ever come to London, New York, Paris, Denmark or Timbuctoo and international relations become stronger than strong.

Oh! the wonder of Lahore. The Shalimar Gardens, the great Forts and old Mosques. Each tourist takes pictures. Some bolder spirits go out to the River Ravi and enjoy dusk as it falls on the Drawing room of Pakistan—Others visit the cinema studios and thrill to watch films being made, in English and Urdu—because at home they would not often have the opportunity, whilst in Lahore a tourist is so special. They stay at Falettis or the Park Luxury, browse in oriental curio shops and see things they missed in Karachi. The lucky ones who come in February visit the famous Horse and Cattle Show and see Royalty too. "Won't the folks back home be thrilled"? Then on to Rawalpindi and Taxila with its rich archaeological treasuresvia the "Pindi Bus." En-route they make new friends and discoveries, again that surprise, full of questions. "Do ladies work or stay home" Is everything operated by electricity and push-buttons.? Is it true that there are some people who are not rich? and so on, and at the-stops which are numerous, the tourists are not even allowed to pay for their tea. Some Pakistani always insists "You are an honoured guest—you must eat and

drink with us. And again more questions, very often political and the subject changes. They confide how much they have dreamed of visiting the Khyber Pass where history was made and Swat which is like Switzerland. The passengers tell them all about it and their enthusiasm grows and grows.

At Peshawar, they get all information straight through the Tourist Bureau. At last they are on the Khyber Pass. Paths walked by Alexander the Great; they are walking them now. They stop to say 'hello' to Pathan tribesmen and admire their home made guns and their children and tell them how overwhelmed they are to be on the mighty Khyber.

Last stop, could be Swat, the Himalayas or East Pakistan and they recall reading that the Wali of Swat holds an open house in his office every day.

Without even an appointment they march in. The Wali is known for his unsurpassed hospitality and he doesn't mind a bit. The Wali sends for tea and his son, Crown Prince Aurangzeb all at the same time, and the tourists are asked how they like Pakistan; they contiue to discuss things in general each one on their best behavior. The visitors are thrilled to think that at home they may be Mr. and Mrs. Schultz, Smith, Jones or the Heinikins, plain citizens from friendly countries, yet here they are, talking to a gentleman who is Royal. Though Mr. and Mrs. Tourist do not often get to speak to the President of

Pakistan, they do meet a lot of people while travelling and learn a lot of what makes them tick.

Reluctantly they return to Karachi—enroute home, each thinking the same thing..."If more of us travelled and let these people live the way they are used too, without unkind criticisms, how happy the world would be." **That is the spirit, dear Tourist.** The Pakistanis do love you, do want you to visit and apprecilte their efforts at progress. They think you are almighty. They even think you are cute They follow you with affection ready to share their knowledge, aches, pains and laughter all in turn.

CHAPTER TWO
KARACHI FOR EVERYONE

Karachi! largest city in Pakistan. Growing Bigger each day as thick and as fast as weeds. Metropolis of spectacular development. Industrial, commercial and cultural, yet with a tender heart which embraces countless pleasantries such as bookshops on wheels, serving all its outlying districts......luncheons by the thousand delivered to employees in tiffin carriers, hot and succulent straight from home, be it a hut or a mansion......traffic stopping with a smile to let a wedding party on foot pass through .....and the Karachi Civil Airport, about the most important in Asia' modern in extreme, captivating and different...donkey carts coming to rest a few yards away from a sleek jet plane while the donkey's master climbs out in his white flowing shirt and white baggy pants—waiting for some special load, incongruous, as the passengers, alight garbed in the latest of London, Paris and New York clothes......thats Karachi! Constrast everywhere, refreshing and delightful with sunshine all winter long and cool sea breezes in the summer. Thats Karachi, more than scintillating because its people make it so.

Pakistanis have a passion for visitors from other countries; they wont admit it in general but the Karachi citizen will. The strength of this passion for any foreiger, no matter to what nation he belongs, is such that it seems to have been transplanted to the very foreigner back in his own homeland. Some years ago, I had the

occasion to be visiting Honolulu, in Hawaii, its just as tough to get a hotel room there in July without a reservation as it is to get into Lahore during the annual Horse show week in March.

I recall telling one female manager that since my ship came in late, I could not inform her the day of my arrival. In a very quiet voice, I murmured (as if afraid to say it—I should be ashamed of myself for that) that I came from far-away Karachi via Australia and it was impossible to give notice of my exact arrival. The effect of my words was so startling; had I mentioned that I was a Venutian from the planet Venus, the surprise could no have been greater. "Karachi!" she exclaimed, "you come from Karachi, Karachi in Pakistan! Oh that's different, we'll find you a room right away;" and she did too, a handsome one at that, reasonably priced. I am sure, had I said Delhi Bombay or Tokyo it could not have produced the effect the name of Karachi did. Again in Alaska it the same thing. All I had to say was—that I lived in Karachi and amazing things happened.

In Karachi, amazing things are just everyday fare to citizens, and taken for granted although they resemble pages torn from the days of Ali-Baba...... Amidst streamlined automobiles, camels stroll around nonchalantly pulling grain loaded carts behind them. One of these grinning creatures brought fame and fortune to his Master Bashir......gentlemen may have choice of a shave at a classy barber shop or right on the

pavement in fresh air comfort......letter writers will complete your correspondence (love-letters too) anywhere around Mcleod Road and Preedy Street while you wait......sidewalk tailors and shoe-makers will repair and sew for you on the spot......cobras will rise to the tune of a flute, hypnotised by the music of its owner, and down on Clifton Beach, you may ride on a camel between its hump and rump right on the shores of the Arabian Sea.

Veiled women covered from head to toe in a burka (a long robe) will pass you by and ladies dressed in sarees or flowing shalwar-kamiz outfits will portray the Oriental mode of dress in this land. These are but a few of the countless differences observed by Western eyes. Before you have time to grasp and enjoy them all, you may be approached by a jolly Sindhi fortune teller who will offer to tell you of a glowing future — should you cross his palm with silver, pardon me, a rupee note or two—and its all in the day's doing......fun, sight-seeing and friendliness. Karachi people are among the most amiable in the world.

The original settlers of Karachi are sturdy, well-built and tall, still dwelling in the old quarters of the city around Saddar, Lyari, Mithadar, Kharadar and Ranchore Lines where they maintain old customary ways of living, relatively undisturbed by the rapid changes of the mid-twentieth century taking place in the bustling metropolis. Since Karachi is the industrial and commercial part of Pakistan, the most important

foreign and local businesses have their offices in the centre of it, whose employees are drawn from many ethnic groups. Until recent years Karachi was the capital of the country which gave rise to a large diplomatic enclave many of whose officials are still residents till the new capital site at Islamabad is fully developed.

Thousands of migrants from India found Karachi a city of promise and refuge and thousands of natives from other parts of the country attracted by big business have helped to swell the population beyond 2,000,000 souls. They are so numerous that the original residents are now in the minority.

This has lent a cosmopolitan air to Karachi not found elsewhere in Pakistan. In this Muslim country, the fair, stalwart Pathan and Baluchi of the North-West Frantier, the slim brown-skinned Bengali from the East Wing, the proud Punjabi, the Sindi, the Memons, Bohras and the Khojas who are followers of the Agha Khan, Muslims one and all, mingle and rub shoulders with Buddhists, Jains, Parsis, Hindus and the Christians of Goa. Each has evolved a way of living in peacefull accord where discrimination is not even thought of. Each follows his own religion, with the blessings of this land.

Another large, individual group of Karachi-citizens are the fisherfolk who live near Keamari Harbour, Sonmiani, Baba Bhit and Manora islands.

Prosperity has come their way via the sparkling new, super-modern Fish Harbour with its numerous facilities which have added to the fisherman's income apart from increasing the fish supply. Facing a 5,400 feet navigation channel, the harbour has a very long jetty where the fish is brought in for washing, weighing and auctioning. There are cold storage plants to preserve the gigantic catches, curing yards and warehouses for dried fish and shrimps which are favoured exports. Marine scientists work daily in the new Marine Fisheries-Research Station in the harbour, its fine aquarium and museum where visitors are entranced in a world dedicated to the denizens of the deep.

Karachi fishermen never had it so good. They are not what their ancestors used to be. No longer do they put out to sea in dingy craft, at the mercy of the elements. They have been helped in the mechanization of their fleet and thus are able to venture far along the coast of Mekran for deep sea fishing to add to their their bargaining power in the market. The new harbour has made significant impact on their lives.

From Suez to Singapore there is nothing to compare with it for beauty and utility, Symbol of helpful ":Hands Across the Sea" it expresses the true meaning of American aid, which combined with Pakistani cooperation has augmented foreign exchange earnings, and promoted an industry geared to the scientific exploitation of the most promising fisheries in Asia.

This is all topped off by Pakistan being the first and only country to have a factory-ship with the latest machinery for processing and packing for export upto 16 tons of shrimps, lobsters and crabs a day. Since it went into service early this year, it has heralded the beginning of a new form of fish industrialization. Everything on board is automatic. Lloyds of London have certified and insured it and American technicians from New Orleans have stayed on after delivering the ship to train Pakistani technicians in the art of complete control.

Amazing enterprise for Pakistan's biggest city. What a thrill for the tourits wandering around the docks by waters glistening in the sunshine......the sight of Karachi fisherman in their picturesque shalwar kamiz outfits. Scrubbed clean and fresh after completing the sales of a profitable morn..... pockets jingling with change, wending their way home before noon, knowing full well that there is food for their families today, tomorrow and everyday as a result of their chosen labours, sea toil; the trade of their fathers and grandfathers without the turmoil of the backward years. Many of them spend afternoons operating sail boats, ferrying passengers across to the nearby quiet islands and beaches for an extra few rupees......showing sightseers what their beloved city has to offer by the shores of the warm blue sea.

Karachi's history is as colourful as its people. Ancient historians believe that Karachi was the port

described by Nearches as "Alexander's Haven" named in his voyages down the Indus as far back as 325 B.C. It was found suitable for shipping and became a fishing village known as Kalachi; so pleasant that travellers described it as an oasis in the sandy desert of Sind. The Kalhoras ruled it but the first Talpur Fateh Ali Khan desired it and sent expeditions to take Karachi which he failed to do. Another attack was made by the Khan of Kalat who later surrendered it to the Talpurs. Sir Charles Napier of Sind with 300 soldiers achieved a bloodless victory and Karachi passed into British hands on February the 17th 1843.

After this accomplishment, Napier was appointed as the first Governor and Commander of forces in Hyderabad, Sind. He moved the centre of Government from there to Karachi. With visionary foresight he saw it as a great city and immortalisied the splendour of Karachi in his famous words :—

> "Thou shall be the glory of the East;
> Would that I could come again to see you
> Kurrachee—in your grandeur."

The worthy baronet made speedy developments and turned Karachi into a big military centre. He built Napier Barracks to house the soldiers, hospitals and sanatoriums. The harbour and the lighthouse at Manora were constructed by him and he introduced the police system. Marston House and Marston Road In Karachi still bear the name of Lt. Gen. Marston who

was the first Captain of his force. He further instigated the sensible custom of the 12 noon gunfire-boom, so that everyone knew the exact time of the day and set their clocks by this 12 O'clock gunfire. The present Gandhi Gardens were planned by him. Sir Charles Napier resigned on August the 10th, 1847 and left Karachi two months later. Karachi became part of Bombay province and the second Commissioner, Sir Bartle Frere realised the dream of Napier's and started the first railway line between Karachi and Kotri. Frere was also responsible for the postal system, metalled roads, bridges, dak-bungalows and court houses. In time he formed a civic body which became the Municipal Corporation. Beautiful Frere Hall (Karachi's most famous museum) and the lovely Frere Hall Gardens that it stands on, were laid out by him and bear his name.

In those days a favourite beverage of the English people was tea while Muslims were accustomed to "Lassi" (a healthful drink of yoghurt, milk and water). Soon the tea drinking habit caught on throughout the country. The Muslims enjoyed it and though the dear British have long since gone their way, tea-drinking has remained to outlive all other forgotten English Customs. Karachi people drink it heartily and Lassi is the almost forgotten beverge.

Not forgotten is the era of Partition. This transition came about because of the differenees between Hindu and Muslims (who were at the time

considered as Indians) representing two cultures and social systems that conflicted with each other. The idea of a separate-from-India Muslim State was first talked about by Iqbal, the famoust poet and brought into being by Quaid-e-Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah who fought against countless odds until he acheived Independence for his Muslim brethren.

On the 14th of August 1947 the Quaid's idea became a reality and Pakistan was created under his leadership. On the 15th of August he chose Karachi as the capital and it became the seat of the Central Government. The name Pakistan was chosen (meaning the land of the Pure) to be a token start, a pure start, similar to the newness of a new born child, Pakistan's birthpangs were agonising. Although joy was rampant, there was heartbreak and great poverty owing to the arrival of thousands and thousands of refugees and Muslim immigrants from India who wished to begin life anew in a true Muslim State. Countless numbers slept in the streets and Government offices were practically non-existant. In fact, temporary huts were used to accommodate the large number of Government Employees, and so great were the shortages that an envelope and a piece of paper in an office became a precious commodity, but to the new Pakistani the achievement of an independent freedom was worth it all.

Karachi gloried in being the birthplace of the Quaid. He was born there on December 25th, 1876

at Wazir Mansion which is now a national shrine. Karachi struggled through the sorrow of his early death just one year after Independence...and survived.

Karachi struggled through hardship, political injustice and the era of corrupt officials...and survived :

Karachi glowed when the new regime of Field Marshall Mohammad Ayub Khan came into being in 1958 and held its head high.

Karachi did not even cry out when their capital status was removed in 1959 to Rawalpindi, 1000 miles inland which became the the interim Capital.

Karachi had other things to think of and succeeded in creating and building 30,000 new homes in the township of Korangi in the environs where the Indian migrants were moved. The 'Doxiades Associates" those practical Greek builders were chosen from among world-bids to construct the township which they did in a brief 6 months in 1959. New housing opening ceremony was performed by the President of Pakistan as he offered a gold key to the first tenant, a lowly carpenter, standing dressed in his best, with his young son entering the first real home he had known in his lifetime. Tears were gushing from his eyes and he had to be assisted in unlocking his own front door. Where else do such things happen? That a President of a country with 95 million inhabitants, takes time out of his crowded life......to wish one of his most humble

citizens good luck and happiness......only in Karachi. Several thousand families, formerly living in paper shacks were moved that week by the Government to these fine new dwellings, each with its own private courtyard. No National day celebration anywhere could have matched the clapping of hands and the joy.

Karachi lived through it all and grew bigger and more generous than ever.

It's in Karachi that the first circular railway started to operate for cargo and passengers.

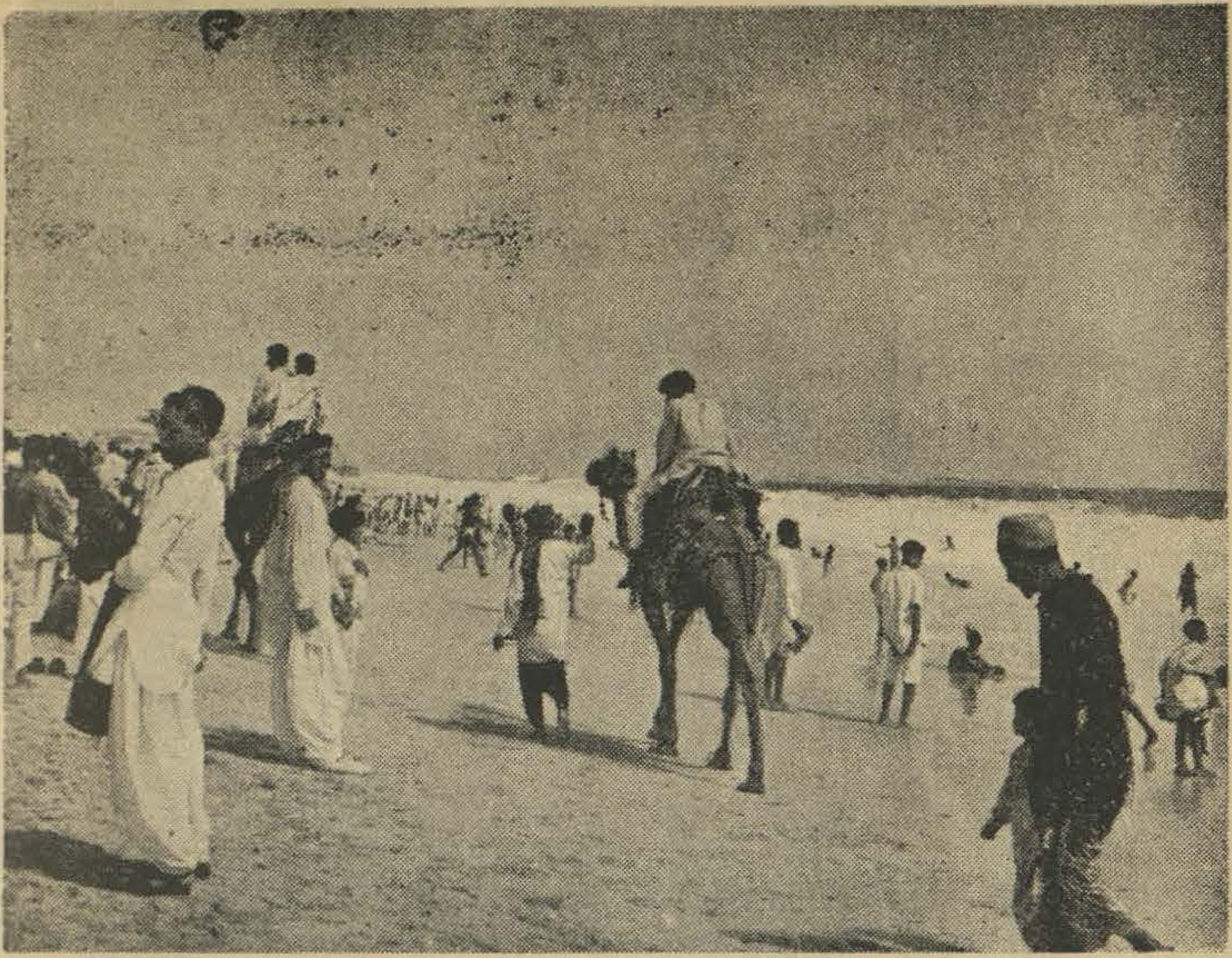
It's in Karachi that we have the first Drive-in Cinema.

It's in Karachi where Kings, Queens and VIP's come first.

Its in Karachi that other visitors, those hardy creatures, the tourists, arrive first: (who are treated like VIP's.)

It's in Karachi that the Radio Corporation of America have completed operations on the construction of a Michro-Wave Communications System......reaching to Teheran and Ankara—started in 1962 under the aegis of Cento. A mighty fine project this is......88 Michro-Wave stations 30 miles apart, paving the way for direct communications to Europe and the rest of the world too.

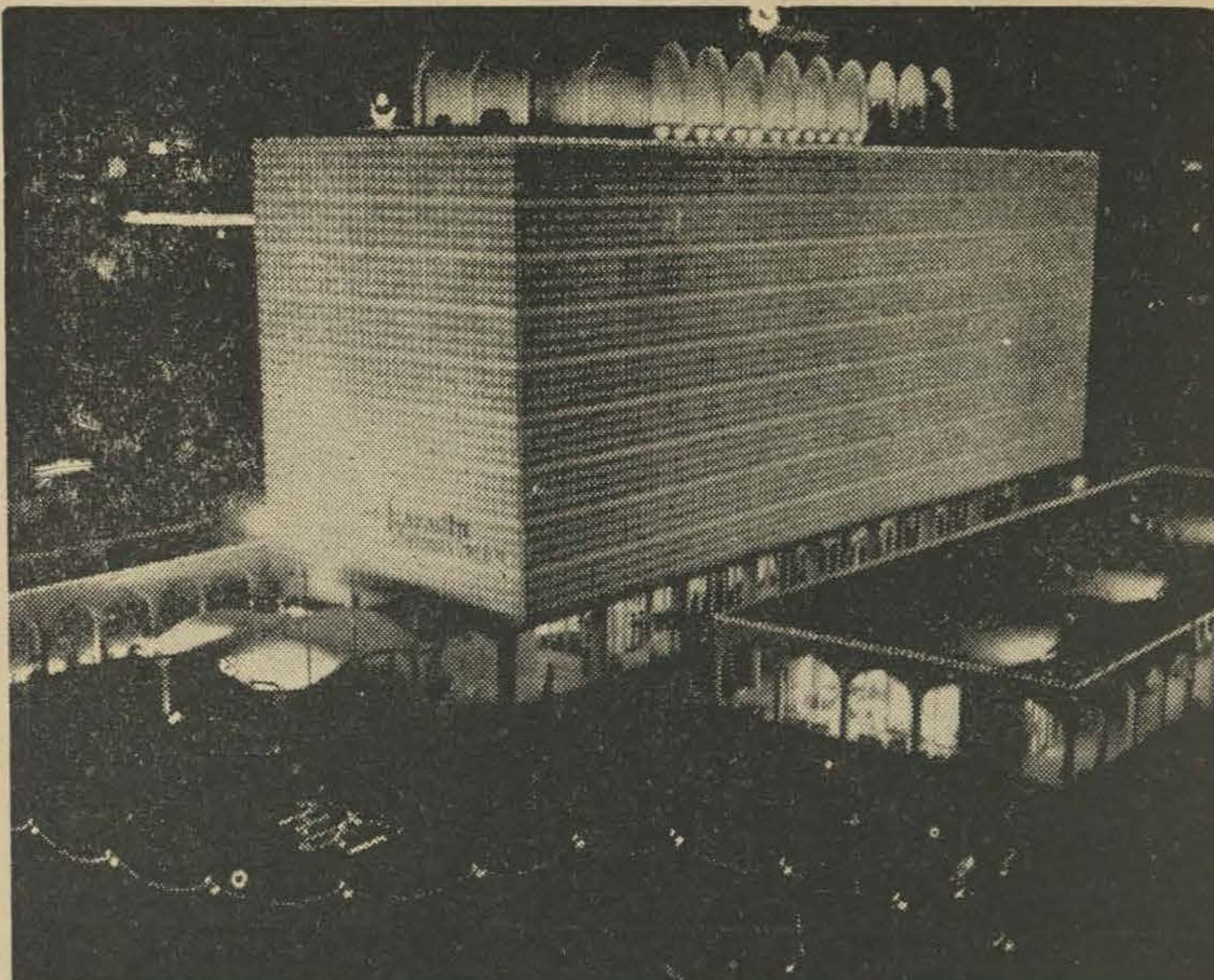
And it's in Karachi that they find pleasures anew amid 20th century comforts and Arabian Nights' charm.



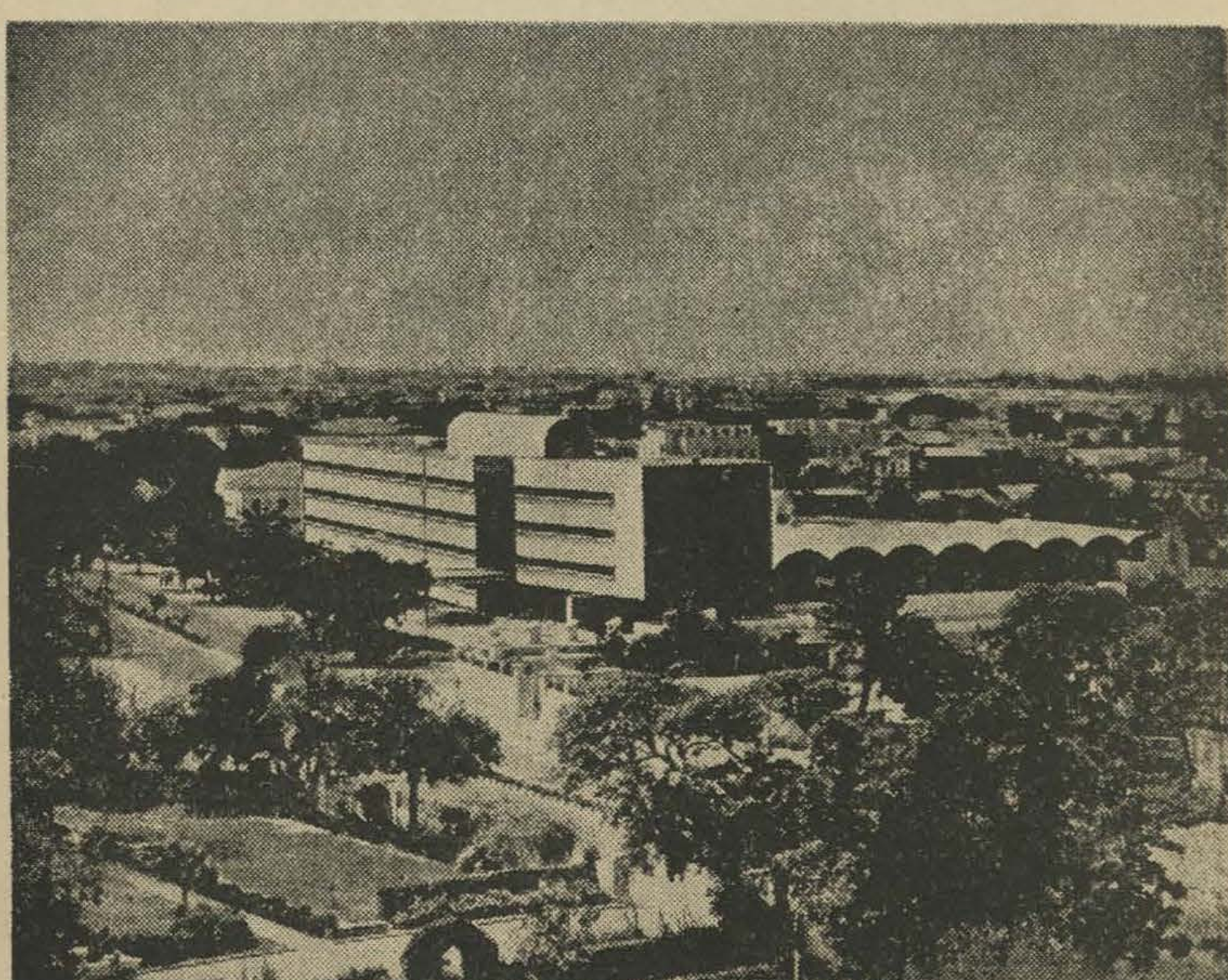
Sunday Morning on Clifton Beach.



Highway in Karachi by Qamar House.



Karachi Hotel Intercontinental.



U. S. Embassy Karachi.

First stop the hotels. There are several catering to discriminating clientele, while two of them in the city limits have beautiful swimming pools.

The Karachi Intercontinental, (Delux), built in 1964 has a charming one where guests my lounge in sun or shade, besides swim. Very often, dances and other joyous affairs are held arround it. The other city pool is at the old established Beach Luxury Hotel, and extremely popular place where dances are also held and the younger set meet for leisure, pleasure and special occasions. The Intercontinental Management have kept in tune with the times. Apart from all the luxuries offered, one may partake of refreshments in the Demi-Tasse, (their all-night coffee shop-cum-snack bar) from a cup of coffee, icecream to delicious hamburgers and omelettes just about any kind you could desire-whether it is cheese, Spanish, Denever or that tasty Pakistani omelete. There's something real nice about being able to order a Denver Omelette far from home, we all get these yearnings occasionally. When you feel of course that you must dine in style, they have the Chandni Lounge, sky-high with the stars and the moon for company to add zest to the festive mood created by the lovely atmosphere... where true Pakistani food is served, grilled over glowing charcoal, kebabs, shiska-babs and curries blended with all the culinary art of Eastern chefs. And what with the Cafe Suroor and the swank Nasreen Room, the visitor has a grand choice.

And what else have they got?......why girls, girls and more girls dressed in dainty shalwar-kamiz outfits,

Oriental beauties who take care of the rooms and handle guests belongings with delicacy. There is personal interest in the service and a stroll a round the lobby is a happy walk, perhaps to the Beauty Salon where Sami from Lebanon is an artist in coiffures, or drop in at classical Sari shop with its ravishing silks, bags and shoes, all...glittering.

A branch of the Liberty Book stall stays open until midnight. The amiable proprietor stocks books in many languages, right next to the cigarette stand, which is next to the Tourist Bureau, and the Post and Telegraph office and right next to my favorite Boutique the Zikas Boutique, yes they even have them for the male sex these days, this one is extra special. Why? because it is run by several bright young men, but served by several attractive yound ladies. One of the men one is an artists and makes delightful window displays. With or without a man in your life, you feel you have to drop in to look and admire the Pakistani design of shirts, jackets, brief cases and fascinating silver and gold cuff links and accessories. Imagine you may purchase striking bathrobes, smoking jackets and chappals all with a satin label—"Made In Pakistan." Isn't that something? Yes the mark of Zikas is distinction enough and the tourists love it just like they love Afzals the huge Pakistan handicrafts shop.

The Intercontinental has a grand chemist, almost life ours at home, carrying eveaything one could desire in pharmaceuticals; Sani's is the name, dont miss it. Of



Burqa clad girls with others at a Bookshop.



Its Different—The Beach Luxury Hotel, Karachi.

course there are two banks and a gift shop and several airlines, money to get and money to spend. At this hostelry with its 300 trulp beautiful rooms you will find all you seek. The affable general manager, Jeanne Pierre Stauffer, Swiss, born in Latin America, is an enthusiastic apersonfull ofideas. He even offers two nights free honeymoon for couples having their nupsuls ta the Intercontinental. It's less expensive than you think. Rates Single rren 11 per day.

By way of contrast. The Beach Luxury, run by breezy Mr. Avari and his dynamic young son Byram is a chateau of large dimensions bordered by the sea. Besides the pool you may swim-off a greasy bank into the seawater are take a sail, fish or just lounge and actually enjoy a seaside holiday with in the city limits. A floating restaurant adds more pleasure for the guests who can feel they are on a ship, whilst dining or dancing to the tunes of the hotel's Spanish Orchestra. The gardens at the BEACH are huge. Many of the embassies hold functions in the gardens surrounded by swaying palms, soft lights and music. The 300 rooms all facing the sea and the harbour are all completely AIR-CONDITIONED and have attached baths and are elegantly and fully furnished with all the modern amenities. At night, reflection of lights on the water creates a fairy-tale scene, out of this world. The superbly AIR-CONDITIONED great banquet hall is a place of enticing charm with a view of the sea from all its windows. It has a world famous French cuisine and Swiss Management. Besides a gorgeous swimming

pool with music in the evenings, it has the uniqne facilities for water-skiing and water sports including sailing. At nights the 007 NIGHT CLUB has an International Cabaret, famous for its fabulous and gorgeous shows. Apart from the Cocktail Bars and an American Terrace Bar it even has Japanese and Chinese Restaurants. For businessmen it has a large conference room and also a Teleprinters Service. The Beach Luxury is certainly a rendevous-de-luxe for business or a holiday. As the owners themselves say "We are different". They are right ; for the atmosphere is informal and without fanfare. Just quiet efficiency and splendid comforts. And all this is topped off by being two minutes away from Karachi's important business centre surrounding Qamar House and Mcleod Road. All for only $10.00 (Rs. 48.00) a day including a big and sumptuous break-fast.

The Metropole, a stone's throw from the American Embassy, once THE meeting place Karachi (because of its absolute central location) apart from its good service, is now, since the advent of the Inter-continental almost a commercial enterprise. The rooms still have more space than other hotels but a good number of them have become business-offices, though at least 275 are still available for guests, air-conditioned with wide beds at $ 10 a day, and the famous Metropole gardens are still the scene of numerous birthday parties, Navajotes (the Parsi ceremony for children, who at 9 years of age are inducted into their religion), wedding, educational get-

togethers, but the verandah, once a famous tea-spot is now sprouting new wings with glass enclosures and air-conditioning-leading to a sumptuous Arabian Nights hall exclusively for dining de-luxe. The Met's Chicken Inn is always crowded and the new check bar will offer competition to the Intercontinental. What's really fun is the fact that the former banquet hall has been turned into shops where you may buy anything from a truck, or a car to a frozen chicken, eggs and frozen fish. Master Happy only son of Papa Minwalla, the proprietor of the Metropole, runs the poultry farm shop. He knows this author goes for Yoghourt, so he stocks that too along with milk and icecream. The Cowasjees under the name of "Fector" own tne Russian automobile store right next to the spacious gracious offices of Swiss Air Lines, who will sell you tickets anywhere in this world, the moon too, when it has a landing space.

The general manager, Mr. Smith is as good as a General-Officer-Commanding, with his eyes upon the hotel in every direction. The attractive additions he has created out of former empty space are now suites of prestige for various enterprises. In coopera-tion with friendly Papa Minwalla. Mr. Smith has turned the Metropole into the smartest Mart for business besides tourists, and a visitor may drop into his office to say 'hello' anytime.

Surrounding the Metropole gardens are Lufthansa, the German Airline with a string of offices,

full of amiable reservation clerks. Walk in any door and they book you to the ends of the earth.

Novex, the hotel's own Dry Cleaners is a busy place and if you are on an overnight stop, cheerful Proprietor Mr. Agha will oblige and have your travel stained suit cleaned like new, before you depart......a cup of tea too perhaps.

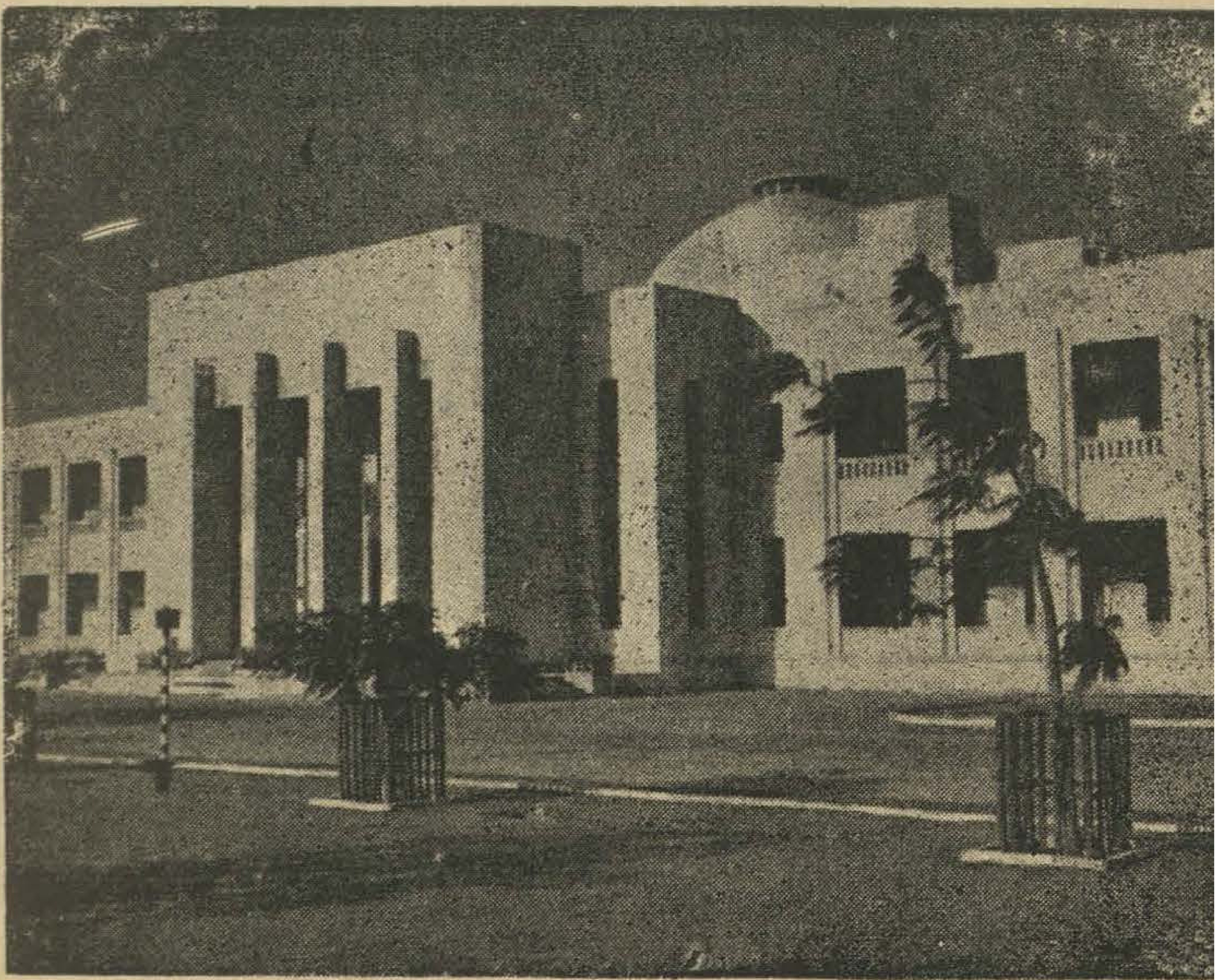
The most progressive photography-shop here belongs to Gerry and his family, a combination of Travel Agency, and pictures as and when you want them and good neighbourliness. Two shop doors to bid you welocme side by side. This is a case of Gerry's spirit hovering over benignly on his dream-business come true. You see in May, 1965, the plane he was on crashed in Cairo and Gerry never came back......but all the improvements he had wanted were carried out by Mrs. Gerry. Somewhere up above, Gerry must be smiling at his lovely shops, busy all day, carrying on his fine work.

Alitalia's Karachi office in the garden is not large but the friendliness of the Parsi, Muslim and European staff is seen all the way through. They will shower you with attention whether your trip is to Australia, home of the Aborigines, or to Naples in the land of Cara Mia.

Kingson, one of the best shoemakers in Pakistan has a branch in the Metropole's garden where shoes are fashioned by hand. All the elite of Karachi crowd



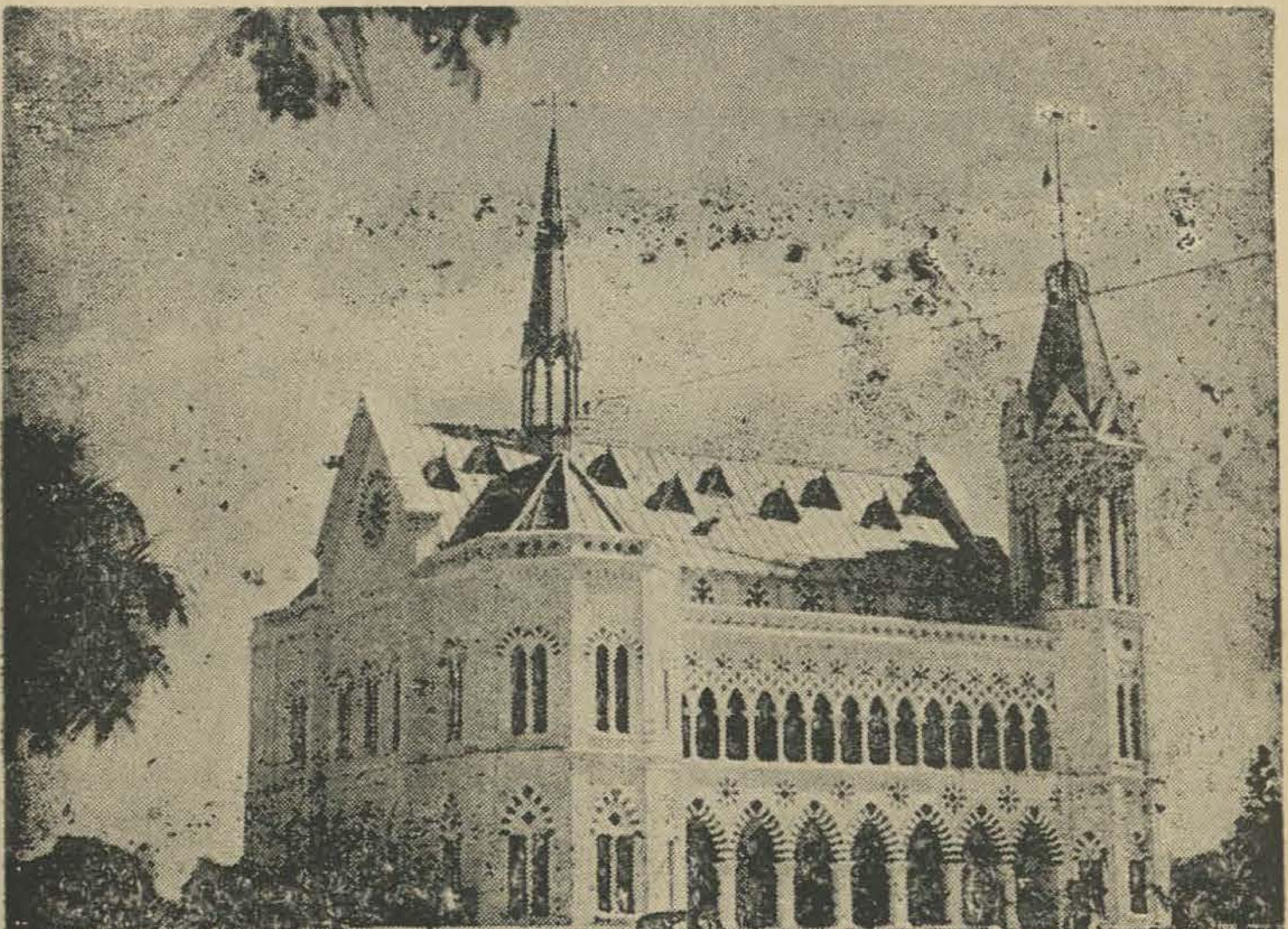
Hotel Metropole.



Old Assembly Hall Karachi.



The Aristocratic Palace Hotel



Karachi Museum, Frere Hall.

into his small workshop and showroom for footwear made to measure with the Kingson touch.

On the first, floor Ketayoona's Salon is dedicated to beautifying the fair sex. You may have a manicure, a massage and your crowning glory set to perfection.

Even the bearers of Metropole are fiercely devoted to the people they serve while maintaining their own religious devotion. Once a bearer at the Metropole was offered two chickens left over from a private party. He eyed them admiringly but refused to accept them, saying, unless their throats had been cut in the customary way of Muslims, it was forbidden food. Upon being assured that the chicken and their departed relatives had come from a devout Muslim butcher. he departed, cuddling the chickens with him.

Outside the Metropole a fleet of taxis are lined up waiting all visitors. The unofficial king of the fleet is Badshah, a happy person who always manages to find the most out-of-the-way places in new or old divisions of the city. Like all good Muslims he will pause to say his prayers on any longish trip. The Taxi kings rival is Abdulla Jan who is fast catching up with the King.

Next door to the Metropole is the Palace Cinema showing the latest films and next door to that are the offices of the Middle East Airlines. How fortunare they are to be in the heart of the city, yet facing a tiny park and graceful tree-bordered street: MEA is a

rfiendly Lebanese company who fly from Karachi to Beirut via Bahrein then on to London-town with as many stops as one could desire in between. A flight with them is a taste of the delights of Arabia on board their Comets DC4 beautiful Lebanese hostessess to cater your needs.

The Palace Hotel, also in the City's heart is a gracious place. Formerly the luxurious home of an illustrious Khan Bahadur who lavished his wealth on the furnishing......offers all modern comforts. There are beautiful large flowering grounds to relax in—where guests may take tea and refreshments or just rest in the sun and shade, plus the intimate bar furnished in modern decor where friends meet for cocktails. A handsome restaurant and night club called the Gourmet within the hotel serves a variety of delightful foods, plus an exciting display of entertainment with star performers presenting new and scintillating acts nightly. For further relaxation there is a well-furnished air-conditioned lounge and reading room with local and foreign newspapers and periodicals. The Palace also has an air-Booking Offiee, currency exchange facilities and a prompt laundry service. The price of a non air-conditioned room is from 30 Rupees and from 48 Rupees for air-conditioned rooms—European Plan.

It is a five minutes walk from the Metropole and the American Embassy, a fine structure glowing with the paint supplied and donated by Buxly Paints of

Pakistan, a wise location circling the Karachi Gymkhana, which is a popular city club attended by residents and tourists alike. Many visitors enjoy tennis there under the keen, watchful eyes of the chief tennis coach, Nur Ahmad. The reservation offices of PIA are on the opposite corner. In the same block K.L M. has its headquarters. Their window display features action-dolls in national costume, against the scenic beauty of Holland.

At the Taj Hotel on Kutchery Road, living expenses are at minimum while enjoyment of both accomodation and entertainment are truly maximum. Imagine good rooms overlooking the sea, and with showers, hot and cold Baths, and a nice breakfast, for five bucks only a day, (20 rupees, dear tourist, thats all), also airconditttoned rooms at $2 extra, and within walking distance of other main spots. Best of all, their Cabaret Shows at the OASIS, a night spot free for Residents, is famous for its beautiful girls, Oriental delights, and belly dancers who know how . . . . .

What do I mean? I mean you are transported to the courts of Moghal Emperors where, in ancient days, female slaves with seven veils danced to please his Majesty. One by one the veils came off . . . . How can I tell you more. You have to see it to beleive it, what with a femme fatale known as the BLACK CAT, mysterious, pagan and exciting. She takes your breath away. Then they have one youth among their group, the Boy-King of Limbo, performing acts of brilliance

with swords, fire, and flying hands and feet. Another gipsy gal does the flip-top, and the audience flips her apparel. Last, but not least, the finale-dancer enchants one and all with her primitive and exotic movements of the Voodoo, of the Jungle and of Royal Boudoirs. Need I say More? Yes - all of it takes place in a garden resembling a clearing in a forest. The breezes are fresher and cooler than airconditioning in the light of the moon and the stars. Hostesses glad to dance with you for company - and then you wind up this Arabian Nights Pageant - if you wish - in their tiny, delightful, open (till 4 a.m.) Snack Bar, the Night Owl. It is a rare treat - an evening at the TAJ and the Oasis.

Of course, Papa Advani, was Thomas Cook's first tourist assistant whom they had taken when they opened in Karachi in 1938. They had him released from B.O.A.C., where Advani had been since their inception in Karachi since 1933. Together with his bright son, Venu, graduate of New York's Cornell full of good Pakistani Brains and all that American learning, both Advanis know how to make a tourist happy.

Other hotels popular with tourists at lesser rates are the Central, Columbus, and the North-Western, De-Luxe, Bristol and Tiwana House, known as the Tourist Inn. With the exception of the Columbus whose rooms start at 25 rupees, all the remaining ones offer good accommodation from 15 to 20 rupees per day.

Ten or more foreign airlines have big offices, centrally located in Karachi. They are Air Ceylon, East Africa Airlines, Iran Air, Iraqi Airways Ltd., Japan Airlines (JAL), Kuwait Airways, Qantas Empire Airways, T.W.A and United Arab Airlines completing the list of companies that ferry people from the four corners of the earth to this land of Ali Baba. The Karachi Aero Club provides chartered flights to historic Mohenjo Daro which saves the tediousness of driving over rough roads.

One block away from the U. S. Embassy is the Government of Pakistan Tourist Bureau. A pretty receptionist who offers helpful suggestions to visitors, is in charge. Phone 50234. This Bureau has two more offices to assist visitors. One at the airport for tourists arriving by plane. The other office is at West Wharf for the benefit of tourists arriving by sea. In the same block as the Bureau is the tailor shop of Ghulam Rasool whose name graces the sign andwho sits cross-legged all day and sews bewitching clothes for ladies. His workshop is an open window and gathering place for native guides and pint-size newsboys, selling current magazines and give free un-official information. This is a place where you can really have dressess frocks or pretty sports clothes stitched within 24 hours.

Next door but one is Dennis hairdresser comfy-not plush and they specialise in right work.

In Karachi you can find all kinds of hairdressers, both Muslim and Christian, cluttered around every

hotel. Near the Excelsior there is a pretty Chinese woman whose name is Marianne...she is a perfectionist at hair cuttiug and dressing. Her tiny litttle shop, situated at the rear of Victory Haircutting Saloon is always crowded, and right at the back of the Metropole is another saloon run by a good Muslim whose name is U. S. Charlie. Achter, another hairdresser, facing Gerry's, cuts hair for less than a dollar.

Talk about beauty treatments for ladies : Karachi has everything including a salon run by a genuine Beautician cum—physiotherapist, educated and trained in Paris and Berlin who puts human interest in renovation treatments, the kind that make you feel born anew......see what I mean : Walk in for that 'facial' to make you look beautiful, that body massage to relax you, that magic slimming treatment to make you shapey and any other kind of massage or therapy you may think of for your relaxation or ailment.

How is it done? The proprietor, Madam Kaiser Sultana, a quiet-spoken charming young woman gives you her personal attention and makes you feel good when you are determined *not* to feel good......she imbues you with her happiness and so, after you have enjoyed all the comfortable, delightful manipulations, you feel as if a precious secret-something you always wanted, has come true.

Do like I do Mrs. Pakistani and Madam and Miss tourist : choose a day that you have had a lot to do, the hardest time you can think of—while you are



Madam Kaiser Sultana giving the facial lift.

saying to yourself...... :— "Oh to stretch out to rest. Oh to have someone to make me lie down and rub my aching shoulders back from the shopping spree, oh to have someone to rub my back and massage my feet so they won't ache so much; Oh to make me beautiful". We have to go on whether its the next tour or the next meal to cook, housewife or visitor, it happens to both. At other times we feel the need for exercise, but who can leave the kids and go for an hour of tennis or a brief swim? It is seldom possible. (The Kaserin is the name of the place) you can telephone 47639 and say you want to come over to her beauty parlor—and that sweet lady will welcome you right over the phone.

I was frazzled. The sun had been too hot, I had chased around on interviews. I had shopped, I even had words with someone, I shouldn't have had; (don't we all ?) and then I remembered at 3 p.m., the good Begum was having me picked up to give me the works and right in her car I felt freshened up in anticipation of it. Once inside those flower—coloured walls of the Kaiserin, I disrobed and entered the the steam bath, and was zipped to my neck, Soothing warmth poured over me and I became drowsy. After 20 minutes, a pleasent white-haired German assistant helped me out to the massage table, dried me up with fluffy white towels just like a mother would do for her infant, than the Begum's assistant rolled those fabulous cushiony massage instruments all over me. Up and down they went, up and down, making all my aches disappear as if they had never been. Delicious;

I could have stayed there, gone to sleep and spent the night; but alas it was all over in half an hour.

Next step, the facial. This is fun. Stretched out again on one of those couches that turn you always, your eyes covered up with pads; above you a funnel pours a stream of fragrant steam on your face, gentle-like, but it feels like love, and just when you think you are far away in Never Never Land; one of the assistants comes around and puts hot towels on your face. The daze you are in is heavenly, another and another hot towel and who wants to get up. The sensation is like being new again. Then madame, with her expert and skillful hands massages your face, does things to your eyebrows its like enchantment. By the time its over you have forgotten you ever had words, aches, pains and grouches. You just sit quiet a little bit and watch yet another assistant help another lady-client in the exercise department. Then you all have tea. Everything is lovely and you are on top of the world. Imagine all this comes just for money.

When departing, feeling as if a dream had come true, you are as bouncy and springy as if you had won a scholarship; yes, its that kind of a glow.

In Karachi a stroll round town is a pleasant adventure.........Elphinstone Street, the Piccadilly of Pakistan, has a carnival spirit in the air– vendors aged 6 to 60 selling pearl buttons on every corner; friendly

merchants beckon......"You Wanna buy a nice rug? real Oriental, step inside." One of these places is a famous rug shop, the Bokhara Palace. The original owners created rugs as far back as Mughal Emperor days. Their present stock practically include magic carpets to fit any nook or favourite room. In Karachi too many tourists buy carpets. The shop-keepers are experts in packing and getting them shipped to your home-country. For browsing, first stop should be the double-doored **Grenich Agencies**, shop where you will find books and magazines from all over the world, stationery, pens, typical Pakistani souvenirs, gifts and just about every kind of watch made and repairs carried out. Opposite is the big handsome Kashmir Arts Shop, specializing in everything Pakistani from Camel Skin lamps to pretty dolls.

"Optico" further down the street are fine opticians and about the most popular among many in that area. For modest prices they make fabulous eye-glasses to your own prescription and should you lose your glasses (don't we all) they have a qualified optician who will examine your eyes without extra charge. And if you are ultra absent-minded and lose your pen too, their showcases are full of Parker pens and other makes of renown.

The beautiful Lady Hamilton Silks by Alamgir Textile are among the most popular cloths worn by Pakistani Ladies. Dupattas too, those elegant filmy stoles and veils that enhance a woman's charm can

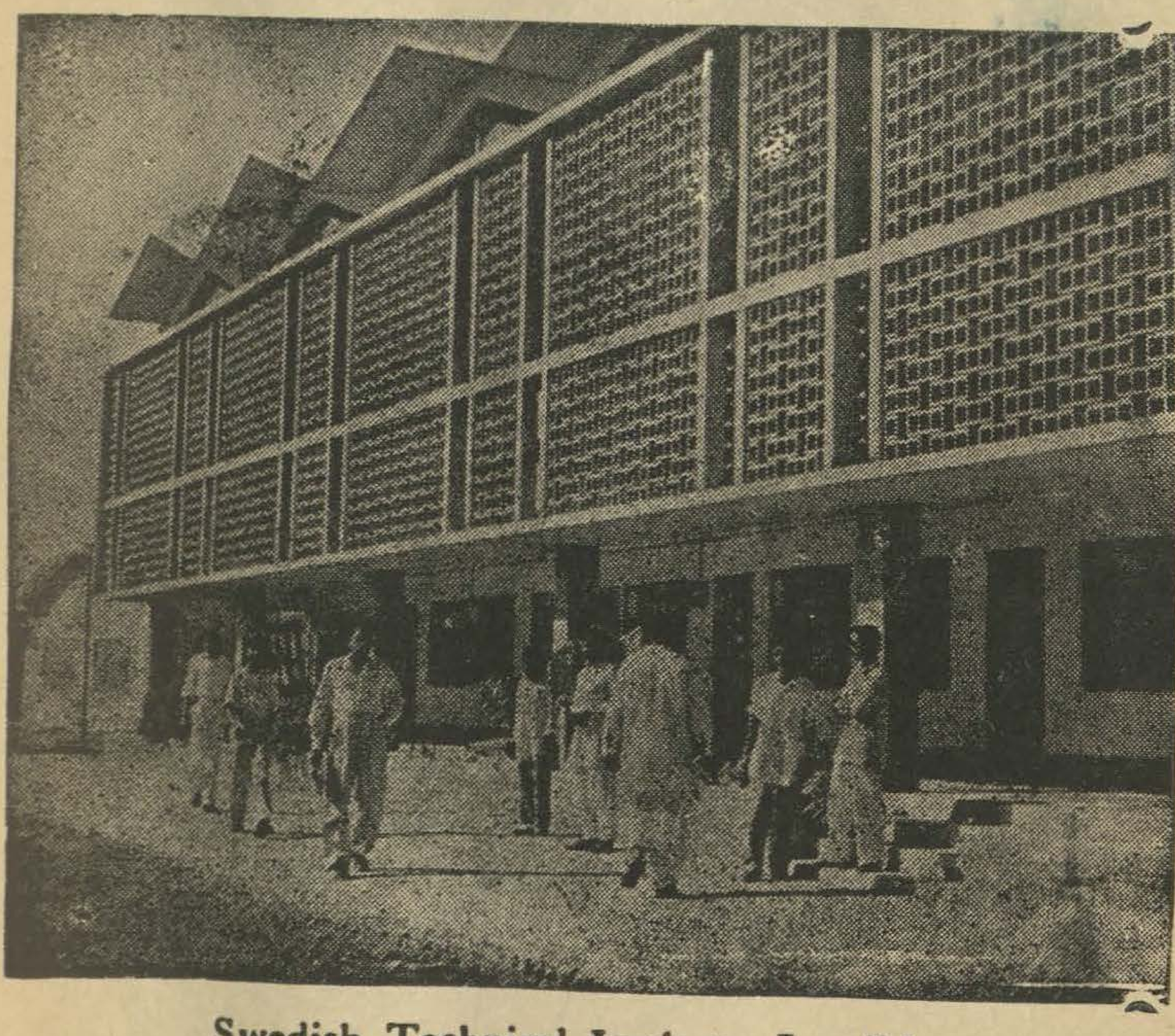
be found in hundreds of shops all through the city, Prized purchases for visitors to take home:

Also on Elphinstone Street are numerous chemists, all affable but my favorite in the Standard Medical Stores. Abdul Qayyum, the owner treats his customers like precious guests.

On Victoria Road, tourists go into raptures at the stocks in the A.P.W.A. shop, from decorated toy camels to superior gold, brass, silver and ivory wares. They go into raptures again when they reach The Reptile Emporium near The Rex Cinema and see selection of ladies handbags and novelties that are beautiful.

In the criss-cross little streets of Bohri Bazar, a ten minute walk from the Metropole, the richest and poorest persons flock to buy bangles and sandles encrusted with brilliant stones.

No matter what you call it, this is the real Ali-Baba Land part of Karachi and such fun. The first time you see it you are entranced, captured and sold on it forever. The lively crowds, the children all wearing picturesque clothes, darting here and there, offering to guide you, assists you with shopping, its part of sight-seeing and buying things in Bohri Bazar. I always like to go with a girlfriend, though its joy even going through it alone......like a maze and a crossword puzzle ; every spot in it has lots of bargains to afford.



Swedish Technical Institute Landhi.



CHURIWALA (BANGLE DEALER

Hi Nargis, coming with me? that's fine. I remember you are a poet and my shopping in Bohri today, I have to have a poet along to buy my new chapples. (Dear tourists, in case you dont know what they are, well chappals are sandals) and delightful decorated with silver, gold glitter. Me, I want a pair in pink to match my new sari, the kind that Ava Gardner is supposed to have bought 2000 pairs of......what did I tell you Nargis, at 5 to 10 rupees a pair How can I resist these silver ones too. Imagine for One dollar in our money you can get these adorable chappals in all flower-colours. Terrific. Who needs nylons? Pakistani chappals enhance the beauty of sunkissed feet, especially those from the Riaz footwear shop in Albert Street, down Mochi Gali, way. What a selection he has, and isn't Riaz amiable. You would think we were spending a fortune, not such a little bit by the way he serves us. you know this guy Riaz and his family are devout philanphropists.

I guess one of the things tourists come here for is bangles. Pakistani bangles are famous and what a selection in the bangle shops strewn the throughout the bazar. Among the most popular is, Sohag's, a spacious store all mirrors and the bangles, I'd need a book to describe them, some with stones like diamonds, others with a sheen translucent and brilliance in radiant colours. Sohag carries brooches and other spicy jewel-items but his most prominent stock are the bangles in sizes for new-born infants and ladies of any

age. All I can remark is that if he had such a shop on New York's 5th Avenue, it would be a sensation. I will never forget the last night of Eid (a festival) in Bohri Bazar after the fast is over—torches are lit in a true Arabian Nights' scene. The crowds are so thick, you can't get near the counters and the bangles are sold faster than they come out of boxes to the tune of wandering flute players, laughter and song. Around Mochi-Gali way, a little further up the winding lanes are the dupatta stalls. More glitter and Pakistanis love to watch the ladies try them on, it is like seeing a page torn out of Sheherazade. Dupattas are stoles in our language and draped around a lady, she becomes a queen. Many of them resemble filmy tule chiffon, with silver beads gleaming like raindrops and others are embroidered as richly as saris, and are so large yet delicate in appearance that wrapped around the head of grandma, she is like a royal personage. Just about the nicest of all the dupattas can be had at Amin's Lace Shop in the Bazar. Any colour or kind you could think of or desire, this chap Amin has them all—from 4 to 10 rupees. Terrific!

There are handbag shops galore and the merchandise glitters with silver peacocks, the Taj, flowers and other motifs in velvet, silks and leather. Pakistanis go in for such decoration on ladies' bags and they really are lovely, and side by side with the glitter are crockery shops, locksmiths, silversmiths and goldsmiths creating wedding jewellery studded with gems to grace Pakistani brides. Sandwiched between them

all are sweet shops, fruitstands and tikka houses where Lassi, buttermilk to us, is made, whipped up fresh for each customer. It's fun to watch and holds tourists entranced. Then there are saris without number from the dainty Dacca, tangails to taffetta creations draped gracefully from poles, swaying like sheets of morning mist in the breeze.

Now dont take sick suddenly but if you must, drop in on Dr. Jimi Mehta, descendant of an impenstrable line of medics having a clinic on Preedy Street. He just never lets anyone feel bad for long. He cures people wtih his heart as well as his brain.

Jalaldin's the swankiest silk shop in town on Clark Street and who could dispute the wonderful work manship of his tailor Raschid who sews love with every stitch in whatever he makes. This guy is an artist with his needle, and so busy, sometimes he does get the work done on time! Ah Bohri Bazar! If those countless lanes of yours could only speak; what history it could tell.

From the days of Sir Charles Napier, Governor of Sind, who distributed land free in the little fishing village that Karachi was in 1843 (after he transferred his capital from Hyderabad). The land was for the construction of shops in the central area and shortly after. Bohri Bazar came into existance. There were 112 buildings where the people lived upstairs and used the downstairs for shops. The Bohri sect of

Muslims lived there who were smart and natural traders and the name remained throughout the years. Everyone from porters to Presidents shop in Bohri. It is not only popular because almost everything imaginable can be found there, its fun what with the bargaining and keen competition always going on. Visitors from abroad never pass it by. It is Arabian Night in daytime and Ali Baba himself can be discerned there at night—so you want to buy something Asian and glamorous, a hot water bottle or an ice-cold thermos and wander on Preedy Street from Elphinstone to Somerset. You will find yourself encircled by hundreds of delightful shops which make up Bohri-see the Parsi Fire Temple too (but you have to be a Parsi to get inside) and see above all the liveliness and laughter of Karachi storekeepers, their willingness to please, hear their warmth in the inevitable cup of tea they offer, listen to their interest embracing you as a visitor — an interest which brings a chair to sit upon for the tourist—nice paper bags for your goods (Pakistanis have to make do with newspaper wrapping) but never at ourist. We are the special special clients to be coddled and catered to—down Bohri Bazar way. What was it that Rabindrnath Tagore said :

"Be bold' timid traveller,
And utterly lose your way."

That's it dear visitor, be bold, be an adventurer and in the winding, wandering alleys of Bohri—it is safe to utterly lose your way.

Near the Bohri Bazar the Empress Market is amusing and lively. Food, fruit and every thing for a household is to be found within its confines. In this area of Karachi are three Chinese Restaurants, all good. The Canton, the South China Cafe and the A. B C. For regional and European food outside of the hotel's Shezan and Zelins' coffee houses are excellent.

Travellers from all over the world seldom fail to visit Frere Hall. From its early days in the past era to the present it has filled a niche as a historical meeting place in Karachi. It also happens to be the first public building. built by the British after they occoupied Sind, and was named after Sir Bartle Frere and designed by Lt. Colonel St. Clair Wilkins.

The sharp clean lines of the building attract attention and the worthy St. Clair Wilkins who was also an architect of repute—saw to it that the stone and materials used were all from local sources. Officially Frere Hall was open to the public on October 10th, 1865 by the Commissioner, a Mr. Mansfield. It now belongs to the Municipality and the Archaeological Department of the Government. Mention must be made of the iron Bandstand—where every afternoon a band played—offering pleasure and music to the populace.

Times change, the band does not play except on occasions, but the setting of Frere Hall is beloved to the extent that every V.I.P. every diplomat on a state

visit is feted in front of this illustrious National Museum. What could be said is more important...... the public at large are welcome for the tiniest of fees, a couple of annas and Saturdays, admission is free. Education and walking back through the pages of time and history is but a part of the bounteous reward of a visit to Frere Hall today. Walking into the Gallery of pre-Harrapa era, we are entering the stone age and we may discover how people in this country lived 50,000— years ago. Many of the objects in the well-lighted display cases show utensils of primitive design, but others appear that would be utensils to us these very moments.

Yet all this happened so many thousands of years ago before the world as we know it existed, before radio and science as we now know it was it was thought of! 4,500 years ago, yet still we have not as yet been able to decipher some of their wonderful seals and inscriptions. Still there are pieces from excavations we have on view which makes us realise how developed their keen minds were and what advancements had taken place in their short span of life. They went in for copper a great deal, and silver was very popular, gold too when they had it. Necklaces and bracelets are in great array at the Museum and earings and bangles for the ankles were in as much a mode as they are now. In fact their craftsmen seemed to have had more time for delicate workmanship than we do, possibly due to the fact that they had lesser and simpler modes of diversion.

At the Ghandara Gallery, a wealth of Budhist art and sculpture awaits us. Lord Buddha in all his glory from infancy to his adult days is portrayed with ostentation. His joys, sorrows and yearnings can be seen in each of the many panels until the time of his passing.

Frere Hall holds enchantment for the student, traveller or tourist. There are so many exhibits, statues and paintings of other days—we can enjoy them with a sense of astonishment and be proud of other fine objects in the Muslim Gallery. There are carpets from the days of Ali Baba as well as instruments of science from our learned forefathers. But the most exciting delight are the special displays and show of precious jewels, ivories and oil paintings from other periods which are beyond price.

We thus may see how Royal Princes and Moghal Emperors lived. Their wealth, their clothes and the raiment of their retainers depicting each one's status. History in objects we may see and take pleasure in. The effect of the elements and the magic of long ago. We learn so much from the art of other days and how prosperity became a teacher when riches flowed in. And the contrast of privations: how their minds were trained on it and strengthened. We learn to admire the work and art of our ancestors in the Museum. The distant years put on canvas and in objects of stone, steel and clay can add knowledge to that which we already posses. Frere Hall offers us its unlimited treasures. Strangers to our shores absorb their beauty.

Every single one of us may share it too. An hour spent at Karachi's National Musem is an hour of pleasure endowed with illumination.

The National Assembly building situated near Burns Garden is a beautiful and a graceful structure of limestone worth seeing. The Chief Court Building, is magnificent in red sandstone. On Bunder Road one can visit Denso Hall with its tall clock tower containing a fine library and a seating arrangement for 500 people.

Unusual architecture with a shining 20th century look is portrayed at Karachi Art Council where national and foreign artists exhibit their work. The Karachi University is a fine place to visit. It covers 1276 acres of high-land. 25 colleges are affiliated with it, incorporating all scholastic subjects. The American Embassy designed by an American architect is another show piece of Karachi. Built as the new Chancery before the city lost its capital status, it will continue to remain the Chancery until Islamabad is developed. The colours of white and gold reflect in the dazzling light of the tropics. All of it harmonises with the sun-kissed Asian atmosphere. St. Patrick's Cathederal in Karachi, built in 1881 is a specimen of true Gothic architecture with a seating capacity of 800. The Chapel of the Vatican Legation is a fine example of modern architecture in the "Stella Maris". It is situated at old Clifton facing the sea. Pakistan is one of those rare Muslim countries having a Vatican Legation and Karachi is very proud of it.

What else does dear old sprightly Karachi have?

It has doll makers who create these playthings for love.

All the exciting modes of dress that Pakistani girls and women wear are portrayed in the ensembles of the lovely cloth dolls made. The bride doll with her glittering jewels, veils, silks and satins. The shalwar and kamis outfits......how visitors adore them and they buy and buy because just two dollars gives a souvenir of this Asian land, more picturesque than any western doll could be. And these are found all through the country enchanting the ladies and even the men. 50 year old Ahmad Yar Khan, once a rich nobleman's son, later becoming destitute after loss of family fortunes, turned to doll-making with his artistic instincts and made a success of it. Now this master craftsman makes a fine living with his beautiful dolls, many which have been exhibited here and abroad. You will find them in the best shops. Try Elphinstone street first.

On the lighter side no tourist should miss a visit to Clifton Beach three miles from the centre with its fine promenade of sandstone known as Lloyds Pier—leading all the way from Clifton Buff to the beach by a series of stone stairs with level walks in between.

Lloyds Pier owes its origin to a lady, a very gracious lady of title who was the Honourable Lady Llyod. Every afternoon when the sea breezes wafted cool air across the sands of Clifton, her Ladyship took a drive in her Victoria before the swift twilight des-

cended. The road to the sea was stony and far from smooth, the distance to the water was long and on her drives she often met a rich Parsi gentleman, Sir Jehangir Hormusji Kothari. They became firm friends. He resided in a splendid bungalow near the sea, built on a hillock. The Lady and Sir Jehangir took tea there on his wind-swept balconies. One day, watching the hundreds of poor people trudging wearily along the rocky paths to the sea on stones that must have hurt their feet, she suggested to her friend that if only there was a proper pathway of tarmac, how much easier it would be for the multitudes who came to seek some cool fresh air......and who could afford a house by the sea?

The worthy Parsi agreed with her and wondered how it could be done. Lady Lloyd then made him realise that of all the philanthropy he had practised, the creation of a huge pier leading down to the sea—would be the greatest and become a memorial to his name. Sir Jehangir was impressed. He built the pier but named it after his friend instead. Opened to the public on March 23, 1941, all visitors may read the plaque on the lovely and enduring roadway to Clifton Beach :—

"Lloyd Pier," inspired by Her Excellency The honourable Lady Lloyd ; this promenade Pier and Pavilion was constructed at a cost of 3 lacs of rupees and donated to the public of Karachi by J. H. Kothari. O. B. E. to whose *generosity and public spirit the Gift is due.*

Today everyone may enjoy this pier built of Red Jodpur Stone, leading to smooth sands.

As one approaches the sands to the sea, a line of vendors operate stalls full of lovely things made from bright coloured shells. For a Rupee (imagine—just 20 cents) yon can buy an adorable necklace, earrings, bracelets too, ash-trays of mother of pearl and duck toys made from shells. Clifton's vendors offer about the biggest and prettiest bargains anywhere. Another bargain is the fun of riding on a camel. I climbed on one and felt I was on top of the world. The camel pranced into the waves while I jiggled between its hump and its rump. I thought I would end up in the sea but the camels master spoke soothingly to the creature and eventually I climbed down, amazed at the way his master solicitiously washed off the camel's sandy feet.

Now they are building a wall & road along side the sea leading to Korangi same 15 miles a way.

We who cannot visit tropical islands can make this imagination come true and find a repetition of this beauty, this miracle of nature at our own sparkling new Aquarinm, down by Clifton Beach, barely a tenth of a mile from the sea......and forget for a while the cares of the day. The cool darkness inside the Aquarium is refreshing from the hot sun outside. The dim light is enhanced by the glow streaming out from glass walls, behind which are miniature lakes and miniature seas where fish from all over the world are placed for us to view and wonder......carefully planned,

grouped and arranged by the Karachi Municipal Corporation to give pleasure to all who come—for 50 paisa admittance and less for youngsters.

Throughout the Karachi Aquarium, one becomes aware of the excellent and large variety of fish and the very fine tanks they dwell in. A great many of the countries whose legations are here have donated the most admirable and distinctive species. The Japanese have given rare specimens of fish, some striped, others shining as if fire-flames were in their skins. From Indo-China the three-spotted small fish holds visitors entranced. On silver bodies, two black spots gleam, the third one is the eye of the fish, different from anything we've seen. Among the sea variety some are known as Oscar, Jack Dempsey and baby Camias, the latter look exactly like tiny alligators. If they did not move, you could call them toys. They range from 6 to 14 inches in length.

The small sea-horse is a popular tiny fish not shaped like a fish at all. In fact jewellers often makes brooches in his image. In Mexico they are called 'Hippocambos' and Mexican craftsmen have show windows full of gold and silver Hippocambo earrings brooches.

All this bounteous display owes its origin to the Aquarium built in the Karachi Zoo in 1953. Visitors from all walks of life were so thrilled with it that the Karachi Municipal Corporation decided to make a truly larger one near Clifton by the fresh sea air.

Their plans were complete by 1958, though it took several years of hard work and efforts to construct it. Facing the shores of the Arabian Sea it spreads over 18,650 square feet. A total of 47 tanks are happy abodes for all the fish besides the huge sea water pool. The entire building is airconditioned and you might say "The fish have never had it so good." The lighting is splendid, exactly as in the cinema halls where the audience sits in the dark and veiws a film, full of light. Only in this case it is the fish who have the lights.

Behind the scenes the people who run the aquarim are specialists including one lady aquarist. They take care of these fish like a family of beloved children. They even know when the fish feel cold! From the 14th day of November last year when the aquarium was opened, hundreds of people have visited it. The educational value in marine biology is like a new frontier. The Aquarium plans further sections including a comfortable spot to dine in, so that sightseers will linger longer. The ocean-floor three miles down is still being exploited in search of new fish species and shell varieties. The aquarium is full of living art, an excitement in itself lending its colour to brighten our everyday life. Creating a friendliness in place of stone and water as Shakespeare put it:

"One touch of nature......
Makes the whole world kin."

The sparkling fish-dwellers in Karachi's

Aquarium certainly have a lot to do with it. Next to the sea itself they have become the treasure of Clifton.

THE JABEES are now operating a fine Restaurant in the Aquarium at Clifton......by the shores of the Arabian Sea. It is as good as their hotel down on Victoria Road. It takes your cares away and helps you relax after seeing all the fish in their sea-water palaces, and how a cup of their famous coffee refreshes you. And those cakes...... Yum, Yum, so good, so feather-lite, so delicious. Nobody but nobody has such a selection.

Imagine, fish all around you living like royalty and fish on the menu too, (but not the Aquarium type) the ones you eat were caught fresh this morning. If you dont believe me, come and over and see. You may lunch there, and of course have dinner too in the snack bar or the dining salon beneath the moonlight with sea breezes enchantment in the romantic setting of sea in Karachi's own wonder land.........

What else does Karachi have ? It has the tall, tall New State Bank—a most grandiose building. The marble walls were made from native stone and the carved wood chambers came right out of the East Pakistan. Tourists go through it with the same zeal as foreigners enjoy seeing New York's Empire State Building.

The President's House on Havelock Road is architecturally beautiful—a heritage from the British. Originally built as the official residence of the Governor of former Sind Province, this gracious home became the residence of the Father of the Nation after independence. It is surrounded by huge gardens, and open lawns where the President holds receptions in honour of visiting dignitaries.

There are hundreds of old and new mosques in Karachi, the Masjid-i-Khizra in the Central Secretariat can hold 500 worshippers at one time.

Reached by road or sea, beautiful Sandspit with its gently sloping beaches is a paradise for swimmers. Well furnished huts on the beach are available for overnight visitors. Further on, the waves rise high at Hawkesbay where the crescent-shaped beach offers good bathing facilities.

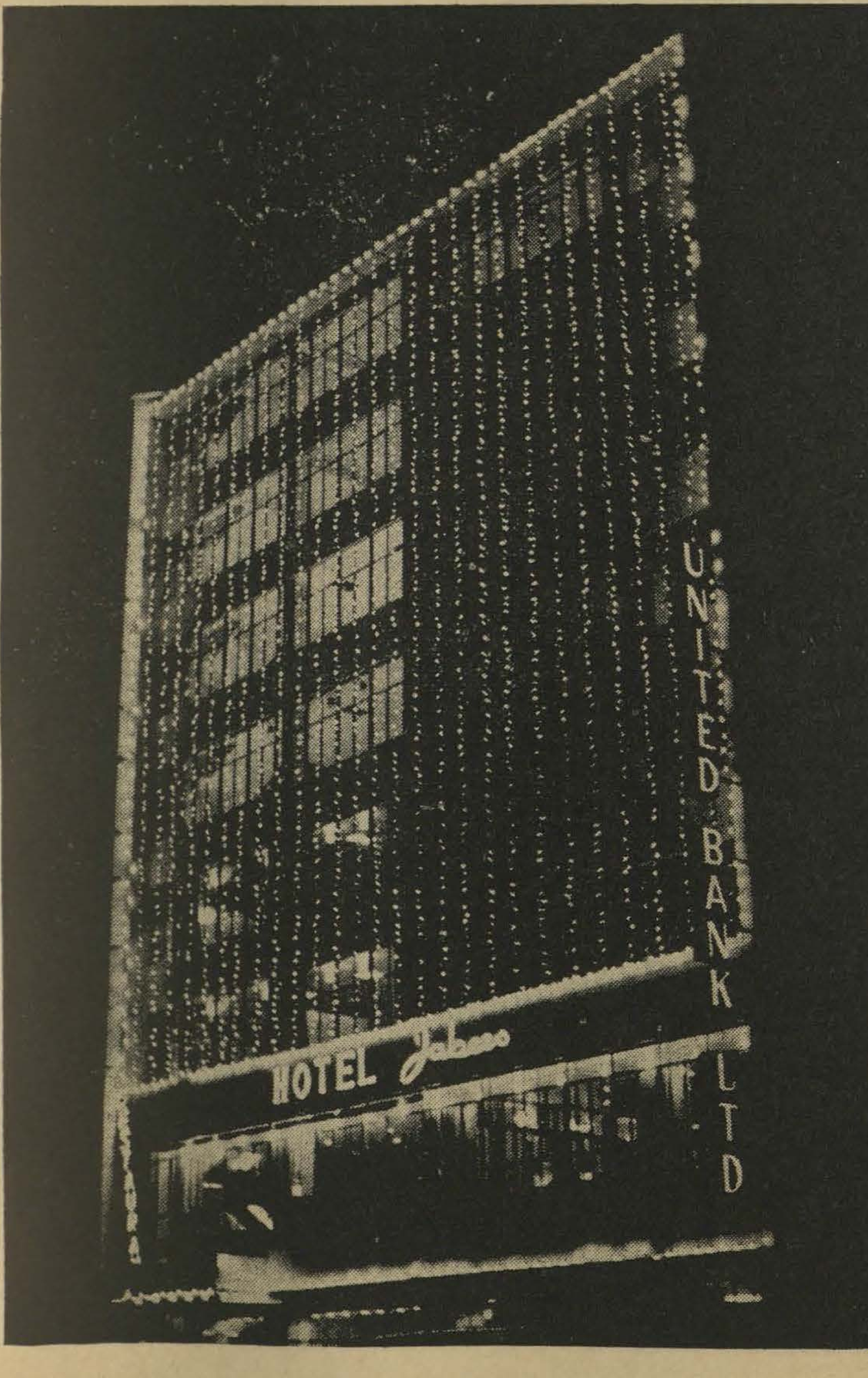
The Island of Manora with its attractive lighthouse is a short boat ride from the harbour. It offers a fine view of the Arabian Sea. Sailing and fishing may be enjoyed at all these places. At Mangohpir, the air is strong with the smell of healthful sulphur. You may take a fine hot sulphur bath any time. Another attraction at Manghopir are its fat lazy crocodiles in a pool, so well-fed by the visitors they hardly move.

At the tiny village of Bund Murad Khan (with a fine Dak bungalow for tourists) one can go duck-

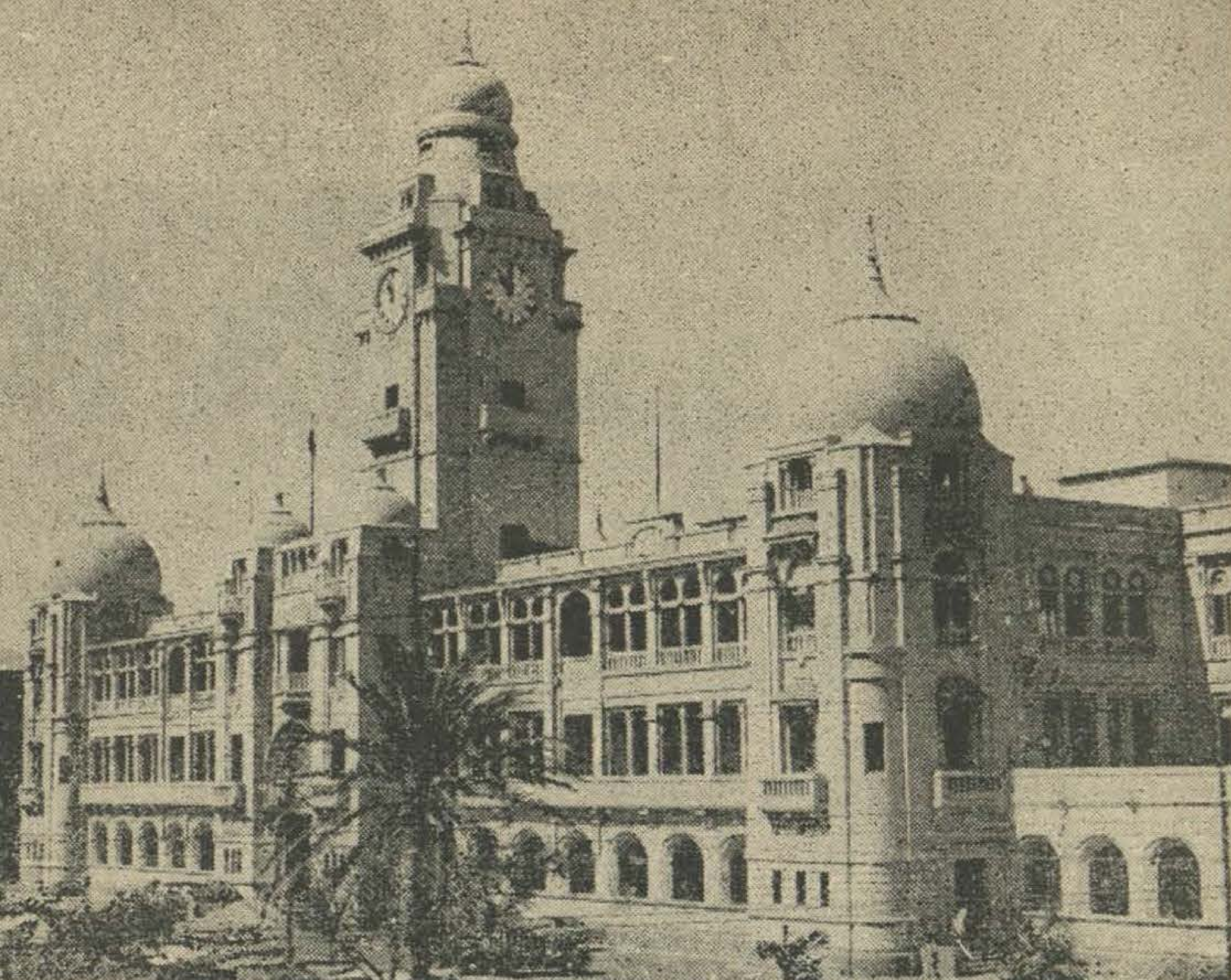
shooting and take the spoils back for the hotel chef to cook.

There are two fine hotels run by the owners of the Metropole where one may spend rather delightful weekends, away from the crowded city streets The airport hotel which is above the landing field at Karachi International Airport has stairs leading to the roof, where one may dine, dance, watch the stars go out and the planes come in. You see it all but are removed, remote and snug beneath the sky. Two miles away, the Grand Hotel Malir is the place to go, with its fresh water swimming pool (one for the kiddies too) and delightful grassy lawns for relaxing and a South-Sea Island rendezous on its rooftop. This is a honey mooners haven. On a winding road to the village you will find the trailing market, full of fruit and novelties. The tradesmen are simple friendly folk.

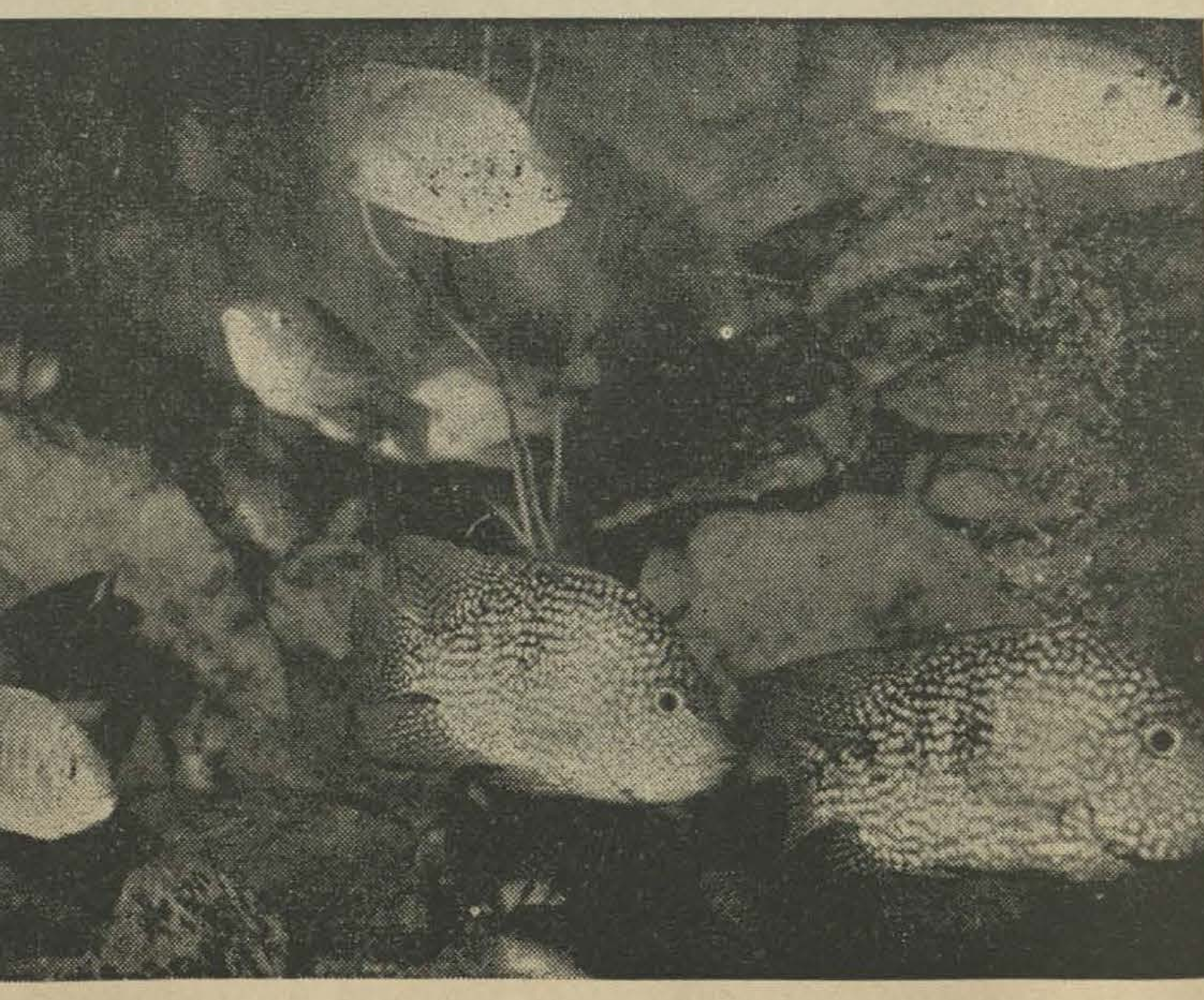
These days Victoria Road is not only blossoming in beauty......its wears a brand new "NEW LOOK," and actually has a delightful new first class hotel, catering to tourists who are not millionaires. For 25 rupees a day you can get a brand new bath and breakfast and not a darn thing extra to pay. You dont even have to be rich to stay there, but the decor, air-conditioning and service is terribly rich. Snack bar and fine dining rooms, a bank too, all under one roof and 102 rooms to choose from. It is called the Hotel Jabees. You wont forget it. Just in the



Victoria Road - Hotel Jabees



Karachi Municipal Corporation.



The Aquarium at Clifton.

niddle of the best shopping district. Next stop the markets.

Down the road you have the New Saddar Market. and the not so old Capital Market & now the new grand Mahboob Market which will eventually be 15 stories tall.

The travel Agents of Karachi are a race apart, Each one endeavours to offer something different, something new, in fact the warmth of their interest causes many tourists to extend their visit. These days Pakistan s full of fine travel Agencies, but as everyone knows; he most popular is the dear old American Express. From New York to Paris, Rome, Lisbon and Karachi .... where does everyone pick up mail, meet their riends, find out about all the lovely tourist sights, get change, banking services and tickets? well of course at the American Express. But what comes with the icket (at no extra charge) is the friendliness here, all he American-know-how, plus Pakistani charm which you cant buy and market, here you feel like a family nember. In Pakistan, how ever, where they have offices n both the East and West Wings, they concentrate on banking. Indeed they were the first organisation to have an American bank here. These purveyers of sights and ounds come and go but the American Express goes on for ever. The elegant Air Aids company is right next door. They specialize in catering to Continental groups besides American and English tourists. But the oldest one is the famous British firm of Cox and King

who sold travel in Karachi from 1932 They take care of the visitor from all over and escort them throughout the country with very fine guides. Universal Express started functioning when Pakistan achieved independence. It has an established reputation for catering to visitors. The secret of its success is due to its charming Escort Service. Competition is keen in this business, most renowned are Travelogue, Globe Travels, and Khyber Travels. The up and coming new Skyline Travels lives up to its name. The sky is the limit with them and the young and progressive director is always planning new exciting tours.

If you care to sail on any of the seven seas you may do so from Karachi. It's full of shipping agents. Most prominent are the American President Lines, Lloyd Triestino. P & O Orient Lines besides numerous others. Local transport in the city is cheap and varied. For a leisurely drive in an old fashioned, horse drawn Victoria the fare is but a Rupee a mile, taxis cost only half a rupee (10 cents) for the same distance and the amusing rickshaws cost but 4 annas a mile, which is a nickel in anyone's language. A ride in a rickshaw is as good as a ride on a merry-go-round. Tipping is optional. One rupee will carry you to Karachi's fine Race Course (horse racing very Wednesday and Sunday) or to the Zoo at Gandhi Gardens. In Karachi you may even hire a millionaire's yacht, the Sea View, for a short or a long sail. Telephone 50320; it will bring all the required information.

In the industrial heart of Karachi, situated in the spacious area of S. I. T. E., guided tours by the management of the big plant are a pleasant diversion. A visitor becomes aware of the magnitude of the output, what the city manufactures, how much it has to offer and what great amount of exports flows from this industrial region. You may pick up a hair brush in New Zealand (like I did) and find it is made in Pakistan, or the finest cotton anywhere stamped, "made in Karachi". There are pharmaceutical laboratories, textile mills and cement plants besides hundreds of other important factories producing every needed item. At the gigantic Valika Mills more than a million pairs of socks roll off the knitting machines each year, though this firm specializes in woollen blankets, cottons, brocades and silks.

The Dawood Plants employ above 3,000 people, busy as bees, manufacturing cotton materials equal to Egyptian and Manchester brands. This company owns many textile mills besides operating the great Karnaphuli Paper Mills in East Pakistan. At the H. & M. Silk Mills, ravishing sarees are created in rare designs. Their gossamer-like fabrics called Twinkle Tissue and Moonlight are famous. The Karim Silk Mills produce exquisite dupattas, so delicate in appearance that enchantment covers the wearer. Among other p'ants of note or Bawany Violin Textile Mills, Hussain, Habib and many others, all owned by Karachi citizens, You will come away with free samples from all these mills. The proprietors are generous in extreme.

Since 1958 and the construction of Korangi Quarters a new Industrial area has sprung up this time only 10 miles east of Karachi — but spreading to more than 20 miles further on....yes Karachi marches on and indeed does and though the sages and heroes of history are receding from us, and history contracts the record of their deeds into narrower and narrower pages, this era has brought with it deeds of vital value from the mind of man today. Thus among the rising industries beneficial to one and all, the manufacture of Soda Ash has risen to noble proportions.

Twenty miles away from the city's heart, by the side of Korangi Creek stands the new and glowing Indus Chemical & Alkalis Plant, now functioning to serve the needs of the nation with Soda Ash and related products. And how many people know how dependant we are on this simple product every single hour in our lives. Human beings could scarcely get along without it . . . for the chief uses of Soda Ash in its various forms are - medicines, glass manufacture, soap making, agriculture and even building construction and other such things as metallurgy, linen-bleaching, all laundering purposes and the purification of water boiling; then of course it is used in the preparation of Sodium Salt. Its like magic really, to think so much that is good can come out of Soda Ash. This Chemical Plant is proud of its achievements, it will not only aid the economy of Pakistan and save needed foreign exchange, but will also relieve the existing shortage and produce from Karachi's own natural resources the valuable Soda Ash.

Originally there were a number of schemes brought before the Government of Pakistan, to set up a Soda Ash factory, none of which were realised, thus in 1960, the German Industrial Mission were invited to come and see what could be done. As if with one mind in accord, they all agreed that Soda Ash was what Pakistan could produce with ease, provided a suitable place in the right area was located. And that is how the Indus plant came into being! Just a little over two years ago after 100 shareholders maintained an interest, the factory commenced building step by step the huge and wonderful Plant it is today . . . . under the aegis of Mr. Zafarul Ahsan who is the Managing Director, (the same person who engineered new ideas and enlarged P I A - who now runs with aplomb the noted Khyber Insurance Company) never content with just enough, only satisfied with the best and it is the best !

This was no easy task, no easy project, since the machinery had to be shipped from abroad and expert personnel gathered, while Pakistanis were sent overseas for training so that they could return, able to understand all the detailed processes required.

As one stands on the Plant's upper floors and looks out on sail boat bobbing on the water in the Korangi Creek by the village of Rehri, which has now found a new way of life for its inhabitants with prosperity and comforts . . . . recognition of the Soda Ash industry is instantaneous. With the advent of the Indus Chemical & Alkalis, new roads were built water supply was made

available and all those wishing to work found jobs with decent pay, such as they never had before. Five hundred Rehri people who had lived a hand-to-mouth existance are employed at the Plant and the difference in the life and times of Rehri is noted in the houses with cement-blocked roofs, a fine new Mosque and simple wholesome ameneties previously not known. In the early dawn as the plaintive notes of the Muezzin are heard from the Mosque, the villagers of Rehri awaken and wend their way to pray, their hearts full of thanks for the blessings of the security provided by the advantages of steady work, just a stone's throw from their dwellings.

The expansion and continuing development of the chemical Plant is due to several factors. Karachi has unlimited tons of sea-salt tossed up by its shores - and limstone all around in the hills and down Margopir way, (that's what Sada Ash is made of) and these natural resources utilised with the aid of modern machinery man has created spell success for this vast programme. Fifty Million rupees were spent to purchase equipment from Siemens of Germany, who, along with their imports, sent technicians, chemists and engineers to put it into action. These people have also trained Pakistanis to take over, who in turn - with their new knowledge trains others. Indeed, those reaching this stage are able to work anywhere in the Soda Ash field, so great is the demand for such personnel. Each one is able control machines which do the work of many men and his value is without price.

On the commercial side, the meritorious importance of Soda Ash to Pakistan is unbelievable. The industries involved now functioning with its aid, such as glass production, pharmaceuticals, textiles and dry-cleaning plants are but a fraction, benefitting by its availability. Lenses for eyeglasses, windows in our homes, even the tiny thermometer for taking temperatures; what would we do without them ? The thousand and one things needing Soda Ashs in their composition are countless. From a simple heartburn when we over eat to the clean clothes we wear, we owe hallowed gratitude to the Soda Ash family of chemical salts. This everyday product actually links mankind into a common brotherhood whether we are aware of it or not - as an equalizer. Pakistan today no longer has to ask foreign countries for imports in this direction. With unlimited supplies, this land will have Soda Ash as her own export in the not-to-distant future and dollars and sterling will remain on the home-front because of this glowing new factory., which was a challenge to build with its exacting standard and isproud and magnificient asset to the industrial field of Pakistan.

The Indus Chemical & Alkalis, peopled by workers of all grades has young and dynamic directors, among them Parvez, son of Zafarul. Just as the Plant is in operation 24 hours eaeh day, so does this pleasant and intelligent young man think, sleeping or walking "how many more advantages can we offer by our very pure Soda Ash."

Korangi has one more new industry. The Pakistan National Oils, opened by the President. Now you will never be short of Petrol or oil these days because of the Pakistan National Oil Refinery functioning like turning wheels . . . .

Two great newspapers, printed in English flood Karachi each dawn. One is the **Dawn**. and the other is called the **Morning News**. There are many more published in all the dialects of Pakistan, and magazines of all descriptions. Tourists can have calling cards made in Karachi before they leave, at half the price of home. At Chunara's Printing Press on South Napier Road (the street where most of the camel carts are) you may have 100 classical cards designed and completed in 24 hours, with a proffered drink of sugar-cane juice while they are being wrapped up. The hospitality of Karachi people is unlimited.

The new fabulous spanking Drive-in Cinema in Karachi is already a couple of years old and the its the first ever. Its like a night out driving over there, music, snack bar and restaurant and such fresh, fresh air where you can see all the latest movies. More spread out than our movies at home and its lovely to go there and such fun. Its the first such—in Pakistan.

As citizens of the largest Muslim land in the world, residents are endowed with natural understanding. As a foreigner in their midst, you are a special person who is made to feel at home. You will tear

yourself away with reluctance,—and find that you are repeating. "When I was in Karachi", time and again.

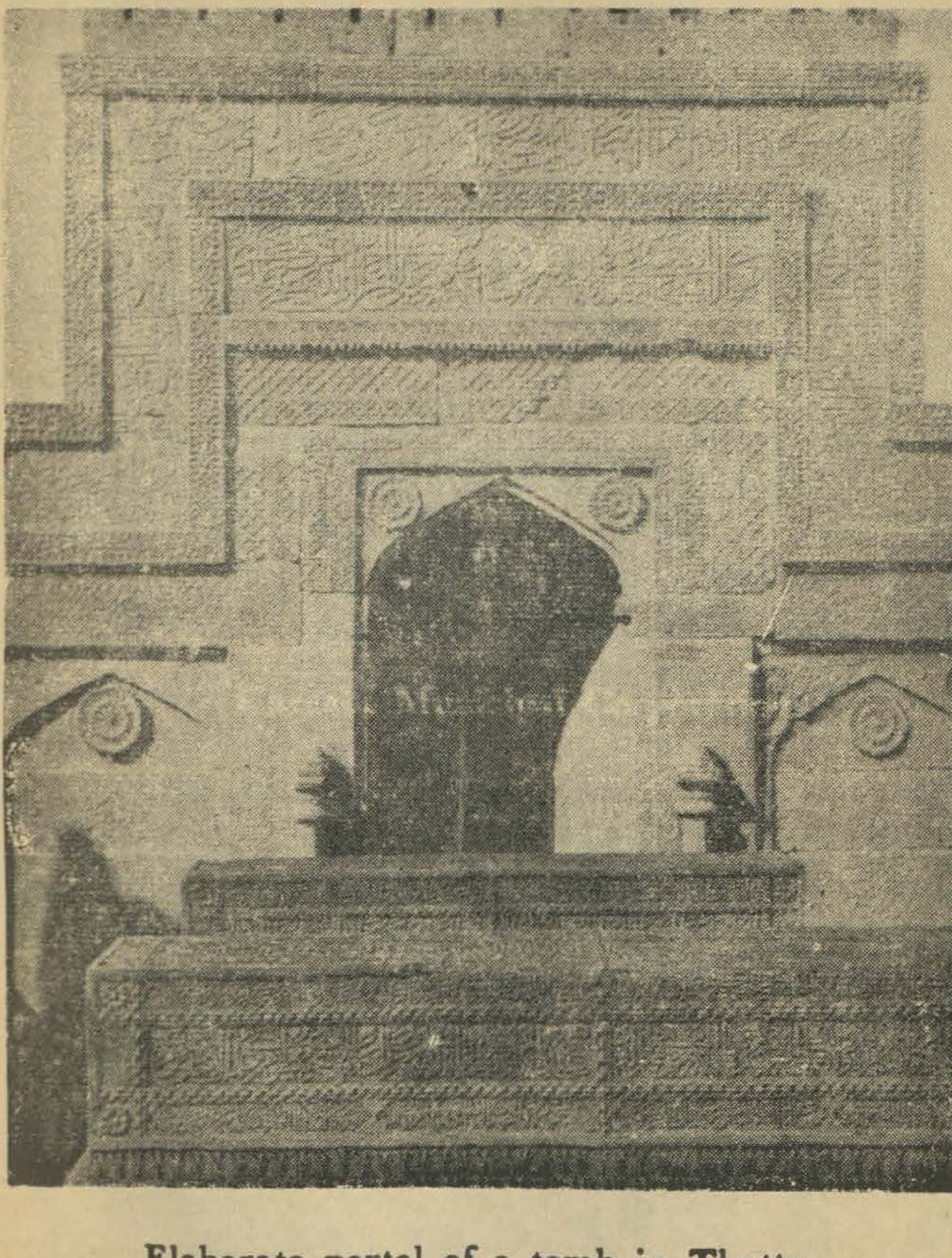
And as all those Ali Baba Land gifts you purchased are opened and spread out on the mantlepiece and other favoured spots, the memory of stop-over Karachi will return and add forgotten brightness to the routine of every day like. It is a wonderful city and as we said in the begining Karachiites are the most warm hearted people in the whole world.

CHAPTER THREE

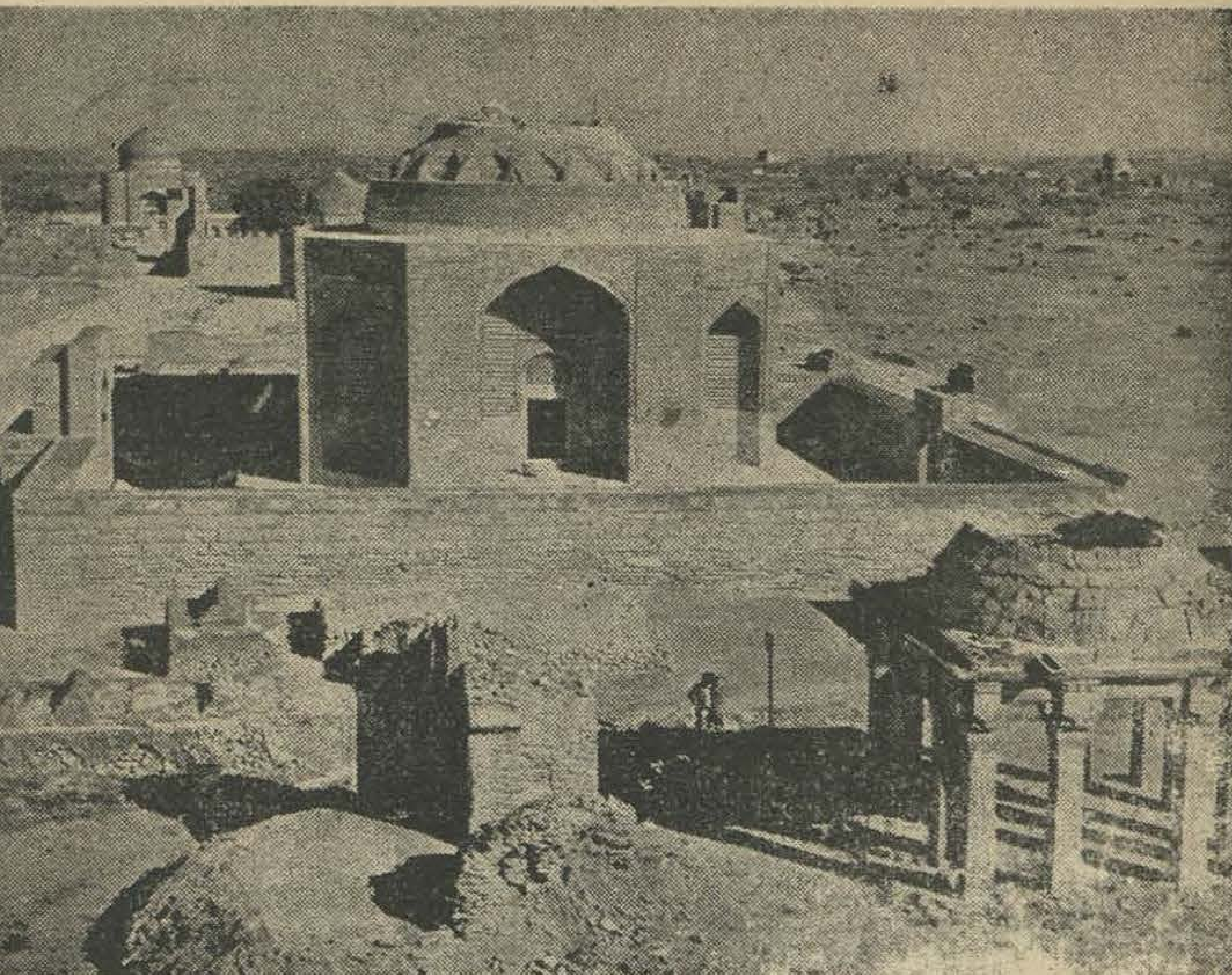
Historic Thatta

Thatta is the second stop on a visitor's route from
arachi in West Pakistan which offers more than is
pected from its silent places. In its villages there are
any healthy and happy residents and its lakes are full
fish and water lilies nodding beneath continuous
nshine. The life in town is placid and simple......yet
fame springs from people long since dead whose
mbs and their surroundings are monuments of supreme
eauty and everlasting glory. Thatta is one of the
aphic places in Pakistan which excites the interest of
travellers, including those people who tell they have
en all that is magnificent.

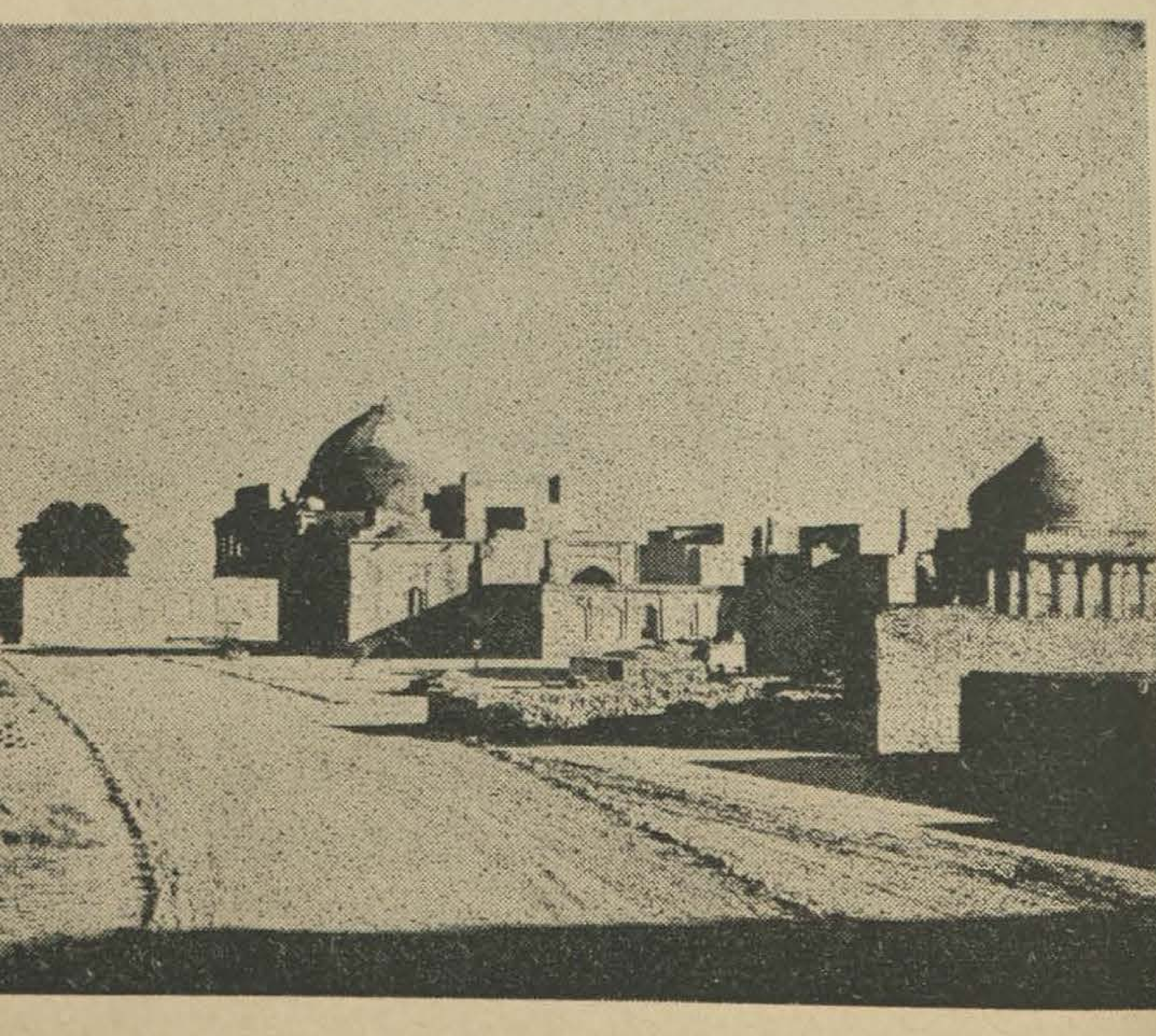
On Makli Hill the cemetry of Thatta, the memo-
als composed of fabulous monuments are relics which
eak of the greatness of Sind between the 14th and 18th
nturies. From 1371 uptil 1739 Thatta was a seat
great learning during which four successsve Muslim
nasties rose and fell and the history of Sind was
ched into time. The Summa Rajputs ruled from 1340
1520. They were followed by the Arghuns who held
wer from 1520 to 1555. The Tarkhans ruled from
55 up to 1592 and the last of these were the Mughal
nperors of Delhi whose schools of art and culture
urished until the year 1739.



Elaborate portal of a tomb in Thatta.



Palaces of the dead in Thatta.



From all over Europe and Asia, renowned sages, masters, scientists and scholarly men flocked to its portals, and both traveller and trader from distant countries spoke of it as a place abounding in riches where Islamic studies and intellectual discourse was of uppermost importance in daily life. At least 40,000 weavers were employed at one time in the handloom industry making cloth of superb quality. Its harbour "Laurie" was as big as the harbour of London and ships from the East India Company sailed to it with expensive merchandise. Sea captains described Thatta as one of the most celebrated markets in India. An Eldorado in an industrious kingdom of the Mughals. Its commercial wealth made it a city of perfect social regulation and the artisans of Thatta were considered the most noted of all times.

The decline of Thatta started in 1739 (which resulted in its fall from economic greatness) when the Province of Sind was ceded to Nadir Shah of Iran who entrusted its government to Mian Nur Mohammed who moved it to Khudabad. Early in the 19th century the power and glory of Thatta faded. It became a city of tombs, deserted and abandoned.

Because of its historic value, restoration work by skilled craftsmen has begun and the vistor can examine in detail the minute unusual and delicate workmanship on the tombs of bygone famous Mughal governors. He can thrill to the everlasting strength poured into visible marble, stone and granite which has outlasted the lives of generations of humans.

The care, pretentious glitter and splendour of the tombs resembles a pageant of affectation which one could imagine was played to the sound of trumpets and the flourish of flying colours. Search as I might—I could not find any traces of homes or schools throughout the area but the palaces of the dead, stood, as testimony to the fact that in the Mughal era, neither expense not labour was spared to make them permanent resting places of rare beauty. South on Makli ridge, just over a mile away from Thatta's small township, the imposing array of monuments turns back the pages of time. Mosques, mausoleums, facades and doorways arrest the eyes. A city of domes on a hilltop, intermingled with dark pools full of lotus blossoms and yellow tiger lilies...... trailing on the banks.

An awe inspring sight drawing the vistor with spectacular bonds. There is drama in the silence, for the scattered walls, though covered with trailing wild vines, are still sumptuous sentinels guarding and hiding the sepulchres of their masters. Each brick set in its rhythmic place is a gentle work of art in colour and formation—a created strength which has held it together through the ages: Many have individual designs upon them some decorated with Quarnic excerpts in Arabic. Enclosure walls are all of lovely sandstone, slim pieces bound by lime mortar in odd patterns. Dull orange hue gives them a warm radiance as if the sun had baked them full of life with enduring power.

In varied rotation on the burial grounds are three main groups of monuments arranged in historical

succession—with memorials of the Mughal period coming first. They are the Uzbek, Tughril Beg, Isa Khan Tarkhan the younger, Jan Baba, Diwan Shurfa Khan, and the graveyard of Nawab Amir Khan's family. The second group, belonging to the Tarkhan and Arghun periods, are the structures of Isa Khan Tarkhan the elder, Baqi Beg Tarkhan, Ahinsa Bai, Sultan Ibrahim, Mir Sulaiman and their relatives. A third group, on the extreme north, belongs to the Summa period and are the tombs of Jan Nizamuddin, Mubarak Khan, Malik Rajpal and their respective families.

The larges and most imposing monument is the tomb of Isa Khan Tarkhan the younger, who died in 1644. Erected in the centre of a domed chamber inside with two grandiose separate balconies, the interior walls are covered with design of lace tile work wingled flower in exotic colours. Isa consstructed this tremendous Palace of Death in his lifetime so that he could be sure of a resting place that would please him. After certain parts of it had been designed, the hands of the most talented craftsmen were cut off so that no that no other emperor could engage them in order to copy their creative art. This was a common practice among the rulers—throughtout that period. I thought the arrangement of the grill windows was superb. They reflected the light of the sky. The tomb itself is built on a high platform and each panel around it has a different motif.

Though all are carved in stone the workmanship is as delicate as if embroidered on soft silk. Countless family members are buried here but Isa's favourite wife lies in a specially built corner of her own. A narrow and steep staircase leads to the roof. The wind blows unceasingly on it as if brushing all that is earthly from a spiritual above.

Two miles away in the old township of Thatta, the most significant of all monuments is the Shah Jehan Mosque also known as the Jama Masjid. It is centred around a courtyard with prayer chambers facing East and West. Two large galleries rest on top of arcades in the garden. Prayers said in the Mehrab can be heard throughout the Mosque. The most elaborare tile work in the Indo-Pakistan Sub-Continent is in this building. So rich and rare is the pattern that it has been copied by the Public Works Department to preserve its enehanting loveliness. Shah Jehan commenced the work on this mosque in his early years. When he died in 1947, it was completed by his son Aurangzeb who thought of the future by building 93 comfortable apartments inside it with space for his hundreds of relatives...to dwell in peace in the long "Here After". The interior is simple, all white in effect, forming a startling and stark background for the exquisite shining tile work embedded like jewels in solid brick.

Again on Makli Hill, the masoleum of Jani Beg Tarkhan (who died on 1601) inspires reverence.

Tarkhan was the independant Ruler of Sind took pleasure in the creation of his last dwelling place on earth. The masonery composed of glazed and unglazcd brick in rick dark blue and bright red has a checkered pattern. The main structure is octagnol with half-domed niches on either side. The arched doorway have carved inscriptions in Arabic painted on in fine white script. Part of the dome has fallen away but the parapet stands firm commanding a view of the entire six mile area on Makli Hill. The wind blows like a strong breeze from the sea. Partridges flying overhead come to rest on the ledges, cooling to mates......bringing joyous notes of song and life—in a lifeless place. A tomb of great elegance is that of great General Mirza Beg who fought for Aurangzeb. Set like a huge pavilion with its 16 sides divided by arches and its domes supported by 8 pillars, it stands as a glowing monument with motifs of huge lotus and sun flowers carved on all its recessess. Zigzag tiles adorn the roof which is supported by giant ropes of colled stone.

Another tomb of individuality is that of Jam Nizam-undin who ruled from 1961 to 1509. His structure has perfect carving, similar to the 15th century Gujrat period. Winding bands of stone circle all the walls which are engraved with buds and full grown lotus blossoms. In odd contrast some of the bands have carved geese of Hindu design. One band is decorated with flawless Arabic inscriptions from the Quran. Recessed doors are set in panels and tiny minarets sprout on all corners creating a fantastic sight.

In the second group of mohuments, built in courts are the tombs of Baqi Beg Tarkhan and Ahinsa Bai with many enclosoures. The inside walls are carved in the tracery siyle of roses and sunflowers. Persian and Arabic poems are engraved on the tombstones.

Mubarak Khan who died in 1590 has a magnificent tomb built completely square on a high base. It is enclosed by high walls decorated lightly with Arabesque designs.

Jan Baba's tomb (who died in 1601) lies near Isa Khan's tomb. Originally it had three domes. Only one remains covered with designs as fragile as a spider's web. Each wall has different themes and commands attention for its flawless detail. On the south of it, a twelve pillared veranda stands in front of a lake at the base of the Makli Ridge. It was here that Jam Tamachi, the Summa Prince, fell in love with a poor fishermaid named Nuri. The story is still told around firesides by the Sindhis today.

The tomb of Diwan Shurfa Khan who died in 1638 is the best preserved tomb at Makli. A massive square structure surmounted by a dome in Persian style with four towers at each corner, each one having a staircase leading to the roof. The predominating colours are the walls made of red and blue bricks.

The graves and tombstones lying in mausoleums or on the hilltops open to the sky, are all carved with geometric patterns and interlaced with Arabic characters

carved on them with extracts from the Holy Quran and chronograms of great literary merit. Sightseers and tourists reeeive pleasure over the inscriptions, and students find great historical value for their studies on the life and times of old Sind.

Students and visitors enjoy Thatta in many different ways. Its villages are like portraits whose characters have stepped out their frames in laughter... to partake of all their country offers. Open...air restaurants and the small hotels are meeting places for local merchants, picturesque farmers, shoppers, browsers and Sindhi fortune tellers. Without fail they congress. daily en-masse to take tea, listen to the radio and the local musicians. No matter how crowded the tea-garden may be, a table is always vacated for a stranger...for he is an honoured guest. They relax, sip more tea and watch their world go by though they have seen it a thousand times. Children playing...below the wild gorse grows tall against the sparse scenry while the pungent odour of strong tea brewing become the perfume of Sind. After leaving the magnificent historic tombs it is a pleasure to stop your car further down in the village and join the throngs in the tea garden. Soon you will hear tales of old. This one may be the village...oh yes, an actual descendant of those who painted Mughal Emperor's tombs. Another may be engaged in agricultural pursuits (which is Thatta's main source of economy) whose forefathers grow the choicest fruits and vegetables to grace royal feasts. You will meet the carpenter, local architect and hear stories of

which price so printed the designs on a family mausoleum that that craftsmen engaged in those arduous tasks had their hands cut off after the pattern was created. This was done so that no other Emperor could have the same artisan perform the same art...... Life in those far—away days was joy, sorrow, violence and self-love combined.

On the outskirts of Thatta-swimming and fishing can be enjoyed at the famous lakes of Kanjhar and Sonehri. Visitors may stay at the P. W. D. Bungalows. Five miles away is the ferry at Pathan. Boats loaded with produce as well as passengers sail across it twice daily to the other side at Sajawal. A lovely trip passing by tiny quaint village lining the shores. On the way back, the tombs on the hillside can be seen clearly. New Dak Bungalows are being completed to accommodate more tourists.

Thatta is situated 61 miles east of Karachi on the national metallic highway which leads to Hyderabad. It is an hour and a half drive by car or a swift train ride connected by through-bus service at Jungshahi station 13 miles away. In the environs of Thatta one can stay at the Archaeological Rest House (permits can be obtained in advance from Archaeological Department in Karachi) or at the P. W. D. Bungalow. Both have modern amenities and good servants in attendance. The rates are very low.

For a most invigorating and inspiring change of atmosphere from big city life, coupled with romantic historical background. Thatta is the desirable answer.

SUPPLEMENT

List of Mounments on Makil Hill as they appear in order after leaving Archaeological Rest House.

1. Tomb of Jani Beg Tarkhan.
2. Tomb of Tughril Beg.
3. Tomb of Baqi Beg Uxbek.
4. Tomb of Isa Khan Tarkhan, the younger.
5. Tomb of Jan Baba.
6. Tomb of Diwan Shurfa Khan.
7. Tomb of Sultan Ibrahim.
8. Tomb of Ahinsa Bai.
9. Tomb of Baqi Beg Tarkhan.
10. Tomb of Isa Khan Tarkhan. the elder.
11. Tomb of Mir Sulaiman.
12. Tomb of Mobarak Khan.
13. Tomb of Jam Nizamuddin.

CHAPTER FOUR

Next Stop Hyderbad

Hyderabad is so full of people and Sind University students, and coming new ventures, that a visitor is swept up with the city's enthusiam the first hour they arrive.

Hyderabad is the town known as the town of windcatchers. These also catch the eye the moment one arrives in this old world city which is just 55 miles from Thatta on the Multan road. In spite of the general bustle there is a peaceful air throughout, and many of the busy streets suddenly trail off into country-lanes changing the atmosphere as if the crowded thoroughfares had not existed. Hyderabad, in the old Province of Sind is a most important place.

There are a great number of surprises in store for the visitor in Hyderabad. Few know that after Karachi and Lahore, it is counted as the third largest city full of exciting places to visit. It is a rendezvous of poets and musicians, historical shrines and has a Fort of great renown. The foundation stone of the Fort bears the words :—

"Oh God bring peace to this city."

And tourists are greatly impressed by it. They are also impressed by its industries embracing a multitude of different things......precious silks and

tissues, fine leather products, stone-work and divinely made tiles (fine to take back for that special look at home) and from the sublime to startling contrast. For camera enthusiasts, it is a city of wonderful contrast and buildings with glazed brick and walls of fretwork design. A most important town with a population of 5,00,000 souls. The commerce of Hyderabad is bound by with its fabricsand cloths of rare design, intricate embroideries plus materials for domestic and industrial use. So many "Mirs" ruled trohughbout the ages in Hyderabad, that it is still called "The Heaven," Another distinctionis that countless "Soofies" dwell in its environs. Soofies are people of great piety and religion to whom the villagers go to with their problems. Between the Soofies and the Sindhis (as Hyderabad indhabitants are called) there are interesting comparisons. The Soofies are purported to tell of the future. Their services are much in demand. The Sindhis are just plain honest citizen.

The city can boast of the Liaquat Medical College with about 500 beds—as the largest, well-equipped institution of its kind in Pakistan, besides 17 other offering all health services. In case you have a sudden illnes you may get attention anywhere in Hyderabad, for all the out-lying districts have fine Government dispensaries. Another cheerful and permanent factor is the long winding Indus River which the Sindhis call their River of optimism. It serves as flowing blood irrigating their land so that the crops of Sindhis are exceptionally good.

Rural life is the backbone of Sindhian society. Economic prosperity is sought and earned. Agriculture, Cottage Industries and cattle rearing are the principal factors of their life and livelihood. It is their source of thinking, values and attitude......pursued with honesty, simplicity and dignity. A villager of Sindh is a son of the soil. He loves it and his affection for his native hearth is such that he seldom leaves the place of birth. His rural culture is in complete harmony with the environment. From it has emerged his language with its vast vocabulary of song and lyrical poetry. Nowhere else in the Indo-Pakistan Sub-Continent is there such a social phenomenon. The Sindhi's immense outlet of conversation has an incredible vocabulary ......and those studying it recognise the extent to which the cultivation of the soil and the rearing of camels, cattle and sheep have coloured and enriched the culture of the people.

More than 10 centuries ago this culture was rampant in the people of Sind. It has grown with them down through the ages. Hyderabad was in existence before the Arab conquest under the name of Nirankot. Niran was the old name of the hill upon which the Fort was constructed. Originally the place was called "Niran-Take-Jaker-Kot" and known as the Fort of Nirun hill. Picturesque gardens and grazing grounds surrounded it. The old Mehran (the Indus) river then flowed to its eastern side. At the time of invasion of Sindh by the young Arab General, Muhammad-bin-Qasim in 752 A. D., the Fort was in the possession of Budhists

who had friendly relations with the Governor of Mesopotamia. Hearing of his sense of justice the Budhists surrendered themselves to the General upon his arrival.

The leading families of the district were Talpurs, Syeds, Pirs and Mirzas. Mirs were generally known as Talpurs and are of Baloch descent. The whole army of Kalhoras consisted of Balochis. After the successful revolt of the army the Talpur-Mirs became rulers of Sindh, the Kalhoras were completely wiped out. Through succeeding generations, Hyderabad remained in Muslim hands. In 1757, the Indus changed its course, resulting in the waters flooding the old capital of the Kalhoras including the hamlets in the district of Dadu which were situated on the right bank of the river.

Ghulam Shah Kalhora, the ruler of the terriotory, at that time. knowing the change in the river's course, considered this hill with its Fort area the perfect place for his capital. After the selection was made he reconstructed a superior Fort of bricks on 36 acres. He then changed the name of the town from Nirankot to Hyderabad, in honour of the noble personage, Hazrat Ali, the Prophet's Son in law and the greatest warrior Islam has produced who is known as Hyder. The word "Abad" means "Place of" thus we have the construction of the name, Hyderabad from the expression "Place of Hyder." Ghulam Shah Kalhora died in 1773 and was buried in Hyderabad. His Dynasty was overthrown by the Talpurs later on.

Tourists may easily meet the happy and pleasure-loving Sindhis in the tea shops of Hyderabad. Soon they will be invited to join them in their pastimes. They are fond of hunting. They have a store of peacocks, pigeons, doves, duck, teal, wild geese, partridges and plover, free for all to shoot after obtaining permission, easily available. The Mohan tribes and other Sindhis living by the river do not use guns to shoot aquatic birds, and they have developed a technique of their own by means of stick-throwing, spears, decoys, and a skillful method of catching duck by hand on the water. Hawking is also indulged in and carried out with great skill. The Sindhi language has a variety of technical words for the intricacies of this sport and before long, the fortunate tourist is repeating them with zest. Horse-back riding is also enjoyed. The Sindhi Equestrian taught his horse to amble in a peculiar way that is very suitable for the rough surface of the ground.

The Sindhi amble comes in for many smiles among visitors like a song on old Broadway. They say "lets watch the horses do the Sindhi amble." They become intrigued with the brilliant horsemanship of the skilful Sindhis who can perform trickriding without saddles. These accomplishments are still a feature in Hyderabad. Horse and camel racing is so popular that it is made the occasion for lively betting and gambling on favoured animals. Betting is heavy on pigeon and cock-fighting in arenas. On the lighter side, kite flying is popular with young and old of all classes. Even today, village wrestling matches

can be depended on for attracting a huge crowd at a few hours' notice and the spectators cheer lustily every moment. Other amusements include chess, dice, cards and a variety of games of chance with counters at which the women are very adept.

The folk dances of Sindhi are of great variety. Many of the steps are so intricate, they can be learnnd only after considerable practice. The people are fond of folk-dancing. The fairs, festivals, and feasts are cause for village gatherings, typical in the style of Sind. They are performed to the accompaniment of native music played on pipes, drums and cymbals. They also use large earthenware jars to drum upon. These simple methods of relaxation bring joy to all the peasantry. Music in Sind is important ever since it was the first home of Islamic culture on the Sub-Continent, which approved songs of happiness for pleasurable occasions. Because the people were geographically isolated from the rest of the land, they developed their own indigenous form of music which started with the advent of Muslim rule. General Mohammad-bin-Qasim was greeted with a whole orchestra—so long ago. From the pages of history we learn that the Summas and the Poets of Sind gave him a rousing reception with dancers and drum-music such as is played at weddings and other joyous times. Mohammad-bin-Qasim was so touched by the grandeur of it, that the event was talked of for many a day. This same music has lasted to the present and is repeated for similar celebrations and ceremonies. Although no cabarets exist in present-day

Hyderabad hotels, many of the songs and dances are performed for visitors upon request.

Hyderabad homes are extremely interesting. Most of them are built of stone and face south-westward from which direction cool breezes blow in summer. Theirs is an individual way of getting cool air inside the rooms of houses. A structure called the windcatcher built of wood and plaster is raised at the top of the roof of the room. An opening at the top facing two directions, south and west catches the breeze in the funnel which is then transmitted automatically through the opening into the room. This structure is a boon for the public in hot summer days. In the winter the opening to the roof is closed by a wooden lid. Since 1948, new townships have sprung up which tourists will enjoy seeing—such as the Shah Latifabad Colony to the South, the Industrial Trading Estate to the east and Jamshoro, towards north-west of the city of Hyderabad. The houses here too naturally all have windcatchers. The creation of these new towns with their old-world look have expanded the area of the city while adding to its beauty. As one approaches Hyderabad City from Shah Latifabad side and an old fortification on a detached hill catches the eye. It is said to have been built by the Kalhoras and contains a shrine with lattice-work of blue tiles, the kind, vistors adore.

Well worth a visit are the towns of other areas. New Hala was built about 1800 A. D., by one Makhdum

Mir Mohammad, because old Hala, which is only two miles away, was at that time threatened by the River Indus. Among the antiquities of Hala are two tombs and a mosque. These shrines are in honour of a reputed Muslim saint known as Pir Makhdum Nuh, born about A.D. 1505, who died at the age of 87. A fair is held twice a year in March and October when people come in thousands from all parts of former Sind to pay homage to the Pir. The foundation of the tomb was laid by Makhdum Muhammad Zaman in A·D. 1795 and a cupola was added to it in the same year by Mir Fateh Ali Khan Talpur. North of the tomb is a fine Mosque built in 1810 where people still go for prayers. Hala is famous for the manufacture of glazed pottery. East of Hala 4 miles away lies Bhit Shah, a small village is regarded as sacred by all Sindhis because of the tomb of Shah Abdul Latif, the great poet and Sufi Saint, who lived, taught Islamic Ideology and died there. It bears the date 1167 A.D. which is near the probable date of his death. The tomb is built of bricks on a stone foundation with floor and decorations of glazed tiles. Near it are tombs of two Pirs, dated 1231 and 1218 A. D. An annual fair is held in the month of Safar (Islamic Calendar month.) which lasts for three days, and attracts thousands of Sindhis as well as tourists. A literary conference is held every year during the fair festival. A beautiful rest house has been constructed at Bhit Shah for the convenience of visitors as well as a cultural Centre.

Badin, another village of interest has schools, hospitals and a town-committee. Founded originally

by a Hindu, it was completely destroyed by Afghan General Madad Khan but was rebuilt some 250 years ago by Muslim Shah Badin Kadri for whom the tiny town is named. A great annual fair is held at Badin each October in his honour. At least 15,000 people flock to see it and it is considered the event of the season. Another fair is held at Bulri where silkin cloths and choice materials threaded with silver and gold are sold to the tune of one lakh of rupees. The great attraction there is a visit to the tomb of Shah Karim, who was a poet of reknown. He died in 1622. A. D. The tombs of all the Mirs are important historical monuments in Hyderabad. They lie on the Northern ridge of the town—group of finely carved shrines, built by the Kalhoras who were ruling powers before they were expelled by the Talpurs. Under Talpur rule, the tombs were neglected and allowed to fall into ruins. The first tomb, that of Ghulam Shah Kalhora suffered and became ruins. It has since been restored to a semblance of its former glory. After the British rule the Talpurs built their own tombs in their lifetime (which was traditional at that time) but they are inferior in appearance to those of the Kalhoras. The oldest one—interesting to see is that of Char Yar who built it himself in 1812 and watched every stone put in its rightful place ...

These latter Mirs became the leading families. They were of Baluch descent, powerfully built and let nothing stand in their way. They wielded great power and their influence was mighty and every Kalhora

was wiped out during their reign. Besides they added culture which is said to have equalled the civilization of the days of Pharoah and there is much affinity to the Greeks, Turks and Persians. The assimilation spelt progress and made up for regional vitality, which shows it self in the distinctive character of all the Sindhis.

Hyderabad today presents a picture of content: the marks of development are everywhere. The gigantic Ghulam Mohammed Barrage—inaugurated in March, 1955 is a little north of the city. It is 300 feet long and is designed to pass a maximum amount of 875,000 cusecs of water and consists of 44 bays, each with a 60 foot span and gates that are 21 feet deep. The Barrage is provided with a lock channel to facilitate river traffic and a portion of its road-bridge lifts to enable boats to pass. Four huge canals provide irrigation for Dadu, Hyderabad and Thatta districts and the fertility of the land in these areas is an assured and splendid result. In the time before the Barrage was built, food production was very low. The Master-Plan includes drainage, a pattern to check water-logging and a new Bridge at Sujawal above the River Indus. This project has aided the entire industrial life of Hyderabad. Because of it—livestock and researeh farms, new fisheries and new stretches of water have been made possible—resulting in aided schools, more Cottage Industries and last but not least, the creation of very comfortable tourist centres at nearby Gharo, Bhambore, Haleji, Dhand, Thatta, Kalri Lake and Kotri—all of

these places being on the railway line with good transport facilities. Definitely the Ghulam Mohammad Barrage is more than a sight to see... It is a mighty big area where the best of 20th century skill has been planted to give service to man. Visitors, not engineer-inclined are still greatly-impressed at the wonder of it.

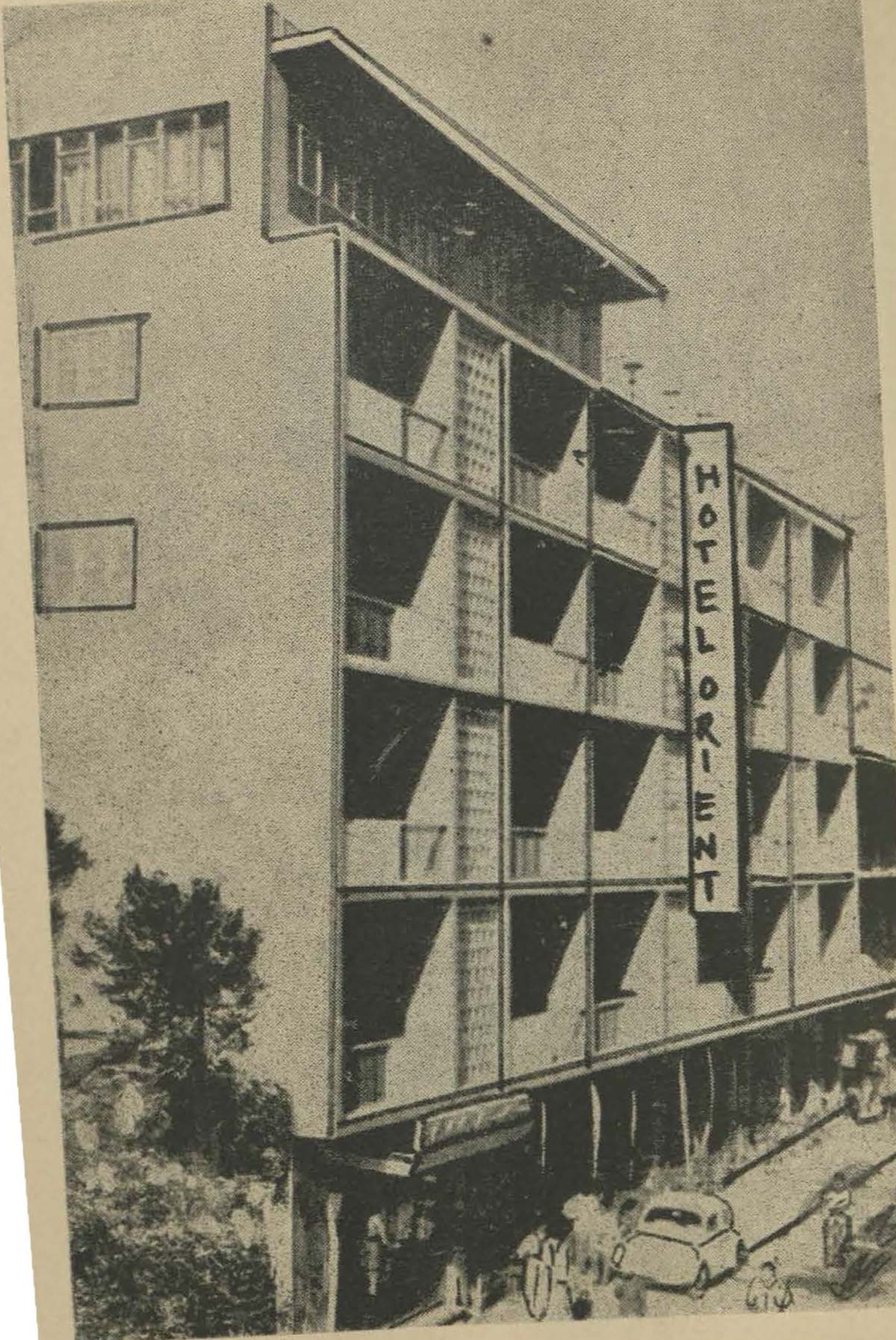
The streets of Hyderabad are avenues with tall trees lending shade in the hot summer months. The National Highway from Karachi leads right through it and the Thandi Sarak Road (known as the Mall) is a wide and beautiful street. There is less humidity than in Karachi and sea breeze is fresher and cooler. The winters are mild. Visitors enjoy the centre of commerce and business in the picturesque Shahi Bazar with its big Karamet Clock Tower. Plenty of markets here and the buildings are handsome and colourful. The principal articles of merchandise are agricultural, including cotton, wheat and oil-seeds. Tea, salt and other staples are sold in the bazaars. Hyderabad is well-known for its glass industry and its factory for asbestos cement sheet. The Dada Asbestos Cement Sheet-Plant is a huge affair, modern in extreme and a pleasant place to visit. You will hardly believe you are seeing "Rooftops" in the making. The process is fascinating to watch. Glazed Pottery, fancy cotton spreads, the laquerwork of Hala covering all manner of boxes, vases, flower-stands and furniture-legs with several different kind of glazes are but a few of the native Cottage Industries all recently revived and which are sold rapidly to visitors from all parts of the country. Tourists find these everyday objects made in every



Wind catchers catch your eye in Hyderabad.



Sindhi Girl.



Hotel Orient—Hyderabad.

attractive fashion, they purchase more than they intended to. Many Textile Mills, six, produce the delightful materials distributed throughout the land. They bestknown ones are, the Mehar Textiles, The Fateh Textiles, Silver Cotton Textiles, Mohammadi Textiles, Fazal Gulzar Textiles—all friendly concerns who will take time out of their busy days to show visitors around—so you may know what makes them tick. The large Fauji Sugar Mills at Tando Mohammad Khan is now a big producer of fine sugar. The Sind Trading Estate, accommodates the Majority of the Industrial concerns.

Several Hotels offer visitors good accommodation. However the best one is the 'Orient' situated in the heart of Hyderabad Though the charges are moderate, 20 to 35 rupees a day, but from the moment you step inside, a feeling of warmth and friendliness envelopes you and the decor throughout the lounges and dining salon brings to mind Mughal Palaces of long ago. The cuisine is both European and Pakistani. The Hotel Orient is a mixture of 20th century airconditioned comforts and old world charm. The distinguished proprietor and his family are descendants of a long line of Kalhoras and among the extra considerations for their guests ts the free cinema built inside the Orient showing all the latest films.

The other Hotels are the Ritz and the Indus. The Ritz, very modest starts at 12 rupees a day while the Indus rates range from 16 to 30 rupees a day with wholesome fare and plain simple amenities.

Several Cinemas offer local and foreign films. The Firdous and Majestic are quite elegant. There are clubs too where visitors may become honorary members during a longer stay. Hyderabad Municipal Gardens have a seating capacity for 20,000 persons. It is situated next to the Stadium where other public affairs take place. Other parks and gardens in the city are all flower filled, a pleasure to pause and relax in between sight-seeing and shopping.

All visitors enjoy seeing happy youth. At the almost new Cadet College situated in Betero (near Hyderabad) students numbering 1000, congregate each day in the classrooms and lecture halls. Those who are able to pay tuition do so, but there are a number of scholarships and grants to poorer students who cannot pay anything. The only requisite is a desire for knowledge and a talent for study. However since all students have the same accommodations and facilities, no one kuows who is of the paying class. No distinction is made for family back-ground. Credits go to the most learned of students who have proudly earned them.

One could almost imagine that Ghulam Shah Kalhora returning from his Rest of Eternal Peace, strolling through the college grounds—would stroke his beard and say :— "magnificent" at what the young people of Hyderabad are studying to fit in the complex world of today.

......And for those visitors who may be worried about the water supply, Hyderabad is also proud of its modern filter Plant, just a few years old. In the villages, the wells have pure sweet water and when it is not available, new water tanks have been installed in the remaining areas.. clear and sparkling at all times.

EDUCATION IN SIND UNIVERSITY

"Seek knowledge even if you have to go to China to find it," is what Prophet Mohammad taught the Muslims in his days thirteen and a half centuries ago. Though access to China from Pakistan is simple in this era, the facilities offered throughout the land void the need for such a journey. In the Sind area of old Hyderabad, educational progress has been brought in comfort to all who seek to absorb it - and from the portals of Sind University and its affiliated colleges to Liaquat Medical College in Jamshora, to the Government Cadet College in Petaro, learned professors apply themselves with full devotion to the task of enlightening youth of its social and moral gain.

Schoolhouses are the fortifications of the future and in Hyderabad with its rich and glorious past, the advancement in education in countless directions outnumber many counterparts. The city has become a repository for art and culture and there is an effervescence, a yearning and ambition among the young people growing up . . . who study with the idea of toiling from the start. They are Sindhi descendants and Sindhis have been praised for the knowledge far back in history by Jahiz the famous Arab writer and by Ibn Khurdad Bin, an Arab geographer. Jahiz, in one of his books wrote of the supreme honesty of the Sindhis - who were entrusted with the keys of the treasures by the popula-

tion. And along in the Middle Ages, the life of the Sammas and Soomras produced a memorable chapter of heroes and brilliant men. The Kalhora period produced Shah Abdul Latif, one of the greatest poets in the world - whose inspiring works are enjoyed by the educated and illiterate alike. The aesthetic qualities of Sind rose in his time to heights of splendour. In the centuries of the Talpurs (often called the golden age of literature) several hundred poets wrote in Sindhi and Persian, adding prestige to the lustre of the land. Little wonder that Sindhi students are proud of their background.

Apart from the English language becoming predominant in scholastic institutions, the years of British rule were not happy ones and when Pakistan attained independance, a new prosperity - slowly made its way. Sind University with its own engineering college and subsidiary institutes was established - all related in the cause of knowledge within the Islamic code of life. And now in the nearby small towns of Tando Mohammad Khan, Thatta, Hala and Mirpurkhas . . . each has colleges, high schools as well as elementary schools - while in Hyderabad proper, Radio Pakistan's Studio plays an important part with instruction and information for the non-reading general public. However the colleges spread throughout the length and breadth of Hyderabad under the aegis of the Sind University and are responsible for the glowing achievements in education and advancement of previously unheard of courses.

Reading, writing and arithmetic is no longer the reward in this competitive field. Science, medicine, art law, chemistry, business-administration, languages and botany take their place with aplomb among other numerous subjects at Sind - taught, to fit young people in with the needs of the 20th century. Set in flowering gardens, the main building of the university is a pleasant place with libraries. Its own printing press and lecture rooms for boy and girl students, conducive to work and study. The teachers are like kind big brothers taking a deep personal interest in each and every scholar. Over in the English Department, the Professor Wasti just enthuses the subject matter to such a degree that his class acts as prize-pupils, ready to burst into prose - ala Shakespeare, Rudyard Kipling or Milton, English history too. What a large amount of learning is taken in the Muslim History Department at Sind. The students pour - not only over Muslim history but also Semitics and Phoenicians, the Hebrews, Arabs, Spanish and the Ottomans. In this manner they trace how Muslims found the best methods - the best ideas and discarded the lesser ones and discovered what lay behind the thoughts of Egyptians, the Iranians and the Iraqis.

Ghulam Shah Kalhora would indeed be proud of the youth at Sind, Many of them are true blood descendants, whose patriotism is such, that study is a joy to them especially in the economics Division (the largest department in the university) where 166 gather at lecture time, both boys and girls and hold debates in English Urdu and the Sindhi languages. For inspi-

ration - pictures of great economists of the world line the walls of the lectureroom. This Economics, together with the subject of Political Science has become more popular than the study of Law, (which once ranked as the cream of curiculum). The accent on learning is stronger and very often the Vice-Chancellor, Professor Hasanally Rahman delights in taking over a class, though his life is extremely busy, wrapped around the University almost 18 hours each day. There are Teacher's Extension Lectures he attends to, apart from the thousand and one things always happening at the University. His delight these days lies in the new Campus where Botany reigns supreme.

Here even food for thought happens in concrete forms in the modern sunlit experimental room. Students play with nature and win. They can perform magic with electricity and when something in the photo-physiology section is spoilt, they just charge a battery and create flourescent light when even the city lights run out. As for fruit, they cross melon seeds . . . so that melons can be grown with or without seeds. The botanists of Japan originated this method by doubling the hereditary material. This section where the scientific angle of experimentation is situated in a new building off the beaten track in the country area of Hyderabad. As one travels along the highway to reach it, past the College for Women, past stretches of barren ground, desertlike in appearance, one comes upon a signpost flaunting its announcement (just about the middle of nowhere) . . . you would expect to read "the Sahara straight ahead," instead in bold and simple

it says. "SIND UNIVERSITY" with not a stone or anything in sight . . . flaunting its meaning with a valiant air. But ah! this leads to the fantastic new campus some miles ahead where all knowledge dispensed is fitted out with equipment that would grace new and as-yet unknown worlds.

Students from all corners of the globe study here. The young people themselves work with the leadership of master minds. Atomic science, the science of mind the science of engineering and chemistry all flourish on the new campus, while just across the way, foreign students stand upon the roof of the residential hostel, specially built far them, blessing Pakistan beneath the stars for the college with its wealth of learning, awaiting them. The ground floor lounge, filled with books, newspapers and magazines is for relaxing after intense hours of study. The cost of this education all inclusive is but 300 rupees a month. The Kuwaitis, Jordanians and other Arab students enjoy this perfect hostel, built to match the ultra modern College where they spend fruitful hours in the pursuit of knowledge. Thus does Sind University assist its own country, thus does it create goodwill among people of other nations who have sent their sons to Pakistan, knowing full well the benefits that will accrue.

These students from lands where Muslim religion predominates have a feeling of freedom in Pakistan. They mingle with native-youth, all enjoy the same

festivities and holy days and feel they belong to each other both in the lecture rooms and the hostel. When eventually they complete their courses, they will carry back with them - an eternal friendship, gained by the amiability of the campus personnel and the deep interest they have in the success of their efforts.

At the new Campus, individual freedom of thought is stressed and a wider base of activity is entered into. This leads to absolutely glowing experiments by the students who have no fears on the development of an idea, whether in words for the expansion of science or whether an object of solidarity in the mineral, vegetable or animal world. At all classes throughout every branch or affiliated college of the Sind University, future Einsteins and Shakespeares are given every encouragement. This is a far cry from the days of the past century when rigidity in curriculum - was enforced and a free-thinker was often considered a trouble-maker. Potential leaders were lost to their country, crushed by unchanged standards in a world that was moving forward, but not so at in Sind. The more a student is ambitious in directions of human benefits, the more his professors are proud of him and he is given every opportunity to put his talents to advantageous use. Iqbal in his day (and that was not so long ago,) had to struggle because his bright theories were not often acceptable to the public at large-and it was only after his passing away that his fellowmen really began to appreciate him. Today with the race between nations to reach other planets, educators stretch their programs and embrace

brilliant youths with ways and means to bring out the very best in them. At Sind University, this is the credo of Professor Hasanally who spends practically all of his waking hours, thinking of his students as a father thinks of his children. The Vice Chancellor is known for his great dedication to the life of scholars. In his Halls of Ivy, sunshine pours in classrooms while the young people listen in rapt attention to the courses which will be a pathway to their own particular stars.

And what of the various departments? Among the number of courses, a most popular them is Comparative Religion and Islamic Culture. In fact when the University of Sind commenced its programm of teaching back in 1951, the first thoughts were given to the Department of Education and the second as the Department of Religion. What is unique in this Indo-Pakistan sub-continent is the stress laid on combining facets of Islamic tradition-religious teachings moulded to fit the needs of this modern era we live in. One now compliments the other. The University has arranged two separate courses . . . Islamic Culture and Civilisation and Comparative religion, and B A. and Masters Honours are available in both, and it is only at Sind where these studies so dear to the heart of Pakistan are on such an extensive scale, which includes the study of the history of religion in itself. The scholars, though knowing the value of the teachings of Islam will also know the spiritual worth of other religions from the time before Islam existed, such as Buddhism, Christianity, Zorastrianism and others - while being aware of

Islamic teaching as universal for all people, since so much preached by the Prophet Mohammad helps humans of all faiths.

In the cultural geography department, so much has become different in the past 4 decades that one's understanding of our earth has increased Long before planes, trains and transport as we know it was taken for granted, geography was a subject of the importance and interest to mankind. From the days of Marco Polo, geography served as a container for information on the lakes, rivers, mountains and cities - shifting to the time when science held sway and became academic. Nowadays, geography's powers are such that we know who and what a person is by the land he comes from. This is known as physical geography, identified with regions and environment. The study of rocks and climate alone does not explain a lansdcape. Geography goes deeper and searches cultural landscape-scenes to learn more about it and the relationship of specific natural sites and unusual patterns as a background for students - offers an exciting future to geographers at the University.

Among the countless busy places at Sind is the Library with approximately 60,000 books, open from early morning until late evening. Twentyone Seminar libraries are attached to the many teaching units with a large number of books in each for reference. Hundreds of the books were published at the University's own press, known as the Sind University Press, which was established in 1954. All the printing work needed

for classes is done there, apart from important outside printing jobs. Journals of Education and Art Research besides dictionaries in Sindhi-Urdu, Urdu-Sindhi and transalations have rolled off this Press. Both the Press and the libraries are happy places to visit. A student discovers for himself knowledge and gains wisdom which gives him understanding. And the 21 teaching departments, covering Languages (Persian, Sindhi, Urdu Arabic and English) Political Science, General and Muslim History, Philosphy, Psychology, Economics, Mathematics & Statistics, Chemistry, Botany, Physics, Zoology, Geology and Geography topped off by a special department of Coaching Classes for Superior Services..... crowded at lecture-time with youth, male and female in search of knowledge, in search of words to be fitly spoken that will enrich all listeners.

The Alumni at Sind University are indeed fortunate, life within its portals revolves about them with the freshness of seabreezes. Each professor, each lecturer (often former students risen high) puts forth his comprehension with a light that radiates enthusiasm and instills a piety akin to holiness to our leaders of tomorrow... the wise parents-to-be, the doctors, lawyers, engineers and chemists so sorely needed in today's Pakistan, the scientists who will aid in the development of the country, the business administrators who will plan with young and highly educated ministers the economics and the teachers of all grades who will yet teach the unborn...... and so many more all striving hard for their degrees whether in social directions,

cooperation in industry and accounting, or the Diploma courses embracing statistics fisheries, vocational guidance, engineering and Ph. D. Degrees.

Not all the young men and women who attend the university pay their way, since not all can afford even normal fees. Student Welfare has taken care of this matter so that scholarships and grants from the Universities own fund have been made available to the amount of well over one lakh of rupees each year. For student activities and departmental Societies inluding Unions more than 75,000 per annum is spent. Man does not live by bread alone...... and sports and recreation have been added so that all work and no play does not exist in Sind University. There are cafeterias on each campus and several dispensaries. Many Hostels cater to boys and there is one specially for the girl-students in Hyderabad city. Buses for staff and the young scholars serve all of them at a very modest fare. An information and Employment Bureau takes care of students ready for overseas scholarships, and jobs, full or part time. The Public Relations officer, an understanding young man. (once a Sind student) handles three jobs in one which includes the editorship of the Monthly Sind University Gazette ; a bright piece of enjoyable wisdom and literatute...and human interest.

On the main Campus, fine housing exists for professars and their families, a cooperative store and medical facilities. Each one makes his small garden glow & living on University grounds is both practical and economical

Understanding and warmth of the present government with the leadership of Field Marshal Mohammad Ayub Khan, the Sind University is benefiting by being included in the third Five Year Plan-so that more buildings (some already under construction) may be added to the congestion of college-institutes gathered together in the city. The now glowing almost completed new Campus on the Western side of the River Indus between the Ghulam Mohd. Barrage and Kotri is nevertheless filled with happy youth,putting forth their best efforts in appreciation of all the opportunities offered.

The University of Sind originally commenced functioning in Karachi on the 3rd of April, 1947, made history with its first Vice-Chancellor, Professor A. B. A. Haleem. The Administration spread across the entire province of former Sind including the then Khairpur State. In its early years the University work was that of examination and affiliation, teaching was done at the colleges. However in 1950 when the Central Governmens felt the University in Karachi should be for the Federal Capital, The Sind University moved to Hyderabad and in May, 1951, its offices were alloted the present premises. At the same time the teaching departments were established for conducting Honours and Post-Graduate studies and between the years of 1951 and 1957, twenty Teaching Departments flourished with basic subjects in Arts and Science. Slowly but surely, many more colleges and schools of

repute were opened by Government and private sources and the number of students rose by leaps and bounds, during which time Allama I. I. Kazi held office as Vice - Chancellor. After his retirement in 1959, Dr. M. R. Siddiqui was appointed and a great deal of consolidation and reorganisation began-with stress on intensive programmes, tutorials, tests and assignments, research too. More funds were provided by the Government and more highly qualified teachers. The Sind University became one of prestige.

Today under the aegis of Professor Hasanally (a gentleman who will stop his car by the wayside to give a student or a stranger a lift) the Sind University ranks as one of the highest in the land, for this Vice-Chancellor puts more than his brains to work. He puts all his energies, will-power and dreams into the present and future for his family of above 2000 students. The result is that they attain spiritual maturtiy at Sind for their work is activated by the motive of interest that is akin to actual love, combined with a need for fullfilment ...... which, at the end of their college days will mean the beginning of a new life, of personal independance and achievement : success and a future rosy with promise. The good these yong educated people will do, cannot be measured in their high degrees alone. Their knowledge imparted to others will be like strong ivy leaves, growing and spreading without surcease, brighter and fresher each day.

On the old campus at Sind there stands an old

small memorlal. Its words... "Education is the best form of charity" could be debated today, but beneath it are others, ringing true, now and forever :-

"Give me a kind God,
A sound intellect,
A warm heart.
A devout soul,
And a strong will".

This is what the worthy Vice-Chancellor at Sind University feels is right for his students.

CHAPTER FIVE

Mysterious Mohenjodaro

Region of the Sind...flat sandy plains, plateaus both bare and fertile stretching for miles along rutted embedded ridges. This the highway to the silent city of Mohenjodaro, the strange mystic and inscurtable city of the dead. Be prepared to spend at least one night here at the fine Dak Bunualow for guests—so that you may enjoy the archaeological wonders of this unusual place situated 366 miles from Karachi on the Western banks of the dark Indus, Mohenjodaro is reached via Sukkar by air-conditioned train and jeep. For visitor with less time there are air taxis and helicopters which will carry you in comfort there, and back within one day to the small airfield specially built close to the ruins. During the last six miles you will be travelling along in a jeep or tonga through woods filled with wild flowers and singing birds; by-pass the cotton fields and fruit crops ; a happy conglomoration brought to an end by the apperance of Mohenjodaro's prehistoric ruins spread over a snn-baked earth.

400 years ago this was a flourishing civilization, yet barely half a century has past since the first excavations revealed this land and its origins, the people who dwelt there, how they lived, the Gods they worshipped and the reason for their disappearance. Archaeologists made headway in 1950 revealing to us facts and objects



Ruius of Mohenjodaro.



Buddha in Meditation—Taxila.

which have brought them back to life. With the deciphering of many their stone-slab ideograms, much has been uncovered which tells us a great deal of their story beginning with dawn of time. Your imagination will run riot at learning the reconstruction of their days. The Mohenjodaro Museum holds their secrets and the pleasure of seeing Statuettes, touching with reverence the shiny smooth sculptures, potteries, jewels and stone seals; the visitor forgets he came prepared to be perplexed and finds the new knowledge a revelation.

A master architect was born in those long forgotten days, one who planned the great city of Mohenjodaro on functional and useful lines with consideration for each member of the entire community. It becomes remarkable to whoever visits, that the inhabitants could ever have attained such a standard of civilization so long ago. Older than time within the Indus Valley there are features in its discovery that would do justice to the builders of our present day. This old, old wórld of 240 excavated acres covered with fabulous buildings reveals in detail, the administration, religion and way of life similar to the civilization of Rome, Crete, the Tigris and the Valley of the Nile in the third Millenium B. C.

The well-planned city, baked brick buildings, elaborate drainage system, soak pits for disposal of sewerage, a large state granary, public bath and the college of priests, clearly indicate that it was either the capital town or a metropolis of great importance with a large population enjoying a well-organised civic and

economic life. The discovery of precious stones and other metallic objects not found in this region show that brisk trade existed with foreign countries. Figures of animals such as the rhinoceros, tigers and elephants etched on articles recovered from the site, and the elaborate drainage system of the city bear testimony to the fact that this region was in those days within the range of monsoons ; rainfall was plenty and agricultural produce pretty large. Wheat, barley, sesamum, fieldpeas and cotton appear to have been the main crops. The monsoons later changed course and the area went arid.

The men of Mohenjodaro were of medium height with an olive brown complexion, long heads and faces and all had black hair. A stone figure of a nobleman dressed in embroidered robes recovered amongst other such relics throws some light on the dress they used to wear. The trimmed beard and shaven upper lips indicate that razors were in use at that time. The women wore skirts and jewellery which consisted of bead necklaces and girdles, gold armlets, nose studs and ear-ring. They had a quaint style of dressing their hair in fan shaped headcovering. Their children probably played with toycarts made of clay, and terracotta figures of cattle and monkeys with adjustable heads or tails which could be moved with the help of a drawn—through string. A number of such toys have been recovered. Dice appears to have been a popular indoor game.

A large number of well made graded weights of different sizes and in perfect uniformity have been

recovered which shows that the people had a strong government and the standardisation of weight and measures was strictly enforced. The utensils which have been found are made of copper or bronze. Iron was unknown to the people. Other bronze objects which have been found besides three silver vessels and small dish made of lead are saw, swords, spear blades, daggers, knives and razors. A large number of seals bearing inscriptions in strange characters have been found. The pottery discovered at Mohenjodaro consists of a large variety of jars of different shapes and sizes, plain as well as of painted ring bases and tiny receptacles for holding toilet articles or cosmetics.

No definite clue has yet been found about the identity of the inhabitants. Anthropologists, however, maintain that the majority of the population belonged so the same stock which are associated with the earliest agricultural settlements found almost everywhere in Central Asia. Their script, several examples of which exist on terracotta pots and fine wrought emblems has likewise not been deciphered so far. Foreign traders and seamen whose ships were tied up at the wharfs came in great numbers to the city—bringing with them merchandise and produce in great quantities...and patterns for design of further plans for progress.

How this great metropolis came to its tragic end is yet another enigma. All that we know from the human skeletons excavated is that the inhabitants were one day ruthlessly murdered by an invading horde.

From the fragmentary evidence in Hindu scripture 'Rigveda' wherein Indra the Aryan War God has been referred to as the fort destroyer, it is surmised that the city was invaded by Aryans from the north. The inhabitants were caught unawares in their homes, and in the streets and mercilessly slain. Thus the age-long civilisation came to an abrupt end.

The remains of this prehistoric city lie in an irregular series of mounds about 9 miles away from Mohenjodaro railway station, formerly called Dokri. The city consists of two parts, the lower which lies towards the east and has dwelling houses and shops and the upper which lies towards west with a number of important buildings including the Great Bath, the College of Priests, a pillared hall and the Buddhist Stupa which was constructed long after the destruction of the city, by Buddhist Priests. There are also the remnants of an impressive fortified citadel which stood on a raised platform.

The city is well planned with wide roads crossed by streets at right angles. The dwelling houses of the wealthy had paved floors with unusual drains and chutes for disposal of waste master. On seeing all these fine arrangements an archaeologist remarked "it is clear that the city was not a chance growth. It is drilled and regimented by a civic authority whose will was law."

Among the places of interest are the remains, of Buddhist Stupa and monastry of the Kushan period

which rises to a height of 72 feet above the surrounding area. From the summit of the stupa-mound a panoramic view of the city and the Indus river can be enjoyed. West of the stupa-mound, across the main path called the 'Divinity Street' lies a once imposing structure with spacious halls and intricate arrangements of apartments. From general appearance and a proximity to the Great Bath, it has been surmised that it was a college of the priests, in which the Chief Priest also resided. Nearby was the Great Bath and a large bathing pool, 8 feet in depth. There were many Watch Towers standing 10 feet high parapet walls which formed a part of the fortifications of the citadel. Another spacious building believed to have been a place of the monarch or the ruler of a Province lies in the southern part of this area. Visitors will enjoy the new Mohenjodaro Museum. It lies close to the site of the city and contains very interesting antiquities excavated from the ruins. These include the famous engraved seals, personal ornaments and jewellery, musical instruments, tools, implements of labour and domestic utensils, sculptures, plaques and very finely wrought stone and wooden figures. There is also a large amount of distinct pottery and some toys of picturesque design.

The Karachi Aero Club has made arrangements for providing chartered fights of their six-seater Cessana aircraft to Mohenjodaro. The plane can be chartered for 750 rupees for five passengers, return trip. Tourists desirous of utilising this chartered service can either contact the Department of Tourism, Club Road,

Karachi, or get in touch directly with the Aero Club, Country Club Road, Karachi. The director of Tourism, who has sponsored this arrangement, flew in Cessna early in 1963 and visited the site where the Archaeological Department have put up a new rest house. He found about 20 foreign tourists at the site who had come long distances by rail and road. There were also a large number of Pakistani students and tourists. The P. I. A. has also started a service now. For further information Ring 42011—

They all said they liked the idea of a plane flight to Mohenjodaro in order to save time. Well Mr. and Mrs. Tourist, the opportunity is yours. Don't forget your camera. You will be recording an era of long ago, when each person, young and old, had their rightful place in time and sun.

CHAPTER SIX

This is Quetta

Dear Lovely Cool Quetta. Pink sorrel by the wayside, a farmer pitching hay and flowers rambling where they will...over the rising hills. This is the Quetta you will see first—a city that is different. No other place in the land, East or West bears any resemblance to it. Quetta's charms range from the tiny stone age towns to lakes in the wilderness, great valleys and plateaus, some barren and harsh, other green with Chenar and Juniper trees. Even its people are different.

If you are fortunate you may meet Mr. Quettawala of Quetta and be enthralled by the difference. No, he is not one of the City Fathers nor does he own Quetta. He is just a descendant of the original Baluchis with brave Bohri blood in his veins...and has seven lively sons, all with diverse hobbies—ranging from pet turkeys to collection of miniature ivory elephants. Papa "Q" is an avid collector and possesses countless encyclopedias and rare Mughal paintings: The brightest gem has so far eluded him ; he is still trying for a baby-girl :

His small family-dining room offers a view of his personal way of life. On an Oriental rug, a 5 foot stainless steel round tray consitutes the table which all the family galhers round to eat. After dining,

each member of family sits and relaxes, feet stretched out, backs resting on white pillows, nine white pillows all in a row. Thus the Quettawalas in old Muslim tradition, dine today as they will in the furture, enjoyińg the simplicity and comfort which we Nordic moderns have passed by...to feed our latent sophistry.

The natural amphitheatre which surrounds Quetta is composed of towering hills and mountains. Quetta city itself is situated a few miles from the airport along pleasant tarmac highways that traverse the huge arena. All visitors are impressed at the clean wide streets which cross each other in blocks in the same formation as a small mid-west American town. If it were not for the dress of the inhabitants being traditionl, one would think they were in a world completely removed from Pakistan : yet in the huge markets the spell of Asia is strong, the Pathan and the Baluch with their ruddy cheeks and stalwart bearing could have stepped out from the days of Ghengis Khan.

Quetta formerly called Kawatta, means a fort, within the walls of which the old town is situated. It began its existence as part of the kingdom of Amir Sabuktagin and Mahmud Ghaznavi before being passed on to their heirs. The Baluch Kingdom embraced the Central Kalat Highland over which Mandaw, the Ultimus Sind Chief ruled. His was an era of pomp and glitter punctuated by continuous quarrels and fighting, which undermined the solid fundation laid down by the Chakkars. From humble stock, one Meer Ahmad of the Bohri family rose and ruled Kalat in the eleventh century uniting all the boundaries in peace.

In 1730 Quetta came under the aegis of Mir Muhabat Khan who held Kalat up to 1751. It was then captured by the British and held by their forces and Tribal Councils until 1842. After the British retirement, Pishin and Shorarud were occupied by the Afghans while Quetta once more was returned to the Khans of Kalat who occupied it upto 1876. Under the treaty of that year British troops were stationed in Kalat territory and Sir Robert Sandeman with 300 hundred of his chosen men guarded Quetta. It became headquarters of the Baluchistan Agency in 1877. The area forming the present Quetta Tehsil was taken over in 1880 on perpetual lease from the Khan of Kalat for a rental of 25,000 Rupees per annum.

The most noble figure in Baluchistan history was Prince Azam Khan, son of Khudadad Khan the Khan of Kalat. The Khan was invited by the British to meet the Governor-general's agent. The Prince suspecting a plot which would oust his father, warned and begged him not to go. The brave Khan ignored warning and found himself captured like a common prisoner of war. Tribal Chiefs on the side of the British scorned him and took delight in shifting him from place to place. They would pretend to visit the ex-Khan to pay homage but made fun of him instead. The young Prince followed his father into captivity caring for him until his father found release in death. Azam Khan spent the next 30 years in exile, suffering great hardships while his enemies exulted. Though he was ofiered freedom and wealth in his district, he refused rather than subject himself to a principle in which he did not believe.

The friendly people of the Quetta-region today are descendants of all the tribes who made history in war and peace. They came from Afghanistan, Persia and Turkey. The population consists of Achakzai, Syed, Baluch, Bohris and Kansis of Pathan background; The Contonment and the Quetta-Pishin district contains a body of heterogeneous inhabitants. Various authorities attribute the Baluch strongly to the Persians and the Turkomans and staet that Rind descendants are off shoots of the sons of the fearless Arab warriors. Their language is related to Persian, therefore Baluch means "cockscomb or crest". Yet other authorities have it, that the word is a compound of Sanskrit "Bal and Ocha" which mean powerful. When the tourists meet the Baluchis they may feel their friendli ness is powerful for they offer unlimited time to help the visitors know they countryside which has a comfortable climate. I recall that while it was hotter than hot in Karachi, Quetta was cool and pleasant with gentle breezes. This same climate is conducive to fruit-growing.

Apples, apricots, peaches, almonds, grapes, melons and water-melons are harvested in abundance. There are nineteen recognised varieties of grapes alone which are grown in the district. This is the result of free seedlings offered to the public, and Quetta is the kind of place where a tree-planting ceremony is a happy event. Just recently His Excellency the Commissioner, Mr. Enver Adil inaugurated "Tree Plantation Week." He planted a baby apple tree at his residence. His Agricultural Department then distributed free, 20,000

fruit tree saplings from its nurseries to farmers and other citizens for their small home plots. This made everyone happy—to fullfil the meaning of "Tree Planting Week," the Commissioner made a speech too. He said, "since our land is so suitable for orchards and cash crops, I would like all of you to make the best use of these saplings on your land." The Quetta people were very pleased. The generosity of their Government overwhelmed them. They returned to their homes with warmth and appreciation in their hearts. In no time at all, the young trees will sprout up and each new leaf and bud will be an incentive to those who are watching them grow. This is the kind of place Quetta is. Every one feels grateful that their own land and city Fathers provide such advantages.

Jinnah Road, the main street of the city is like the main street in a small American country town. There are picturesque restaurants where tourists might try different foods. The Chinese Restaurant in the heart of Quetta has achieved fame for its fine pastries and bread. In the market place, the most favoured Quetta-style food is served at Lal-Kababs. They barbecue meat over glowing coals before your eyes and it is a treat to eat. Quetta citizens from all walks of life congregate there. No one rushes and there is no bustle of any kind.

The shops have just about everything a visitor could wish for, including imports from Europe. Quetta's own brand of special things include the magniffcent

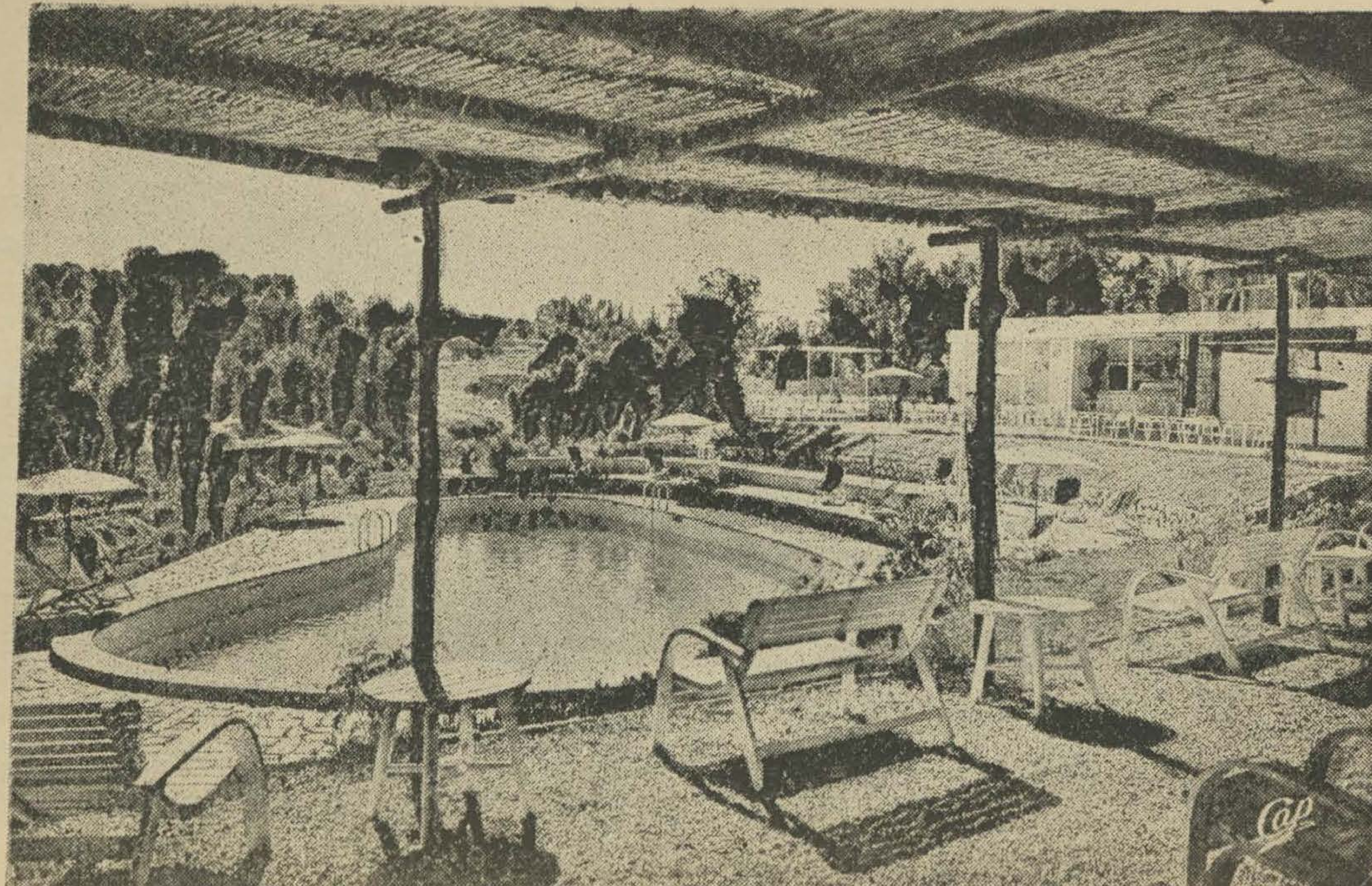
Baluchistan embroidery work. This is a decoration unlike any other elsewhere in Asia. It consists of a design incorporating countless tiny mirrors, the size of an old English farthing, smaller than an American cent piece. Each little mirror as tiny as it is—is bordered by a circle of crochet work in coloured threads to harmonize or contrast with the item or garment it is made on The effect is startling and glamourous It glitters all the time. The Baluchistan embroidery is placed on coats, dresses, skirts and handbags besides being used to decorate bedspreads and table covers. Fascinating is the word that describes it best.

The chief shop which sells it is STYLO on Jinnah Road. Even if you swear you will never spend another anna, one step inside and you are sold. If it's not a cocktail bag that giltters, it's a smart vestee, jacket or one of the ultra beautiful capes. You wont be able to tear yourself away from the vast collection in this establishment........mirrors, mirrors everywhere and the tiniest piece purchased will bring back the memory of Quetta, its charm and circling hills...One of the partners in the Stylo shop is Papa Quettawalla, whom I first met on a shopping spree. He was gracious enough to take me home to meet this family.

These Quetta people accomplish things in fine fashion at the Pakistan Arts and Crafts Centre (a few doors from Stylo) genial proprietor Nazar Mohammad dosen't wait for his assistants to attend customers. With



Quetta. is famous for its Baluchi Mirror work



A top of the Kushdil Artificial Lake.

pride he is always on spot to assist and show off his varied and wonderful stocks. Although he keeps Baluchi embroidery work items, his specialities are magnificent pieces of brassware, different from the Karachi and Peshawar types. Do you like to collect gleaming kettle or any kettles? I do. His shop has shining brass ones encrusted with brilliant coloured stones set in applied brass-motifs. They are so fascinating (and less than 10 dollars—approx. Rs. 50 each) you may feel you want to purchase several. Nazar's brass trays and table tops are most original with scenes engraved upon them from Mughal Emperor days—all his own design and creation. Some are coffee tables, others are made with niches holding brass wine cups and unusually shaped pitchers and bottles, all in encrusted brass. Other countless objects of ivory, silks and leather line the shelves of his establishment and his Afghan saddles and shoes are original and exclusive.

All business stops when his first-born baby is brought in from an outing for a few cuddles and a kiss to enlighten Papa's working day. In Quetta, family-visits add a feeling of delight to the visitors who are shopping. The next thing that happens is that everyone stops for tea to discuss how the son and heir is long with ... "perhaps we may get a reduction on that enchanting snake-leg circular table".

Although the Quetta-Pishin and Kalat districts are the most advanced in the region, may of the old social customs (though slowly losing ground) are still

prevalent and continue to play an important part in the life of a tibesman. The rules of honour which prevailed amongst the people in olden times made it incumbent on a tribesman :—

(1) To avenge Blood

(2) To fight to the death for a person who had taken refuge with him. The refugee was called "hamsayah" and was always maintained by the protector so long as the refugee remained under his roof.

(3) To be hospitable and to provide for the safety of person and property of guests.

For real interest in the life of the Quetta-area young ladies, a study of their marriage customs will bring to light the "Mahar" or "Bride Price." Brides come high here starting at one thousand to ten thousand rupees in the case of a young and beautiful maiden. A widow goes for little. One may be spoken for from 500 rupees, and among the Baluchis the widow comes for free if she consents to marry in the family of her late husband. It's a friendly arrangement all round. A wedding in Quetta is picturesque and gay. Since they are arranged by the family, it is the first time the groom sees the bride and the first time she sees him. But they have been carefully chosen and the bride is showered with gifts, becomes important as a wife and settles down to having babies and living happily ever after.

Quetta people go in for heavy sports. They love to wrestle and play Yanda which is game where two

opponents run after a third. If he is seized he loses, if he touches has opponents first he wins. At festivals which tourists may attend, there is all the fun of the fair—Oriental style such as tent-pegging, target-shooting and egg throwing performed to the merry songs & tunes of a lute and flute.

The only other festivals of importance are the two Eids. On the second day of Eid a fair is held at the shrine of Sheikh Manda, about 6 miles from Quetta. Here, Pirs (holy men) are held in high regard and are consulted on calamities and the Evil Eye with the thought of having the influence of the Pir to ward them off. The Pir prays with them and remarkable-happy results often happen.

For diversion, Quetta people visit the coffee houses and chat together or they congregate in the big hotels and restaurants sipping green tea and smoking their hookas, and gossiping on topics ranging from domestic and tribal matters to national and international. The daily papers are scanned and foreign news is greedily digested. "Who's winning the space race?—What's Nasser up to today?—Seven goals to nothing; those Brazilians certainly know how to football...And the conversation continues; one group agreeing to meet at the Lourdes that night for a chess game, the others plan on seeing a cock-fight.

The hotels they gather in are not really large, but there is an air of spaciousness in them and everyone including tourists make a beeline for the Lourdes first,

because it is centrally located, though the Chilton in the Cantonment area has its own special cronies too. The Lourdes is very popular and offers good rooms for 50 guests fine food and a 24 hours service — that actually operates for 24 hours ! It is set in beautiful gardens where there is a stage, for musicians who play on modern as well as home made stringed instruments. Guests may dance as well as dine beneath the stars without extra charge. This hotel is also the heaquarters for PIA. The management is most obliging and breakfast may be taken at any hour. Hot baths too anytime. Tariff all inclusive is 32 rupees per day (6 dollars). The Lourdes is also the headquarters for the Quetta Club which offers entertainment in the form of cinema shows, tombolas, ladies morning sessions and evening dances. The Chilton is an attractive rambling place with suites and gardens to suit the tourist who seeks the quiet life. Their rates are 25 rupees per day single. The Bolan hotel is run on room only "Basis with facilities for cooking. The rates are 8 rupees per day single and 14 rupees double—but who wants to cook when the hotel cook will make tempting dishes at a modest charge. A new recently hotel opened in the heart of Quetta & is very posh. There are several fine Dak Bungalows and the Government Circuit House. Their rates are from 1 to 5 rupees per day. Arrangements must be made in advance through the Information Department, Quetta. The majority of these are used by civil servants and Government employees but tourists are allowed too.

A city day trip in Quetta could start with a visit to the gleaming new Radio Station rising up like a cita-

del. Tourists are considered honoured guests and are asked to give their impressions of a holiday in Quetta. It is fun to watch the mountain tribesmen perform behind the scenes too. A stroll or tonga ride along gracious tree-shaded Lytton Avenue to see the fine homes and the charming Residency (where the President and other dignitaries stay when they visit) is a pleasure. Next stop the Staff College, sprawling like a village in its own beautiful surroundings where most British Generals have received their military training and where, now, future generals of Pakistan and other Asian and Middle East countries study in a benign atmosphere. The afternoon could be spent visiting the great fruit market on Circular Road and the famous Jamia and Asna-i-Ashria Mosques. The Town Hall is picturesque and among the industrial buildings which reveal the commercial aspect of Quetta are textile Mills, Pharmaceutical Laboratories, fruit processing plants (where you will sample delicious jams) or you may even visit a coal mine. Coal mining is Quetta's sturdiest economic support, Of course if a visitor became indisposed, there are numerous fine hospitals thoughout the entire area upto its borders.

The Ayub Stadium in Quetta is new. Ten thousand spectators may be seated for public affairs and sports at one time. It is situated near Quetta's Race Course. For an old world city, Quetta has plenty to offer that is modern in extreme including several lovely parks. In power starved Bluchistan the Wapda has built, one of their smallest Thermal Power Stations, but

which is designed to be a veritable giant. It will aid development of all industries apart from a fabulous one newly constructed on Gunakrud, 11 miles from Quetta to augment the present water supply. It will have a capacity of more than 6 million cubic feet and stand 75 feet high. That's progress ! And its being done by the Pakistan Army Engineers who belive in cooperation with the local government for the benefit of all Quetta citizens. At the other end of the spectrum, the recently discovered mounds close to the city are great archaeological interest. They are thought to date back to the Mohenjodaro period, and provide some evidence of the contact which people of this area had with contemporary civilization of that remote period of history.

Just 30 miles from Quetta lies old-world Pishin which has a lot to offer the tourist. Its wide-awake Town Committee plans improvements to please all commers. Its beautiful Rest House is open to tourists when they apply for reservations to the friendly Irrigation Department ... rates are but Five Rupees per night with excellent chowkidar service. The Dak Bunglow and the Political Rest House accommodation may be arranged through the Tourist Advisory Committee (c/o Information Department in Quetta.) Their officials are amongst the most amiable people. Surrounded by wide flowering grounds, the Rest Houses offer facilities for dream holidays or a honeymoon. The large lawns are the kind one feels like jumping and rolling on. Somehow the green of the leaves are brighter than elsewhere.

Eight miles further on at Khushdil there is a beautiful artificial Lake (used for irrigation purposes) which is popular for duck-shooting. In winter the lake freezes and affords a paradise for skating enthusiasts. The railway station at Yaro 7 miles from Pishin carries the rich harvest of apples, grapes, plums, peaches, and apricots from the 12 thousand acres of vineyards and orchards which surround Pishin.

Shrines are numerous in the district and reverence for the saints strong. Various saintly men have apparently performed miracles in days of yore. Baba Sheikh Farid is said to have produced holy water which his decendants still have jurisdiction over. They still receive contributions from persons who cultivate their fertile crops around the Sheikh's streams. Syed Barat another celebrated saint and Khawaja Chisti whose shrines are in Mankazi (Pishin) are visited on all holy days.

A highlight of your visit to Quetta might be a day or a weekend spent at Ziarat. It is 75 miles away and reached in a little over two hours: You will find it a cool oasis set above the sultry wilderness, a stone age world, miles and miles of it. The tourist season starts on the 15th of May and extends to October in this pleasant haven nosing its way skywards 8,040 feet above sea level. The unparalled scenic beauty and walks enthrall the naturalist. The foothills teem with game for the hunter, and above, the mountains afford a challange for all climbers. Here you may rest and pon-

der awhile beneath one of the many beautiful Juniper trees that abound in this area, and safely quench your thirst from one of the bubbling, ice cold mountain streams that tinkle down stony slopes.

Wild almond trees surround the pathways and near the Commissioner's house (with its many guest rooms) there is a good small swimming pool. When swimming one can see all of the valley stretched out westward; a thrilling sight with pink blossom and bouganvilla trailing into the water. The scenery is more primitive, more wild than Nathiagali and more rugged than the Himalayas. All the villagers live in houses built of stone. And there is so much of it that fortunes could be made if a way was found to carry it further afield. The Dak Bunglow...Guest Houses are numerous. You can stay there for two to five rupees, a night. Ziarat is so lovely—so out-of this world, you will be enchanted by it. I could hardly tear myself away.

Seven miles further on is a strange and wild desert at the foot of Sandeman-Tangi. Towering narrow cliffs climb to the heavens, awesome and stupendous as they meet and part with craggy arms. And these pale cliffs have a secret source of water as yet unknown to man ... the only visible sign is a mouth carved in the cliffs from where water pours unceasingly night and day. Call it magic; there is no other name for it. This startling natural phenomena never fails to amaze and and delight tourists. The two narrow mountains are like lovers, who parted on earth, to meet again in a heavenly embrace beneath the clouds . . . . . .

The Government of Pakistan have found a way to harness this precious liquid to a jolly little water tank—but a few feet away which provides all the Valley and all surrounding plateaus with fine irrigation. A most charming note created by the builders of the tank is is the pastelstone table and banches (embedded with the multicoloured pebbles) right by its side.

Down below in the tiny village of Fort Sandeman, (named after Sir Robert Sandeman), the few villagers spend their simple and peaceful lives tending the flocks and tilling the soil in the same manner as their ancestors, always smiling and never envious of the globe-trotting tourists. Their serenity of spirit envelopes all travellers.

Halfway back to Quetta on the westward fork of the highway lines Chaman which you really should see since it is only 2 miles from the Pakistan Afghan border. It is an important trade centre for imports and exports which are sent to world-markets. Chaman is always a busy place with its railway station and Custom House handling large volumes of commercial traffic to and from Afghanistan. The tourist who is combining business with pleasure will gain new experience in Chaman.

Oh what sunny hours you will enjoy by the calm blue waters of Hanna Lake! (a natural one) just 61 miles from Quetta forms a background for the finest picnic spot in the Hanna and Urak Valleys. Though this area was created as an irrigation project which provides water for Quetta and the Cantonment, it has now been developed as a tourist centre. The aura of peace and

calm that encompasses the lake captures visitors and residents alike. Approach to the lake is along a fairy ribbon of road that winds through the hills where one sees the openings to Quetta's famous coal mines. Surrounding the lake, newly planted grass and flowers grow in rich profusion casting reflections in the blue mirror of the waters. At one end of the lake the dam rises out of the depths like the battlements of an enchanted castle its amber stones washed with the golden rays warm sun.

Behind these battlements lies the Spin-Kerez Reserves, the irrigation source, meaning "Water of blue flowers". Nearby is the fine new swimming pool built by the Cantonment Boasd especially for foreign visitors. The tiny floating island in the centre of the lake has a tea house on it and visitors row across in beats to have refreshments in the breeze-swept air. Another spot where the tourist may dine and view the lake to advantage is the pretty cafe at the entrance set in a well-cultivated park. On Sundays and holidays it is crowded with hikers and campers who explore the hills beyond in the flower-scented air. An efficient bus service runs between the town and the Lake.

There is excellent road rail transport in Quetta and from Karachi. The Pakistan Western Railway line enters the district at Sariab 7 miles from Quetta and ruse a lenght of 87 miles to the border. At Shellabag (60 miles from Quetta) the Railway line runs through the Kohjak tunnel (6, 398 ft, above sea level). This tunnel is the largest in the Indo-Pakistan Sub-

Continent and is nearly 2½ miles in length.

A new plan service by PIA leaves for Quetta every morning from Karachi and Lahore.

The pattern of life in Quetta is wrapped in personal interest and friendliness. You cannot measure this brand of hospitality in many places and you cannot always buy it in big towns. Quetta is not a crowded city and out side of Main Street there are but 12 residents to the square mile. Whether in the clean swept commercial heart of the city or in the quaint and quiet villages ..or wandering amid the beauty of its dark alpine wond erlands, enjoyin g the solitude that reigns among its towering hills. the advent of the tourist is a special one. They are showered with enthusiastic attention.

There are two question I love! which ring true of Quetta and its people. In Mexico they say "Aqui es su Casa" meanning "Here is your house." The second one adds glory to the charm of these words. It is spoken of in places where many people gather and it fits like a glove. In Quetta, they say it too---"The guest is always right."

CHAPTER SEVEN

Stop-over Multan

Old Multan is a surprising place full of wild flowers ancient history and new times. Pakistanis of many origins have settled in its environs contributing their wealth and knowledge with investments which have brought steel, copper and power into motion in order to ease hardships in the routine of everyday life.

For years Multan has been by-passed by tourists' off - the - beaten path with not enough modern comforts, and countless other small ideas which has stopped visistors from enjoying this old world regions to its full extent. Besides it was a days trip by train and longer by car. Multan now enjoys PIA plane service daily and a visitors may fly there direct in less than two hours 4 times weekly, or select the-via Quetta route during the hotter days. Either way it is most picturesque sight. Historically this city was once an important town. Centuries ago before the British occupied it, the province of Multan was a sector of the Arabian Empire, conquered by a young Muslim General, Muhammad bin Qasim in 712 A. D. Mahmud of Ghazni seized it in 1005 A.D. and Timur overtherw him in later years and ruled it upto 1393 A. D. Subsequently Multan formed part of the Mughal Empire settled by descedants of all the conquerors. From amulets and seals recently discovered of that era, we learn of their civili-



A craftsman paints on a Camel-skin vase.



Street Scene in Multan.



Snake charmer are common all over Pakistan.

zation which rivalled the early days of Egypt and China. The mighty Indus River enriched the valley and made the land fertile. The same river led it to its destruction by repeated floods, changing the entire geographical aspect of Multan and its environs. Half the population was wiped out. Succeeding generations rebuilt the city only to face further climatic disturbances whieh dried the river-beds and shrivelled the earth to grit. Multan was then rebuilt 10 miles from the Indus, whose turbulent waters today have beenh arnessed with scientific knowledge for the prosperity of Multan. Out of curiosity I went for many days to learn and enjoy Multan & its people. I crossed paths with different inhabitants who had come from all over the world English, French, German, Italian, Swiss, Lebanese and Americans among others......and I wondered by what incentive had they arrived there. Multan lies 209 miles from enchanting Lahore on the same route and railway line. In summer its heat rises above tropical proportions, merging with constant rain and storms. Elderly historians have said . . . . . .

> "Dust, heat, beggars and cemetries
>
> Are the four specialities of Multan."

I therefore could not feel it would get any tourists' praise Perhaps I was fortunate in coming in late spring— for I found it to be delightfully cool, drenched in gentle sunshine, risen from parched soil. a city with a future, booming with the gigantic projects busy and contented with all the above mentioned foreigners taking part in individual schemes for the benefit of West Pakistan.

The Frenchmen have built a huge fertilizer plant. The Americans, working in conjunction with Pakistanis have completed a fine Aerodrome, and the Germans, Lebanese, Swiss, Italians and English are working together under the aegis of the Water and Power Development Authority affectionately knows as WAPDA.

This WAPDA is something very special—embraching problems with outstretched arms. Though the Colombo Plan had its Warsak 300 miles further West, their work consisted of digging and tunneling under the earth beneath the Kabul River. WAPDA's specialities rise in contrast, sky high with glory. Its control rooms are magnificent laboratories where switches and gleaming buttons lightly pressed—operate gas mains, pour forth electricity and start water gushing in needed places. Triumph for Multan through WAPDA with its human power gleaned from many races, creating thermal steam which carried Sui Gas from distant parts into pipe lines throughout the area.

Even visitors without the slightest interest are enthralled by the sights and sounds inside the tall spacious Multan house with its super modern equipment. Rows and rows of glass topped tables hold a fantastic array of wires worked like embroidery—patterns threaded on tiny coloured lights. With a touch of the finger, machinery is set in motion bringing electricity from Warsak as if a genii were behind it smiling from Aladdin's lamp. In another room I saw what appeared to be a streamlined frigidaire fitted in the wall, packed with tubes and

glistening things. It turned out to be the compact new telephone compartment linking the circular circuit from Warsak in Peshawar to Lahore. Now in operation, the dailing system has become extremely popular. The advantages to the engineers in charge spell—very often life saving results. This was planned through the co-operation of Italians, Americans, Yugoslavs and Pakistanis. Their combined efforts proved very fruitful. Now it is controlled entirely by WAPDA and considered with affection as a United Nations achievement.

Another glowing effort which spells glory is the Multan Thermal Power Station, largest of its kind on the Indo-Pakistan Sub-Continent...pouring forth 1,35,000 kilowatts of electricity produced with gas from Sui. Its pipelines cross the Indus River and stretch 300 miles supplying two million cubic feet of gas for use in feeding the speed whistling turbines. If that is not magic—I wonder what is?" No wonder the power house is one of WAPDA's pet projects beside the building of the billion dollar Indus Basin Replacement works. WAPDA'S first astute chairman, Ghulam Faruque actully breathed, slept, dreamt and planned day and night to further its progress. It was his idea which brought men from other countries who were consultants and specialists—to train the Pakistanis in engineering and scientific direction required to run the WAPDA Plant.In the first year, Faruque toured America with his enthusiasm, talking himself hoarse about his bretheren ... fellowmen living on barren land, surounded by arid soil which could be made productive and fertile with

interest and aid. He spoke of how they had started WAPDA and about their meagre capital in his young and hungry land. He pointed out the wasted man-power the unemployed who wanted to work...to till the ground ...to grow food...to earn their daily bread. He invited world bankers and all who were interested who might care to invest.. to come and see their efforts to watch their struggles and to feel for them. "In return" he cried, "you will see—we shall be self-sufficient.

They came and saw and approved. They were truly conquered, not by battle but by the glowing peaceful pursuits of Pakistan's hard labour.

I am no engineer, I am not even related to an egineer, I can not knock a nail in straight or do a crossword puzzle but it all looked so good to me—I can heartily recommend the Multan Power House for an off-the-beaten track free hour. They have a fine rest house in the vicinity. Bed and breakfast costs only 5 rupees and cook is most amiable.

What else has Multan got? Six gates all leading somewhere The Delhi Gate faces Delhi; (naturally) The Harem Gate is where bygone Mughal Royalty kept their beautiful women (but dont look for them now), the Pak Gate faces the Fort area where peace reigned after the battles of last century. The Khuniburg Gate (translated means blood gate) rests on the spot where murders took place and the Bhar Gate (meaning tree-gate) is built

around a huge Banyan tree. Last but not least, the Lahori Gate is on the road to Lahore. One passes through a rich and plentiful market, considered among the largest in all Asia. At the Lahori Bazar you may purchase objects from the sublime to the ridiculous. I bought cow bells of shining brass for two annas a piece. Another fine bargain which could be used as a decorative item—besides being very useful are the big copper and silvery press irons designed to burn charcoal and press clothes. You never know. I'm not a pessimist but even the electricity could fail and then you would have your nice old fashioned iron to work with. This market place is really something. People need a lot of energy to get around it and need at least a day or two. It appears to be never-ending. A speciality of this old city are lamps made of camel skin. Being in the center of a desert there are numerous camels. There are lamps made of camel skin. It is said that one camel owner became so sad when his faithful camel died, that he could not bear to part with it. Eventually he kept the skin and had it made up into chair seats and lamps that both would be reminders of his faithful friend—the camel. The idea caught on and absolutely the best camel-skin lamps come from the carftsmen of Multan. There are shoes of silver and gold in this bazar and frypans, crockery too made of hard stone, picturesque beyond words. The pungent spicy smell of incence floats through the air. Pedlars stroll nonchalantly around crying. "Buy my love potions, try my Jasmine," while engravers

sit—carving lovely white marble tombstones with poetry inscribed thereon. Multan residents delight in them. Many choose their favourite epitahs and select fine tombstone while enjoying the most excellent health. Not a soul objects, in fact it often turns to be a family party with every member having their say.

All roads leading to the city are bordered with pretty flowers. The pink and cream walls of the Fort stand out in the old streets. In the Mosques, pieces of emerald and stones like rubies glitter in the windows. Near the Pak Gate there is a high walled garden which is still considered a shrine for two British soldiers who died defending their garrison on this very spot. they rest beneath a cenotaph built above them in memory. The English have long since gone but their monument is lovingly cared for by Multan Pakistanis. Trailing ivy grows over their graves and the deeply inscr bed words can easily be read. The heroism of Patrick Vax Agnew and William Anderson is recorded for posterity in a friendly foreign land . . . . . for all to see—to pause—and ponder.

Last stop in Multan. Why the Power House of course. How could I pass up a farewell look inside of it and not lean close to its winding towers ; be thrilled by its minute detail and grotesque shapes while standing high up on its trim straight balconies. How could I ? The very Water Tower looks romantic. A new shape against the background of a pale blue sky—its winding

staircases then full of chattering lobourers, voices in Urdu, Bengali and Punjabi . . . . . a tower of Babel with a difference. Built for all to last for ages. Fascinating in design and construction even to the name of the blue-print designers. Mothercat, that Lebanese firm with a strange title spelling protection along with its work of profound precision.

Two flights downstairs I walked into the boiler room, but those smiling English engineers in that department laughed at me and said :— "These are not boilers, they are Gas Turbine Alternators from Hartlepool." They were marvellous to behold. Steel bodies "A picture complete" I thought. I never dreamed that the day would come when I'd by-pass a fine bazar for a boiler room (pardon me the Alternators Room), but thats how it is. What with Multan sprouting bigger and better developments, new Satellite towns—there is a neck to neck race for each one to come in first.

True, in the past two years WAPDA has comcompleted her chosen functions, among them the dialing system of telephoning long distance between Pakistan's important cities—yet actually how could they finish. WAPDA'S ruling powers are brains of accomplishment. Which 'big shot' stops at success? They will continue to grow with success in order to find more simplicity and more keys to benefit their bretheren...the people of Pakistan.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Harrappa -- The Quiet Place

If you are seeking a place of utter repose, a stopover at Harrappa is the happy answer. In its environs the ox-carts used centuries ago by the people of that era are still seen on the roads; their turbaned-swarthy owners tug at the leather reins of the solid beasts when walking or sitting squat in the back of their heavy vehicles with a benign smile on their faces. These are the same coveyances used 4000 years ago by their ancestors.

In the cool months of the Pakistan winter when the weather is reminiscent of eternal spring, Harrappa is at its best. Situated 118 miles from Lahore, your car (or train) passes through the plains of the canal area of the former Punjab, full of glowing corn fields and quiet but freindly Punjabi people who till the soild and wrest their livehood from the good earth.

Life for these simple farmers practically remains the same. Indeed they are amused at our modern ways—our complicated manner of dress. A large piece of cloth wrapped around the waist topped by a long shirt froms the apparel of the men here. They grow the food they eat. Some are carpenters who fashion chairs and beds, but more often than not, they sleep on a blanket on the hard earth of their huts. Heavily laden camel carts loaded with wheat are taken for weighing to the granaries. Food for all; some beads

bright cottons and glittering ornaments for the women and children, a big radio in the tea house at the public square—this is their life—unchanged through the years. No elaborate rituals but a few exciting hours when a village bride is carried in a covered palanquin to her as yet unseen husband. All the inhabitants join in the the festivities and for that day work ceases entirely. One must be joyous at such a time and in these small towns, a birth, a marriage, a funeral is considered a public affair with appropriate sympathies or congratulation showered for each occasion.

Harapa flourished in the third millenium B. C. Its twin capital, Mohenjo-Daro was closely related and trade between the two cities was extensive. The precious relics discovered show that the citizens were merchants of some wealth who lived a rigid life traditional routine with princely aspiration. No Kings ordered ostentatian No Gods or priests were worshipped. There was a dignified simplicity of self rule where-in all people enjoyed a similar equality. Their civilzation lived and died without any special glory. A uniformity in all things was the basic pattern. The people were agriculturally inclined. Excavated areas show great granaries and storehouses, well ventilated. The remains of a citadel are still to be seen and the ancient city was built between two branches of the River Ravi. Evidence of a great rampart is revealed which was built to keep out flood waters. A fine drainage system—inteligent thinking. Brick kilns outside and far removed from the dwelling area, leaves us to believe that the people of

Harrappa did not like smoke near them—Engraved Seals found in various carvings are of precious quality, and were evidently owned by private individuals.


Jewellery, armlets, gold plaques and semi-precious stones found in the buried ruins have a bearing on the relations the Harrappa merchants had with Tibet Persia, Mesopotamia and Northern Burma. The designs are intricate and minute and they must have taken a long and laborious process to reach completion. Their pottery is very simple, of plain order without elaboration. Everything in Harrappa points to extreme simplicity including their daily ways of life. Nevertheless it was a dignified simplicity. Until the Barbarians came and conquered them, the regularity of their regime remained unshaken.

Harrappa's remains point out to us that noble hearts throbbed beneath an un-complicated civilization. Many of their ideas would compare favourably with the modern age of today.

For visitors who care to explore more fully the era of Harrappa, the rest house built by the government offers modern comforts, a good cook and tranquility in very peaceful surroundings.

Lahore

The Celebrity City



Badshahi Masjid.

CHAPTER NINE

Lahore---The Capital City

Lahore the city of Mughal architecture—Lahore the drawing room of Pakistan—East or West Lahore is best and since 1961 is the capital of West Pakistan.

A mandolin strums casually in the rose and bougain-villa-scented afternoon. On the pathways of the long curving Mall, densely fringed with palms, between the stately municipal buildings and glittering cafes, there rises the murmur of conversation and the sound of light footsteps. All the year through from 4 O'clock until the tropical twilight descends, the evening promenade in Lahore is full of gaiety and life. For the price of an afternoon tea or a cup of coffee inside the delux Shezan Oriental Cafe or the modern plush Hico Restaurants, you can enjoy seeing the dark-eyed colourful people of the Punjab, foreign visitors, as well as vacationers from all over Pakistan in their fascinating Shalwar-Kameez ensembles and silken saris, whose male escorts will be attired in European clothes. Movie stars climb in and out of cars still dressed in their theatrical costumes to shop in elegant establishments. Indeed, such is the charm of this lovely town that hardened tourists who claim to have seen everything, relax, and prepare to stay longer than they had intended to: And who wouldn't if they had the chance? Wonderful things happen in Lahore. Cinderellas from back streets become

princesses via its cinema studios and strangers feel royal via the gracious surroundings. Miracles have been known to happen at midnight, and one only needs to take a stroll to become part of the vast past and present, where in the serenity of spirit bred in the air......captures the heart and soul.

Lahore situated, 750 miles from Karachi, is the highlight on a tour of West Pakistan. Reached by air-conditioned modern trains from Karachi, it's a pleasant overnight ride taking little less than 24 hours, stopping at quaint villages whose picturespue inhabitants crowd the station, selling bangles, novelties and fruits en-route. The same trip takes only two hours and 25 minutes on PIA, 6 a. m. morning flight every day. A delicious breakfast is served on board before arrival.

Historically, Lahore emerged as a seat of power during the reign of Raja Jaipal in the year 900 to 1002. Later his forces were overthrown and Lahore became the capital of the conquerors. During the next 5 centuries, Lahore was ruled in turn by Slave Kings, Tuglak, Sayid and the Lodi Kings. The Lodi Dynasty came to an end when Daulat Khan Lodi in the Punjab appealed for aid against the King of Kabul. Turkestan-Babar, direct descendant of Chengis Khan answered his appeal and routed the enemy monarch. Babar declared himself to be the king and thus became the founder of the great Mughal Empire in 1526. After his death in 1530, Babar's sons inherited the throne. They ruled over the Punjab and Kabul, and were instrumental

in building the famed Grand Trunk Road. Mughal Emperor Akbar made Lahore his headquarters in 1585. The famous Lahore Fort owes its strength and beauty to Akbar who rebuilt it from frame of mud into a solid masonry. His sons and grandsons all made exquisite additions to it during their lifetime. Visitors to the Fort are entranced by the superb workmanship of the Shish Mahal portion. The elaborate mosaic of convex glass pieces gleam as radiantly today as they did centuries ago. One of the main structures of the Fort is the Shah Burj Gate with its pictured Wall. The exotic decorations vividly portrayed on a plaster base show intricate detail of Moghal sports and the polo games.

During the reign of Emperor Akbar, a favoured dancing girl known as Anarkali (meaning pomegranate bud) fell in love with his son Prince Salim, later known as Jahangir, who returned her love with intensity. Akbar discovered this passion one day when he saw a smiles exchanged between Anarkali and the Prince. Akbar became so infuriated that a slave girl dared to fall in love with his son that he condemned her to death on the spot and ordered a wall built around her where she stood, thus burying her alive. Prince Salim was heartbroken by this tragic turn of events. Years later when he became Emperor, he constructed an immense sepulchre in white and gold over her walled-in tomb, which stands as an exquisite monument in the heart of Lahore today, known to one and all as Anarkali's tomb. Visitors flock to see it. On one side of the tomb the 99 attributes

of God are inscribed and on the other side are Jehangir's own words proud from his tortured soul......

> "Ah, if I could once again see the face of my beloved. I would thank my creator until the day of resurrectson"

The years have rolled on, yet the memory of Anarkali remains. A bazar of large proportions in a long winding narrow street bears her name. Rich and poor shoppers alike crowd its pathways shopping from dawn to dusk-

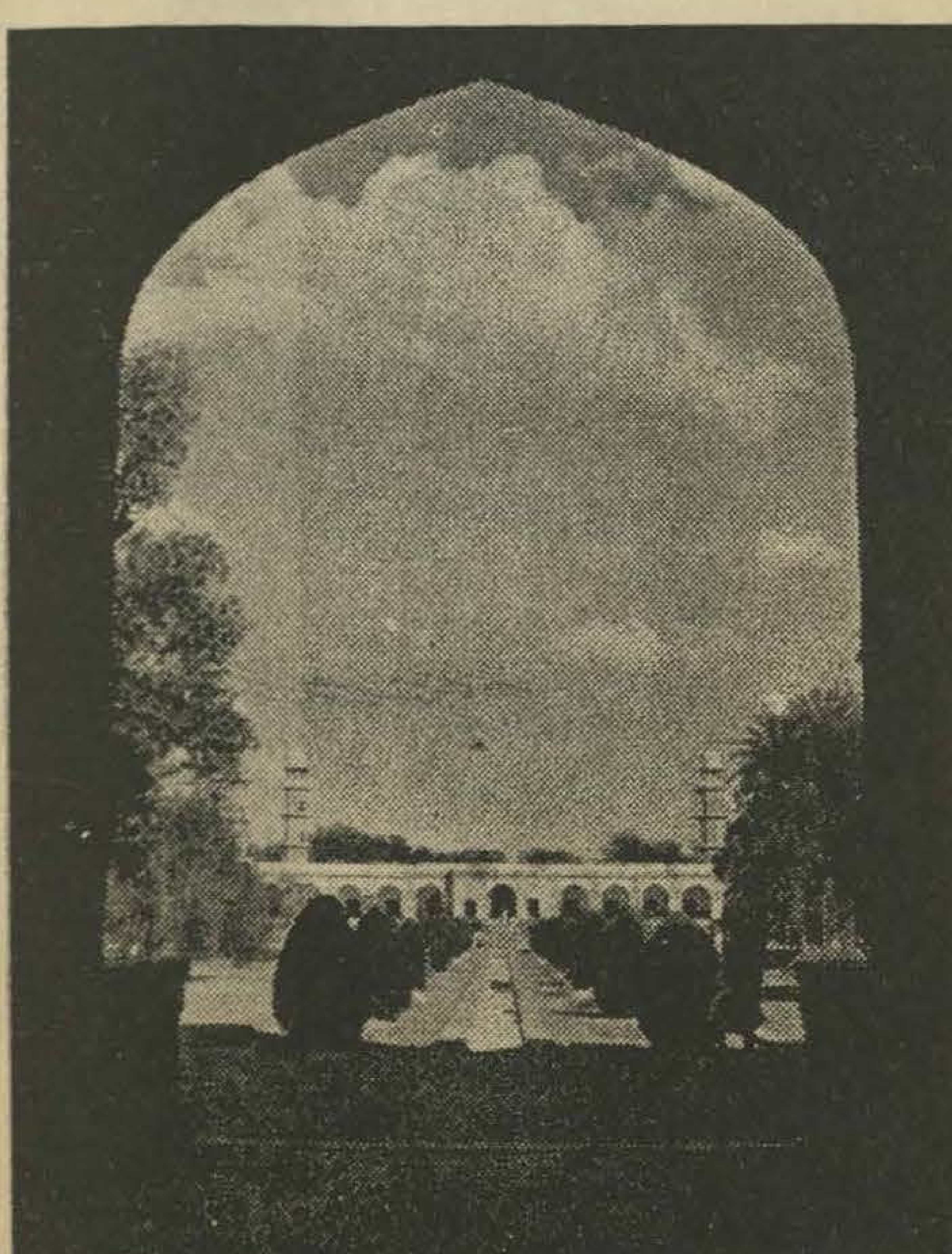
Jehangir's own tomb, built in 1637 by his son Shah Jahan, occupies the centre of huge gardens laid in conventional Mughal pattern. Every day people come to pray, rest and picnic in the beautiful grounds.

Some of Lahore's true glory is felt when one visits the beauitiful Shalimar Gardens, situated on the Grand Trunk Road, three miles east of the city. This royal recreation park was used as a dwelling place when Emperors and their families visited Lahore. The gardens were planned and laid out by the Mughal Emperor Shah Jehan in 1667 A.D. and built in Persian style, enclosed by a high plastered wall with domes at its various corners.

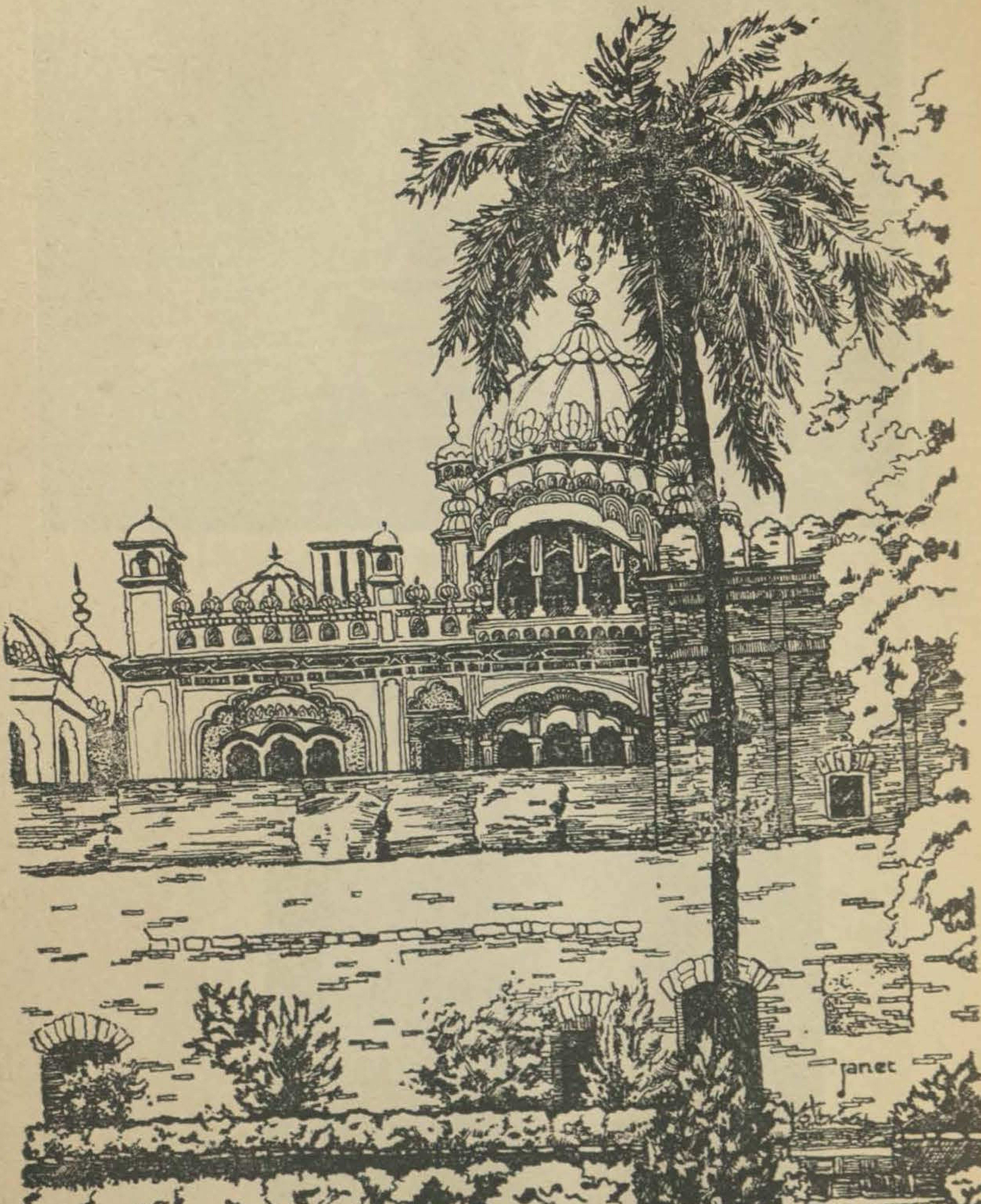
These exquisite gardens, containing a marble pavelion amidst lovely lakes dotted with gushing fountains and bodered with cyprus trees are a dreamland which was designed by Ali Mardan Khan, the celebra-



The Badshahi Mosque. Lahore.



Jehangir's Tomb.



Sikh Gurdwara (Temple)

ted engineer who was given the post of Mughal Viceroy of the Punjab. The garden was laid in seven terraces, of which only three covering an area of about 40 acres remain, the remaining four having been destroyed. It took seventeen months and four days at cost of six lakh of rupees to complete garden.

The parallelogram bounding it is sub-divided into squares and in the centre is a reservoir bordered by an eleborately laid out gardens, studded with fountains. The water flows through marble chutes in the form of a waterfall lit from behind by lamps placed in decorative pigeon holes; the effect is quite beautiful. Touched by the unique loveliness of this garden, Zeb-un-Nisa, the poetess daughter of Emperor Aurangzeb wrote:

> "O waterfall! For whose sake are you weeping ?
> In whose sorrowful reflection hast thou wrinkled thy face
>
> What pain was it that impelled thee, like myself, the whole night,
>
> To strike thy head against stone and to shed tears ?"

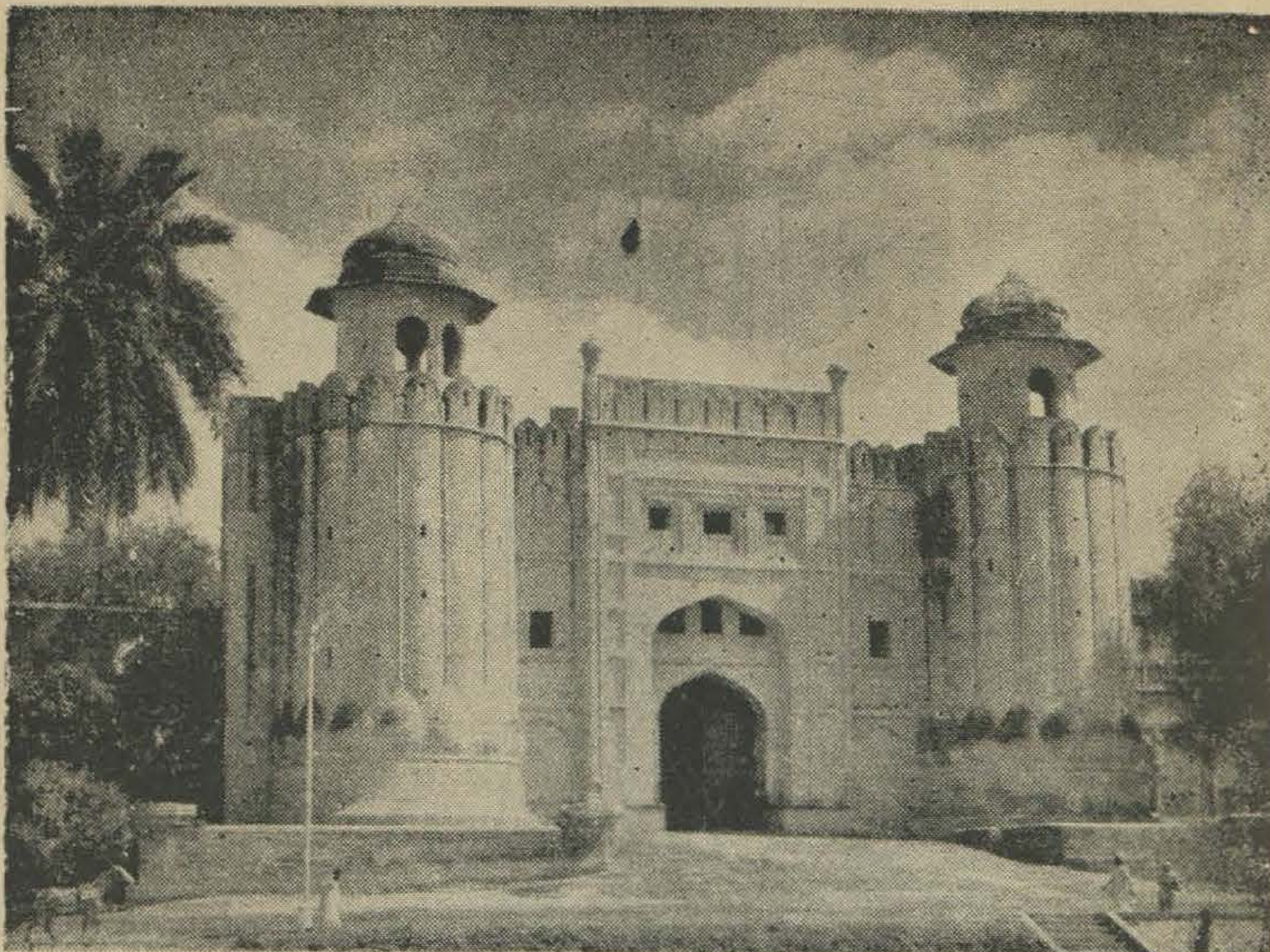
Mela Chiraghan (the fesrival of Lights) is held each March at the Shalimar. At such events, one meets a cross-section of Lahore people. All classes from the humblest peon to the most illustrious families come and enjoy themselves in a carnival spirit, side by side and there are no entrance fees. The imprints left by Mughal

rulers are precious landmarks. The Badshahi Mosque built by Aurangzeb who was the last of the Great Mughal Emperors, is a shrine of grandeur. Its 4 towering minarets of red sandstone form a startling contrast to the 3 white marble domes. On its left is the tomb of Iqbal the philosopher-poet who first conceived the idea of Pakistan. Mosques abound in Lahore. Dai Anga's Mosque and the Chauburji, belonging to the same period are renowned for their fine architecture. The famous poet, Ghalib was inspired by them and wrote "In the shadows of the mosque......love, passion, and sin must also flourish to balance the scales of life."

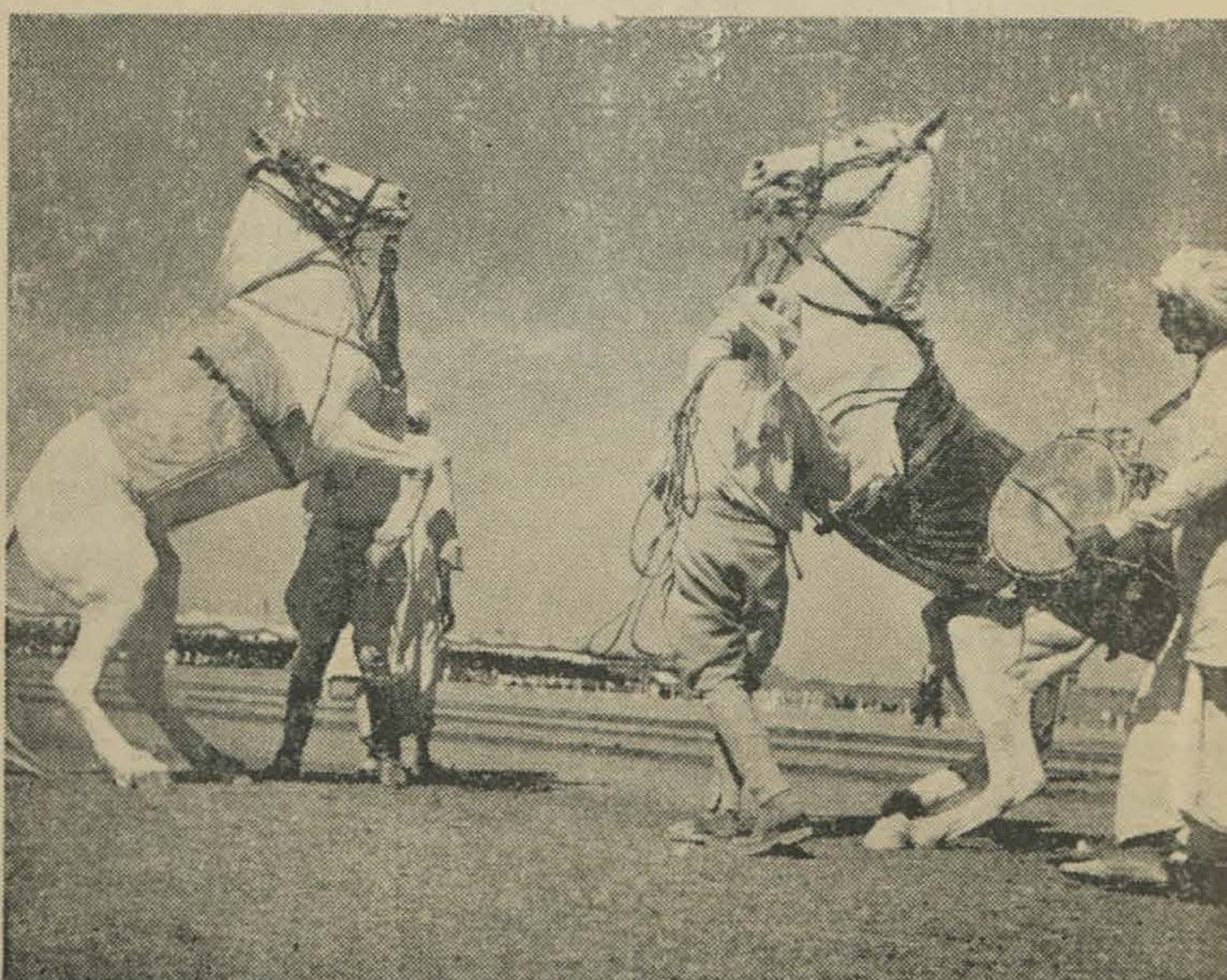
On the personal diversion side the people of Lahore whether young or old, fly kites during their Basant Panchmi ("Festival of Kites") season which takes place at the end of January. Enthusiasm waxes high. Teams gather at Minto Park and outside the Bhati and Mochi Gates to engage in traditional contests. In one day more 25,000 entrants paid a sum of 20,000 rupees entrance fees......so popular is this sport. Each year more crowds gather to celebrate and participate in the festival which started in the 19th century during the reign of Maharaja Ranjit Singh. Another happy sport is boating on the long River Ravi which stretches for miles and winds along deep set banks. There are ferry services at various parts of it. In winter from December to March, Lahore is cool. Warm-Spring sunshine floods the city from then on—though even in the cold weather—the sun shines daily. After April it becomes increasingly hot but its a dry healthful heat. Rain falls



MAN WITH HOOKHA



Fort—Lahore.



Horse Show dance in Lahore.

in July and August, nevertheless it is light rain and it aids the sultry weather.

In March, Lahore has a HORSE & CATTLE SHOW which has become world famous. It is always attended by Royal personages. The largest band on earth plays for the opening and the pagentry makes one think that Mughal Emperors have returned to earth—so lavish is the display. Scottish bagpipes are heard among the many stringed instruments and the costumes of the Guardsmen are like pages torn from a coronation scene. Apart from the judges selecting the finest cows, bulls and horses, it is a great treat to see the graceful dancing camels, the strutting mares wreathed in flower-leis and the graceful White Arab steeds, prize winners all.

Among other attractions in Lahore is the open-air theatre in the Fatima Jinnah Gardens where dramatic shows and concerts are held. The Lahore Gymkhana is one of the friendly clubs where visitors are always welcome. Apart from their flowering gardens they often have orchestral performances from abroad. Museums and the Arts Council hold open house and weekly exhibitions and the Government-sponsored Arts and Crafts shops are a delight to browse in. Another favourite place is the Punjab Library established in 1884. This historic building was constructed by Wazir Khan who created the famous Wazir Mosque. The books inside the library are Oreintal ranging from Arab script, Persian, Turk,

Indian to semi-Tartar languages and of course there are a great many left from the British era along with official gazettes containing the records of British rule. Invaluable items for scholars include rare manuscripts in Sanskrit, Budhism and Christianity besides 4000 in Arabic. At least half are related to Quranic Commentaries. Lahore is noted for its educational facilities and students attend higher studies from all over the sub-Continent. There are several Medical Colleges, the Punjab University, the King Edward College, the Aitchinson, and the Queen Marry College exclusively for women, the Law College, the University, Oriental and several others for Dentistry, Animal Husbandry, Engineering and Science and other institutions impart technical education. Also there is a technical institute at the Y. M. C. A. and the National College of Arts, the Radio Institute and countless Secondary and High Schools. Lahore leads all other towns in the matter of education. Culture reigns supreme and there is no other district in Pakistan which can compare with it in importance both political as well as enlightment. It was in Lahore on March 23rd, 1940 that Mohammad Ali Jinnah in a session with the **then All-Indian Muslim League** adopted the historic resolution on Pakistan. Lahore was the first to receive the influx of Muhajirs (refugees from Indian oppression) and bore the brunt of it with pride. Since 1955, Lahore, formerly capital of the Punjab—became the official Capital of West Pakistan where the Governor resides and holds office together with commissioners and deputy officers

who are his able associates. It was also Lahore which stood as a Fortress against Indian sneek aggression on the cool and quiet morning of 6th September 1965—and turned the tide of the war and saved Pakistan.

Plenty of space those day in that happy and gay city of Lahore. The hotels all have their regular clients who swear by them. The Park Luxury has an old fashioned warm air, a natty Bar and air conditioned spacious rooms. The gardens are like a park and one Sunday morning, I just felt I had to eat breakfast there since I was all alone and feeling a little sad. I was not alone for long. Soon I was surrounded by tiny birds darting here and there, casting longing eyes on my food. Sprinkling crumbs from my toast, it was joy to behold them, then came tiny squirrels with big bushy tails. These were timid, I did not dare move a foot in order to have their company. They were yet as dainty as butterflies as they nibbled and hopped and skipped in a frenzy of pure delight; food coming their way without search! The birds too, small and large, crowded around with the boldest winning the most. All my toast went and it was such a pleasure watching the tiniest bird finally getting bits to eat, I forgot all my problems and I thought:- "what are they—to those, innocent creatures have who must struggle for every crumb and be on guard against danger at the same time. How fortunate we mortals really are and what a lot we can do to make others realise it..." Today I had breakfast with the birds.

On the commercial side, young William, the assistant manager is a friendly soul who works with Toni (the boss-man) like a second right hand. Between them they go out of their way to please. And when I spoke to Tulio, the Italian musician who plays a magic organ and saw his content at the Park's Rainbow room, far from his homeland, I knew that all the staff work in harmony to make guests say, "I feel at home here."

Over at Falettis, Mr. and Mrs. Hahn from Europe preside like crowned rulers with gracious ease. There is something about this ancient hostelry no one ever forgets. It's a meeting place, a rendevous where the waiters, the servants, the elite receptionists and cashiers are warm and understanding as old family relations. They remember you from previous visits and cater to your idiosyncrasies. Post office in Lobby, a bar that is gay and Grill room with the Blue-Notes Orchestra. There is something special about this group who have out lasted all the foreign bands that come and go. They swing with the times or become mellow as the occasion arises. Once long ago when the diners had departed and the hour was late, I crept in to look over the place. It was dark and I could not see a soul. Standing there, filled with memories, the room suddenly was filled with music..."Somewher over The Rainbow." My favourite song, who could know I was there, only the "Blue Notes." They had been relaxing a few moments in the dark after the show was over, but they had seen me peep in and remembered

me from Karachi and my theme song...

It was like a homecoming, to me who must count home wherever I may be. In the bright sunshine of the day, I never miss a visit to the Oriental Stores on Faletti's veranda. This gift and curio shop has all the arts and crafts of Pakistan on display and you may browse and touch things to your heart's content, even if you are not at all the moment in the mood for buying. The quiet young proprietor, Sheikh Aslam Mahmud wants you to enjoy his small shop first, and in it there are such different kinds of things from miniature ivory elephants to huge brass and copper kettles, silver and golden objects and rugs. A genuine Museum with the glories of yesterday and today within your reach. Round the corner also in Faletti's is the Eastern Carpet and Curio Shop. A friendly rival nice people to deal with.

All the hotels in Lahore that tourists can enjoy really go out of their way to please. For very modest budgets, you may stop at the breezy Indus on the Mall their comfort reigns supreme. Their Galaxy Restaurant serves the most delicious food, Continental or Pakistani. Its a gatheriug place of the film crown and very popular. The genial—Owner—Director, is a friendly person who takes personal interest in all the guests. What more could a visitor desire? The Indus is **first class** hotel with 2nd class rates.

At the International Hotel on the Upper Mall,

the furniture is traditional and you feel you are in the East. Swimming pool, set in an Arabian Nights atmosphere and the downstairs bar in Ali Baba land, romantic in extreme and the food is excellent. Another top place is the Ambassador. All the airlines have offices here and it is a well loved hostelry. Last but not least, the Swank New Intercontinental opens its doors this year.. another rendevous for the elite, the visitor and the Zamindars. Competition at last, in this once crowded city where hotel rooms were at a premium. The selection these days is marvellous.

We must give credit to the architecture of Lahore. Right off the Mall where a Mughal bandstand flaunts its charm, a circle of buildings surround it—with space and green gardens in between. One is the Alfallah Building and the opposite side is the magnificient new head office of Wapda with decor that even Emporer Akbar himself would praise. Though both these edifices are modern in extreme, they have been created to blend in the background without disrupting it. Wapda's structure is sheer poetry in design, watching it rise up to completion in the year 1966 is watching a dream come true.

For transportation there are rickshaws and taxis at very low fares per mile. The 29 bus-routes are covered by a fleet of 350 buses which circulate throughout all of the city. Newsprint is very popular for Lahore has a strong Press. The Pakistan Times daily in English

with all the latest news and wire services. Nawa-i-Waqt and several other important Urdu newspapers come out morning and evening while the monthly publications magazines number up to 50 in Urdu, Punjabi, Pushto and English...there are more than 70 printing presses including the renowed Ferozsons, The Lion Art Press, Government Printing Press and the majority of the Pakistan Publishers of importance all have their head offices in Lahore. More than Twenty cinemas too, old and new show the latest films. Tantalising Lahore thus has a fine measure of everything a visitor could wish for—including guided tours through the huge movie studios of the city. They function with the same aplomb as Hollywood though not on such a large scale. It is easier for a tourist to visit a cinema studio and watch a film in the making in Lahore than it would be in England or U. S. A. The Punjabis are such friendly people. Your interest is their interest.

Dont forget if you are young in heart tho not in years you may join the youth hostel in Ferozpur road only for a couple of rupees per day. If you have a membership card it will not only be an open sesame at any hostel in Pakistan but also at any youth hostel in the world.

Apart from the numerous attractions of this fair city are the many fascinating Bazaars. Some specialize in jewellery, others in amusing salvage and still others in timber, utensils, fuel and machinery. Outside the Delhi Gate is a large Hide and Wool market surrounded

by fruit and vegetable peddlars in real Arabian nights atmosphere. While shopping the visitors may stop at the small but good open-air Seekh-kabab stands and watch succulent lamb barbecued over glowing coals. Good to eat too with hot chappattis, freshly made Curds which we know as buttermilk is served with these courses and adds zest to this Oriental food.

It would not be out of place if we mentioned that among the many fine personalities who aided in the growth of commerce and industry in Lahore, was a man who started out in humble circumstances and rose through honesty, deligence and hard work to become the head of vast enterprises that stretch across the length and breadth of East and West Pakistan.

Such a man was Sayeed who was born in the early party of the country. (Of a modest family of merchants.)

Though he was not the eldest—he showed signs of exceptional intelligence in his tender years and unconsciously became the leader among his three brothers.

When Pakistan came into being, the Saigols moved into the new land and put up a textile mill in Layallpur. So successful was the mill that they opened auother one in Liaquatabad and Quetta and another one in Rawalpindi where 60 per cent of the employees have fine residential accomodation put up by the company. The mill in Lyallpur has over one lakh of

spindles and in the short space of a few years the Saigols have become the largest textile group in the whole of Pakistan under the name of Kohinoor Industries.

Thousands employees earn a good living from the Kohinoor. They enjoy benefits ranging from schools for their children, complete medical care for the families, sports and recreational facilities, club life, low-cost for the mill workers and commissary privileges. The Provident Fund of course is always there for each one's protection. As a result, Mian Sayeed Saigol was considered like a father to all his workers. They loved him as if he was their own family, and were very devoted and loyal.

Mian Sayeed was extremely proud of all of them. He remembered the days when he purchased the arid ground in Rawalpindi. Not a blade of grass was to be seen. The area was as arid as desert, but he made it into a township where flowers grow around the doors, where the pathways are lined with trees and the factory is a dream of modernity.

It was Sayeed Saigol's idea which led to the creation of the Fauji Textile Mill in Jhelum in order to help returning soldiers who needed jobs. He was asked by the newly-made Government of Pakistan to assist in the building up of the country.

The Saigol Family also have chemical plants at Kala Shah Kaku, where they produce caustic soda.

chlorine, DDT and other real important needs, now they have their own Banking establishments the United Bank—with branches throughout East and West Pakistan.

Mian Saheb was awarded the Hilal-i-Quaid-i-Azam Decoration by the President of Pakistan for his great efforts towards the welfare of Pakistan. In appreciation of the astounding prosperity of the Kohinoor Industries. Mian Sahib poured a major part of his profits into the formation of charitable and educational endowments. The Saigol foundation embraces philanthropy in its highest and most noble form. Many young Pakistanis born into the humblest of families, where opportunity was a stranger, owe their success to the Saigol Foundation which awards scholarships to deserving youths.

For a student of outstanding ability, Saigol Overseas Scholarship was proposed, irrespective of whatever income-group the youth came from, and without restrictions as to a special course of training required, The Trustees of the Saigol Foundation have warm hearts. "Without let or hinderance regardless of family, a student of promise may be awarded a scholarship any time.

Sayed Saigol had faith in his countrymen. He felt that, if we aid in educating the great masses of the illiterates, and make them realize they are just as much part of Pakistan as other citizens, show them their

duties and responsibilities, they will be of great advantage to our land.

The trustees of the Saigol Foundation. They are people of renown, headed by Mr. Justice S. A. Rahman.

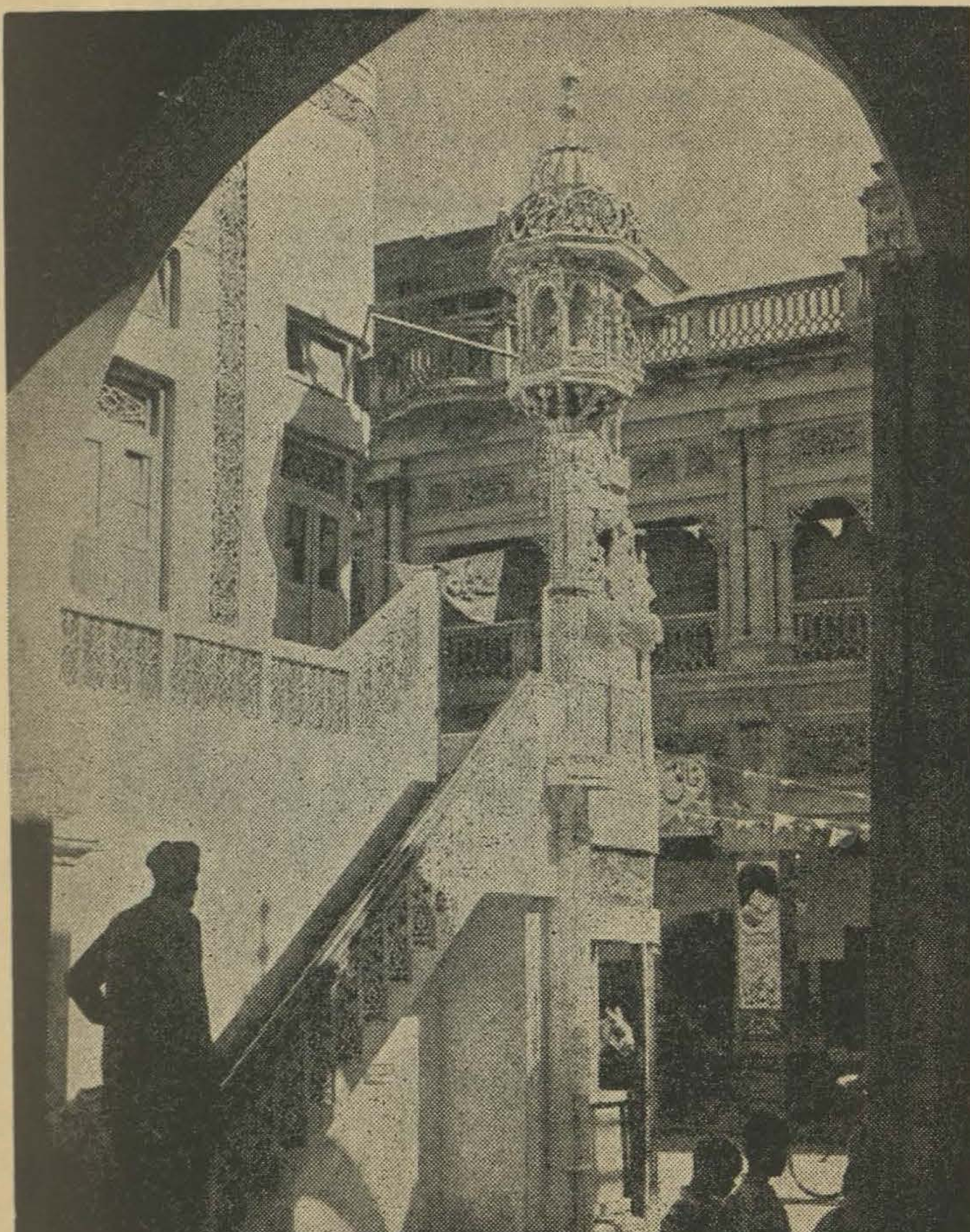
In 1965, Sayed Saigol passed away, his life lived to the full as a man of accomplishment. Today his bright young nephew, Rafique Saigol is president of the entire corporation, while Khalid, Saigol's eldest son also manages and directs a special part of it. Sayed Saigol's contributions to his country live after him. Lahore is justly proud of her illustrious son.

CHAPTER TEN

Strolling Down Pindi -- Way. . .

Dear old Rawalpindi, always so refreshing, coming up with something new—in the bright sunshine, individual, I 'll say. Now where else have you got a big bustling city full of trees, sunshine, commerce, Ministers, Presidents and Kings......and even a top hotel run by an Australian who originated in the fine Quaker City of Philadelphia.

That's Rawalpindi for you, and in case you don't know it, dear visitor, the town is called 'Pindi' for short with deep affection. They even publish the Pakistan Times there, run a super Brewery, make hosiery too, have a grand Club with swimming pool and tennis courts and shops galore selling everything. And Oh that Pindi Bazar; if you can't find what you want in that place, then it does not exist. I even recall buying some brass-handled knives there one day from a tribesman. A nickel each they cost some years ago, all engraved with fancy letters in Urdu. They were to be for some small-boy relatives. I was sure the inscription was something Holy from the Koran. Yet it was fun to discover what those tribesmen had engraved upon them, like Selfridges in London or Macy's in New York :— "**If this knife does not cut,**" it said, "**Return same and your money will be refunded.**" Beautiful honesty, I would call that, indeed. That's the thing in Pindi honesty plus !



Mosque in a busy Rawalpindi Street.



Flashmans Hotel—Rawalpindi.

What do I mean by Kings and Presidents? Well the President of Pakistan lives there and he entertains Kings. Just recently His Majesty, King Feisal of Saudi Arabia came and the pomp and splendour equalled the "Days of Arabian Nights." Such a warm-hearted generous King, bestowing a few million lacs here and there—from his oil-wealth, calling it but a humble contribution to an Islamic Land. You've got to say one thing for these so charming Arabs...they do stick together and do all they can to assist Muslims as blood brothers. And where did all the visitors come to while making preparations for the King's visit...why at Flashman's of course, run by the Australian. Remember, a handsome chap named Rudoph Fabian who really saw they were very comfortable and had everything they wished.

What this Fabian has done to improve the Charm of Flashmen's is really something. He is so congenial, nothing out of the way disturbs him. You see he is General Manager of the **New Group-Chain, Assoeiated Hotels of Pakistan,** yet he never acts superior and treats his staff with the same courtesy he does all the big shots. That't the secret of his success. The lustre he has showered on the hotel, makes a guest feel Royal, besides feeling at home...by the many pleasant innovations. The mid-day buffet has become famous. All you can eat for one charge. You mustn't miss his speciality, "Spring Lamb Fabian" it is terrific, but what is more terrific is his personal concern for all his guests. Hasan and Jafri, his able associates assist him

with aplomb. The casual atmostphere at Flashmans makes it a happy place to stay.

Of course there are other hotels, like the Rex, Mrs. Davis Hotel, Gatmells, The Kamran and the Ever Green are more modest which means there are—a selection to suit all travel-budgets. The Pindi Club is a nice place for an evening and you can't stay long in Pindi without someone inviting you there. You may meet celebrities and local folk and they are all grand. There is something about Pindi people that is different, may be because the President lives there, and he's always inviting up Princes, Kings and Prime Ministers who always bring goodwill with them and cheery airs. Its fun really. On any day, when you arrive, crowds surround the railway station and airport and inside, you will think they have come to greet you. They have! they adore visitors.

Don't forget to visit the Ayub National Park. An excellent beauty—spot for everyone...You will see the latest apparel on Pakistani ladies, dressed in lovely sarees or Shalwar-kameez and of course—you will see ladies in Purda, that mysterious all covering robe worn by religious Muslim ladies. The children look adorable in their national dress and their flashing black eyes gleam with friendliness towards visitors. You are very very special in Pindi. Its that kind of a town. The new look lies in its plush snack bars and Chinese restaurants. Top book shop is the London Book Company. Top Chemist is Wilsons run by a devout

Pakistani who trusts you if you are short of change that moment... and the top watchmaker is a loveable chap. Father and son team called Nizam's, The Watch House. My timepiece went kaput. They made it like new again in no time. On Bank Road they are same as London Book Company. By the way they stock world-famous watches and equally famous pens. Their prices are modest but their friendliness is deep and true money could not pay for it.

What else has Rawalpindi got? So much it would take a book to tell you, so you really have to see it for yourself. The gentlemem are handsoms there, military men too, and in their smart uniforms, you feel as if they are your personal bodyguards. As for History......Pindi had some exciting times in the long, long ago. At the dawn of the 11th century, Islamic Warriors conquered the city and its stamp has remained to this day. Around 1008, Mahmud Ghazni crossed the Indus and disposed of bitter elements (just like that) and he was smart, he bestowed the District of Ghakhar-Shah whose descendents held it for 8 centuries. Rawalpindi was the scene of battles between the Ghakhars and Sher Shah Suri whose triumph poured forth in solid concrete—for he built the GRAND TRUNK ROAD and that is a remarkable road, stretching from Calcutta to Peshawar. Then the Sikhs got in and stayed on until the British defeated them and stayed on until 1917, until partition.

Rawalpindi is a big industrial and commercial

centre. The famous Muree Brewery has its plant and headquarters, there and many other important business flourish in its envirous. There are Hosiery factories, glass factories and even a factory producing rubber near a large electric plant. Several Textile Mills such as Koh-i-Noor, Banday, and Hunza companies function on a full-time basis. Two huge Woollen Mills provide woollen yarn for the hosiery units. The Watan Woolen Mills are equipped with 2,500 spindles and the Rahat Woollen Mills have I,600 spindles.

Apart from these major commercial industries, small factories put out fine basketwork, woodwork, desi-shoes, suitcases and pretty embroidered shawls. Strangers soon feel at home in the happy surroundings of this city of plenty. The numerous bazaars are extremely picturesque. At least 9 of them offer a variety of merchandise dear to a shopper's heart. Don't miss the Raja Bazaar which contains all kinds of merchandise. At the Sarafan Bazaar beautiful jewellery and pungent perfumes are on the display. The Bohar Bazaar carrys a good deal of chemists supplies while at the first market, known as Sabzi-mandi you feel as if you were in an endless orchard. There are banks galore including the State Bank. In Rawalpindi you may even stay at any of the rest houses and get used to life in local atmosphere. There is the West Pakistan House on Mayo Road, the East Pakistan House on the Peshawar Road and a big official one in Satellite town apart from State Guest Houses.

Entertainment attractions are numerous in Rawalpindi ; what with 12 cinemas and a cricket ground opposite Flashman's Hotel. There are five important clubs in the city—each one holds an open house to visitors. After the 'Pindi Club' there is the Departmental Club, the Town Club as well as two fine swimming pools, the Cantonment Area, beside its Army Museum there is a Fish Museum and the Army Sports Stadium and the Race Course, Among other interesting sports which visitors may enjoy, there is Pharwala containing the ruins of the old fort, headquarters of Gakkar power. A few descendants of the Gakkar still live there. The fort stands on a bare slope of rock above the rushing torrent of the Soan River.

The General John Nicholson Memorial is situated 15 miles from Rawalpindi on the road to Hasan Abdal. A large pure water drinking fountain is erected here ; a tunnel 900 feet long has been cut through the hills to the north of the road. At Margalla a remarkable pavement exists from the days Emperor Aurangzeb which has mosaic flags of stone and an inscription date that corresponds with the year 1672 A. D. This was the time when the Emperor sent his son Prince Sultan with an army against the Khattaks and trans-Indus tribes.

Just 14 miles from Rawalpindi and three miles from Rewat are ruins of Mankiala. The legend of Rasalu originated in this town. It is said that Rasalu, son of Salivahana, Raja of Sialkot was the enemy of

the 7 Rakshasas (demons) who lived at Manikpur (the former name of Mankiala) Every day these Rakshasas ate a man, the victim being chosen by lots. One day Rasalu saw a woman weeping and singing while she was preparing food. Amazed at her behaviour, Rasalu asked the woman why she was acting thus. The woman replied : "I sing for joy because my only son is to be married today but I weep because he has been drawn by lot as a victim to be eaten by the Rakshasas." "Keep your son and weep no more for I will cross paths with the seven demons and offer myself in his place." Then he went forth and without fear slew them all except the demon named Thera who is said to be still alive in a cave of Gandgarth. This old legend is identified with the Buddhist legend of Sakay offering his body to seven tigercubs.

For a city with a population of 14,00,000 persons there are numerous good educational facilities. Fifty high schools for males and females exist in the town area, 8 colleges accredited for degrees and a large number of elementary schools. Surrounding villages all have schools and many contain separate high schools for boys and girls.

Rawalpindi's strategic geographical location has a great deal to do with its long life of calm prosperity. Situated on the old world invasion route with a direct road to the North West Frontier and the Famous Khyber...it is also the jeep exit and entrance to the

beautiful Kaghan Valley via Abbottabad. Every day in fair weather, planes roar into the heavens for their swift flight to Gilgit or Skardu, Permits for these mountain retreats are obtained directly in Pindi from Minister of Kashmir Affairs. From Rawalpindi you can fly to Lahore and Peshawar or take a train, bus or car. Taxila and Hazara are short miles away, and its only 38 miles from Muree.

Dear dear Pindi, Gateway to Murree, gateway to Taxila and its excavations, just 8 miles from enchanting Islamabad the new Capital......Ah, but that's another story. Get packing and start enjoying Pindi......a grand place to visit.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

ISLAMABAD

It started with a dream......the dream of the President of Pakistan, who desired the new capital to be set in spacious and gracious surroundings, away from the teeming over-crowded city of Karachi, away from smoky factories and the constant hum of commerce and its often pernicious pretense...thus has risen Islamabad—like a house appointed for all living. Islamabad, once but a dream—now clothed in might and set in motion.

Now its growth on solid foundation is like a beloved ruling-monarch, watching over all, considerate for his people's welfare with intelligent reasons...far more effective than blind force, so that the humblest among Government servants now enjoy a way of life, hitherto impossible for them before. Amid sunshine and flowers—what content there is in the hearts of parents, watching their children trot off to schools, enter a clinic, play in the sports grounds in wide-open spaces, then return to their homes made of stone, complete with a garden all their own, in an environment of pure Muslim Heritage—where even teachers in Mosques hold classes for religious instruction. The fathers of course all have secure employment, regular hours and a sense of belonging—so important for happiness. The town-ship of Islamabad is such a place

and today, **five years after the first spade turned the good earth of this Potwar Plateau,** before it was even named, (as we now know it) 2',000 people dwell in it with amiability...each to his own. And on the fine, paved, smooth roads of Islamabad, buses, cycles, scooters and cars are driven at gentle speed on former rough highways just a brief 10 miles away from Rawalpindi. Like a miracle performed by hard work, the city came into being within two years of October, 1961. From then on it grew by leaps and bounds into a small complete world for present and for future generations.

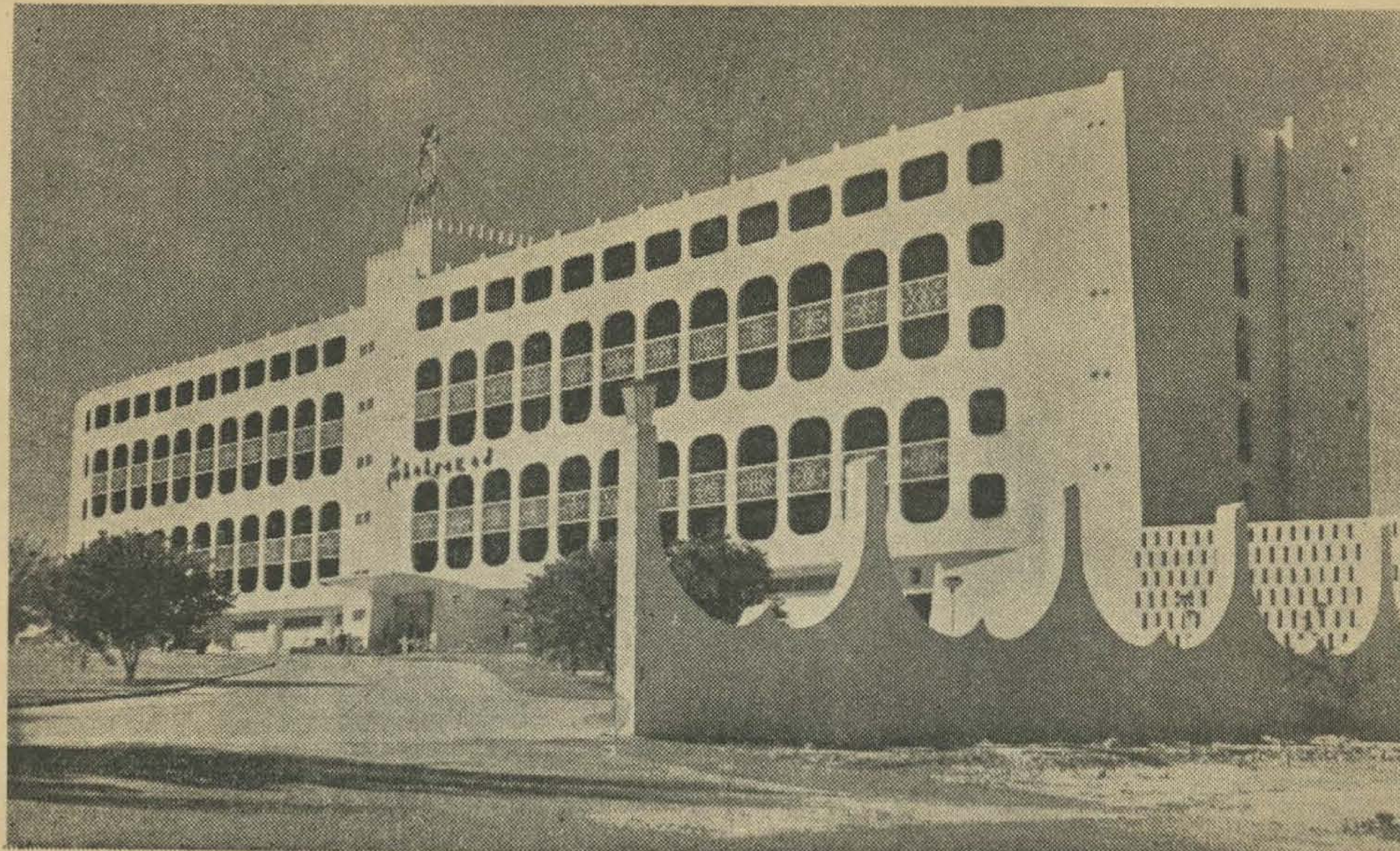
There are two splendid buildings completed which would do justice to a Princely State, built by the Capital Development Authority in an entirely different manner. The first—completed two years ago was Pakistan House, now called Hotel Shahrazad, open for guests from Pakistan and round the world. The second is the huge Government Hostel, for exclusive use of Nationals with or without families. This Hostel rises to the sky, majestically. Its architecture is a joyous combination of Mughal pattern mingling with the needs of the present. The first glimpse of this glowing sturdy structure is the white open-flower stone grills used as both balconies and for decor. To any lady viewing it, the impression is of "White Lace." The freshness of it is appealing...... starched white lace stone-work over its entire face. Every-thought-of convenience in the suites and rooms exist in the hostel, shops too—to make it a complete resort as well as a comfortable place to stop for Mister

and Mrs. V. I, P. or those devoted citizens of Pakistan who have earned the right to be guests there at the most modest rates. The gardens gleam with flowers dancing in the breeze......waterfalls play and the 1,20,000—square feet of ground upon which the Hostel has been created, reminds one of the beginning of time when God said :- **"let there be light"** and there was light. From the brain and hands of human architects, this magnificent Hostel has sprung up......and that which is built upon the land blends with the land, flooded with light and delight, the pride of Islamabad.

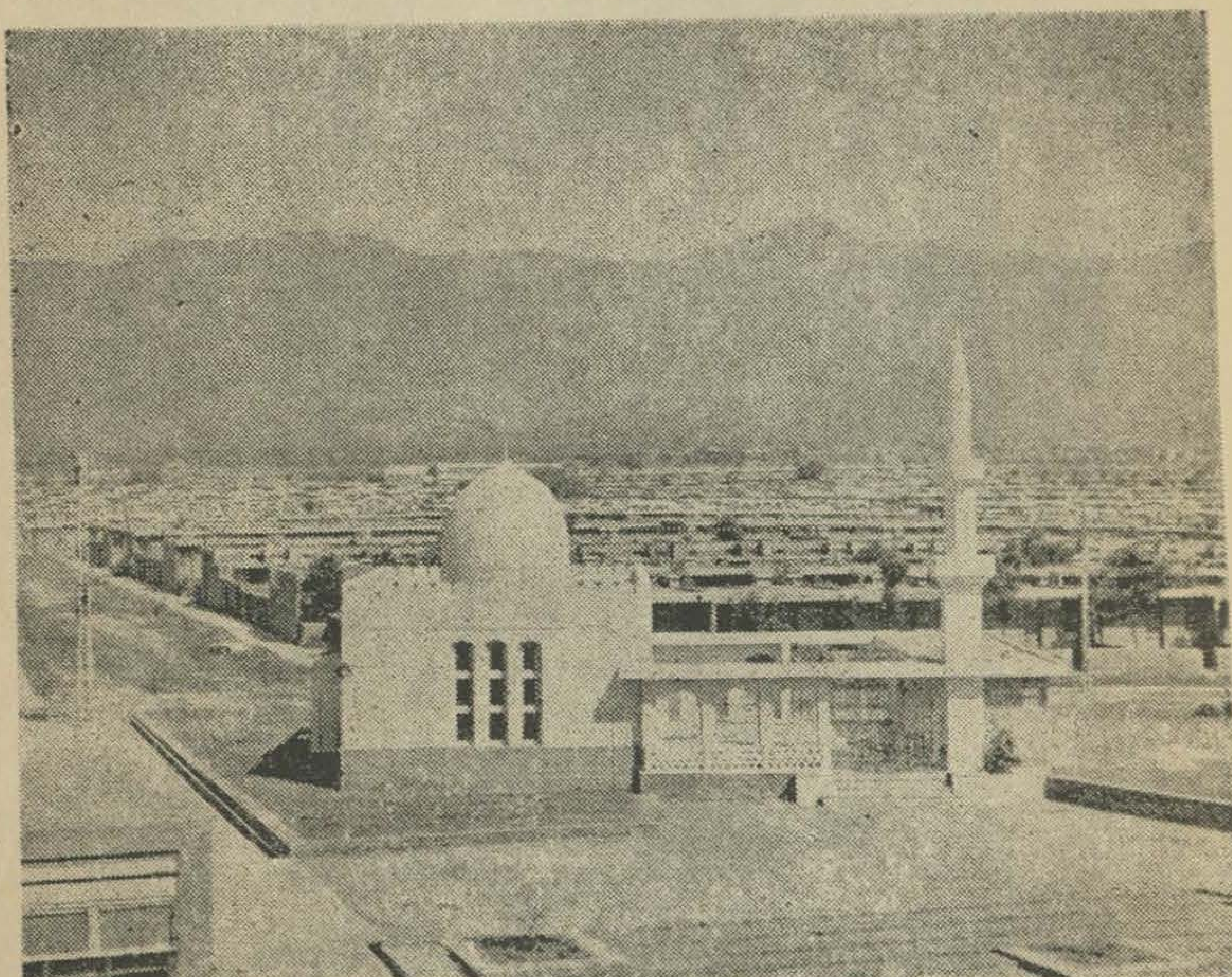
And what of Shahrazad? Now run by private financiers. This deluxe hotel serves as a rendevous, as apartments or a room for the night (or more) and as a show-place where Royalty is feted. Reminiscent of :-

> "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls......
> With riches and serfs at my side......"

......it offers every 20th century amenity for visitors. The cheery General-Manager, is a friendly person whose shoulder you may cry on (if needs be), but at the Shahrazad, one is too busy enjoying everything to even think of tears. The Hotel manager has a huge family of butchers, bakers and candle stickmakers and these with others are but a fraction of the huge staff he has gathered around him, waiting like the Genie from Aladdin's Lamp to serve you. Just press a button (it is quicker than rubbing Aladdin's Lamp) and presto! a



Hotel Shahrazad—Islamabad.



Mosque in Islamabad.
Note the modern graceful lines & rocket shaped minaret.

modern genie appears smiling, ready to do your instant bidding. That is wonderful and from the jolly plump Reservation Manager—down to the tiny dwarf-Page-boy with the very big heart, the staff do their utmost to please all guests and their idiosyncrasies. In fact the members of the Catering department and the Maitre'd are true descendants of the famous Epicurus... master of Epicurean delights.

> "Who taught us the pleasure,
> in shape of practice of virtue,
> and the highest good—given to
> refined sensuous enjoyment..."

Contrary to the majority of Pakistani Hotels, many young ladies are employed as secretaries and telephone operators. The latter take interest in receiving your calls for you and their voices are so friendly, you almost feel like going over to their private exchange and saying "Hello There," yourself.

The gardens at the Shahrazad appear to come right out of the days of Arabian Nights and Harems. Waterfalls gush over rose bushes. The wealth of floral beauty is so great, you could spend hours just walking along the the flower-strewn paths...created by gardeners who love the good earth. An excellent Travel Agency called Walji's exists along with pleasant shops for a tourist's delight. The Agency is run by an enthusiastic young woman who will book you to the ends of the earth—should you so desire. But there really is no

need for Shahrazad offers so much...a place where summer and spring mingle for a 1001 delights. The morning dew dropped on the flowers is nectar imparting perfume and joy from each petal. Business transacted in the atmosphere of Shahrazad becomes a pleasure—for there are conference rooms so distinctive, contracts are signed without hesitation. After a hard day, perhaps in Pindi or even Karachi, what a treat to return to the calm, cool radiance of Shahrazad with its fine air-conditioned suites and chambers, its courtesies, the golf course...a dip in the swimming pool perhaps—or use up that energy with a game of tennis or a walk in the verdant grounds. And all this is but 6 miles from the air-port, lucky, lucky visitors down Islamabad way, who may go horseback riding too, or attend a play given by foreigners from embassies, whose performance could grace Broadway, followed by dancing in the lovely Banquet Hall. What a place to be in ! where the musicians catch your mood, enchanting evenings...or wild, wild rhythm.

Of course you must visit the bazar in the residential section. Its the voice of the people, their life, habits and times, so picturesque, you linger longer as you pass one of the many schools (not far from a Mosque of course) and see small boys and girls dressed in their pretty shalwar and kamees outfits, swinging school bags as they troop in...see them in the play-grounds having fun or peep in at lessons and watch their serious faces absorbing A. B. C. or Urdu along with English as they grow. Then see the Community

Center, traditional with its shops and Tea houses where the male population gathers over hookah-pipes and good talk; chatter of new sons, young wife and a new gun perhaps and farm tools for vegetables grown in their small plots. Sweet shops in abundance, bakers galore and the pungent warm smell of chappatis warming...and all around—on every plateau and some hill tops, more building—unceasing, the cinema rising up, the second food market, the water supply, more Mosques and health-stations, a Bengali High School (for the East Pakistanis and those students wishing to learn East Wing language) and last but not least, houses... houses and more houses for Embassies, for plain people and business people, houses for everyone. so many lived in and completed, so many filled with happy mortals. Bridges going up, Government offices, parks all around, Fire station and Sectors to fill every need of the great Government of Pakistan. This then is Islamabad. And soon the President's estate will take shape in the heart of it all, surrounded by Cultural buildings, A National Assembly, State Guest House and the Supreme Court in the Administrative Sector where the Secretariat Blocks already hum with activity.

Field Marshal Mohammad Ayub Khan, the President of Pakistan commenced thinking about the importance of a new Capital for his countymen, soon after he brought peace to his disturbed land. In 1959, he stood on a top of...Shakarparian Hill against the dark range of the Margalla Hills as they formed a crescent, sheltering a Lake. Beneath him lay

raw countryside, untilled ground, un-inhabited, forlorn, lonely in the light of the sun by day and the gleam of the stars by night. In his heart was a dream and in his eyes a vision and, he imagined the city this place could be, resounding with life, calm and placid for thousands of his people, the villagers, the clerks, officials and all those citizens who could contribute their efforts for the development of a better way of life. His eyes misted as he stood there, 2000 feet above sea-level—in this wilderness where the breezes blew fresh and cool; he saw what could be the realisation of his dream, his hopes and his plans....plans to benefit every single person who would live in the new city, contented employees, many of them refugees torn from their homes in partition, many of them still residing in huts and makeshift quarters. Many of them displaced while still being Government staff, unable to find the space they needed to make life good for their families in crowded Karachi.

Like a parade, a multitude seemed to pass in his sight, the homeless ones, the poor, the down-trodden, and thus—without hesitation, President Ayub Khan turned and said to his Ministers......"this is the place, this Potwar Plateau, this is it; He thought......here my dream will come true, here there will be children's voices ringing out in joy...studying and learing. Here there will be families, people of all classes, equal to one another who can share in this vast project, a project of satisfaction, of life as it should be lived, among those who work for us and for the benefit of our

country. This is my new Capital. And all this thinking crowded his mind as he gave assent for the plans to commence, to mature and come to fruition.

And thus it came to pass, after much planning and wise counselling—wherein several masters in the art of building and all the required crafts, were chosen from all over the world, so that each could perform in his own way, adding their diversified knowledge to a glorious whole, making a city where there was no city, building love, faith and hope into every brick, every wall from the moment the first spade was turned some two years later in 1961.

Today, five years later it has all come true, the dream......the vision, and the splendour the simplicity is solid, flowers everywhere, streets, houses, people, the laughter of children, the functioning of a city......babies born in the new town of Islamabad......weddings and young families starting out......and as old grandfather sits by the door in the tea-house puffing gently on the hookah-pipe, he too, in his heart, blesses the dream which become a reality......The dream of his beloved President, Field Marshal Mohammad Ayub Khan.

CHAPTER TWELVE

MANGLA DAM

They call it 'Prosperity through Water," and at Mangla Dam this reaches an all time high. To the Pakistanis, Mangla is a magic word—at once suggestive of its deep, inscrutable hoary past and its bright and forward future. Its name is steeped in history. It is the name of planet Mars and romance has been its share. Legend tells us that Raja Sirkap once held the fort at Mangla and gambled for human heads. When he lost he offered the head of his own beautiful daughter and such was her bewitching charm that the winner, Raja Rasalu married her and the bridal palanquin was rowed through the canal on the right bank of the Jehlum passing the village of Bara.

Thus Mangla, once the scene of battles, pleasures and conquest has now resumed a role of beneficence and its waters far and wide will allay the thirst of the arid earth of West Pakistan. To start with the—construction of the labour camps for 10,000 workers plus 200 family houses were put up in a manner better than the workers had before. An 80 bed hospital catering to all human physical ailments and for the mothers to be, sprung up to be followed by two fine dispensaries in the Labourers Area. Two fine schools, one run on European lines and the other completely Pakistani

are flourishing. Both have schoolrooms in gay flower colours, big grassy play grounds and the most pleasant look. It is fun to walk through them and joy to watch the interest of the teachers with their pupils. Fruit juices, milk and lunch is provided for all the children and stuy is encouraged in a manner to make going to school a journey of happiness. Naturally their proud parents are very content and though Papa may just be a labourer doing heavy duty at the Dam, yet his child receives the same educational facilities as the son or daughter of his foreman. He also gets his lunch on the job, a succulent hot Pakistani lunch prepared specially for him and the rest of the thousands of workers.

Bazars galore and fine markets in a huge shopping centre flourish in the area so that Mama does not have to go far to buy her daily items. Fresh produce is so delectable that the Americans come over to buy it too. Many of them prefer it to their fancy frozen specials. And the tailors and cobblers weave a clever needle at more than modest prices. Many of these people dwelt at Mangla before construction started, but a huge number were farmers with cattle, bullocks and land. The problem of up-rooting them was not an easy one and a Pakistani farmer remains a farmer to the end of his days. Good wages and sudden new surroundings did not appeal to him. He wanted his cattle, his horses and his space. With disapproval he accepted compensation for his removal but left as a contented person to new fresh land, a new house and all his animals and

and family with the aid of the Mangla Dam Resettlement Organisation. Many families were affected. Almost 3000 of them were delighted with the evacution while 233,933 acres were allotted to the rest and reimbursment amounted toabove 55 million rupees, with another 94 million rupees compensation being paid out. Thus there is satisfaction among the people who had to give up their homes of a lifetime. Besides new locations being found for them, they had extra money to purchase things they may never have been able to before. Former residents of Mangla and the new ones now have a sense of fulfill ment. The 25 acre farm supplies them with poultry and home-grown vegetables. Flowers too which the Pakistanis love.

Baral Colony where the Americans and foreigners reside is sunshiny and nice, a happy little world. Home away from home in a far land. Contentment reigns supreme and American fathers and mothers are learning what it is to live close to people of other faiths and other races. American children are studying, working and playing with Pakistani children, English children, French, German and Japanese too. A League of Nations in miniature where one and all are equal.

The construction of Mangla Dam is adding glory to the country and ensures new facilities and development for the people throughout the land and gives them prosperity unavailable before. Situated near

the Headworks of the upper Jhelum Canal, the beehive of Americans clamber under the earth, under the river and in the tunnels throughout the 11,000 feet length of it and up into its 380 feet height. They are proud to be working to complete the largest earthen Dam in the world. They realise the benefits of what Mangla Dam will mean to the peasants deprived of the water of 3 rivers by India's 1970 Indus Basin treaty—and they are happy in the knowledge that Mangla Dam will be storing for release 5 million cubic of feet of water in the flood season during the low water period of the winters to come. That was the purpose of Mangla Dam, to conserve the flood waters of the Jhelum River and it is a major replacement scheme under the Indus Basin Projects.

A huge workshop has also been built for the maintenance of all the needed equipment and a six acre Central Supply Depot has also been installed. This has been accomplished by WAPDA who think in terms of human comforts and the reward for human efforts. As a result, their 8000 workers have excavated more than half the project—including eleven million cubic yards at the Main Dam out of the estimated twelve million. That is a lot of mileage and the shape of things to come. . . of Mangla Hill, the highest spot on the terrain where the 300,000 Kilowat Power House under construction has changed its appearance because of the rapid advancement of the WAPDA Workers. The knowledge that eaeh labourer is working hard towards a goal is a satssfaction to each one's mind.

A great number of the Pakistanis are highly educated engineers, draftsmen and geologists who studied abroad in England, Germany and the United States and are now engaged by the self same companies they studied with under the aegis of WAPDA and Binnie, the British Consultants to WAPDA. The head of the entire project, the noted engineer, Mian Bashir considers all those working on the dam as his family and if anything goes wrong, he is the first person to make an adjustment.

Between his office, the works, and the WAPDA Rest house where illustrious guests arrive on visits, he is kept a busy man. Often he does not reach his home on the site until late hours because he puts the needs of the project first...Mian Bashir wants everyone of the combined groups numbering above 12000 souls to be happy so he goes ont of his way, day or night to accomplish this.

He is a weleome guest at the Baral Culony and joins in the festivities of the American's Independance day. On August 14, he became their proud host and made sure they enjoyed all the traditional ceremonies. At all times he is free to confer with the American Mangla Dam Contractors so that mutual arrangements are always harmonious. Together they speak of when the dam will be completed several years hence and how. Apart from the marvel of the waters flowing in required directions, there will be a grand 1C0 square mile lake,

a tourist attraction, boats sailing, swimming and even fishing—all created on from former village land. The close co-operatson between the American and Pakistani directors is responsible for the smooth and rapid progress of the construction.

But life is not all work either for the Pakistani labourer. He has access to the free cinema, sports grounds and pool. There are Mosques and churches in his area and the special kind of small cafes he loves where he may indulge in smoking the hookah, the hubble-bubble, and just relax. Exhibitions and festivities are planned for him. A number of them attend the night schools at Mangla, anxious to improve their knowledge in reading, writing and other subjects. All, at Baral enjoy the Pakistani Folk Dances, though the dancers perform mostly for the benefit of the Americans.

Creative activity and hobbies are also catered too. These become milestones in the lives of the Pakistani workers who never before went out of their sphere, and now have attained the knowledge that one can do anything he wishes if he puts forth the right work. Prowess has taken shape in many forms. Pakistanis who were not experts have become trained in various fields, a training that will prove a source of livelihood all through their years. Spiritual and moral maturity has entered their lives. They belong. They have clubs never known to them before. Among themselves they have leaders, learned leaders and not by the power of the tribe...but by the power of recognition.

They have become conscious of past ignorance which is the first step to acquiring wisdom. At Mangla, the Pakistani has come to know and realise that the labour of a human being is not a commodity or an article. There is dignity and honour for them every moment it is performed with energy and zest.

Honour lies in honest toil and there is rejoicing in their occupation as workers on the world's largest project...their own Mangla Dam.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Famous Taxila

To reach the old and new excavations, one must return to Rawalpindi's Grand Trunk Road which is but a prelude to the archaeological splendour of Taxila —for a curious quietness pervades the air.

Green fields line the highway. Villagers dressed in peasant clothes walk shyly along casting curious glances which speak of friendliness. A bullock cart heavily laden with produce pauses to let a car go by. Life is leisure itself, and the tall verdant trees whose leafy branches nod in the breeze seem to whisper of ages past......of knowledge from the days when monks in monastries reigned supreme as scholars of repute, who planned every detail of time in the earth—span of the inhabitants. In the distance high hills appear and relics of mounds and stupas make silhouettes against the the pale sky.

Just before arrival at Taxila's Museum, a stone's throw away a pleaseant surprise greets visitors. A light brick hostel blending in the atmosphere stands ready for students and youth—hosteliers who wish to spend a few days and learn of the glories of an ancient world. "What joy" I thought to myself for the younger generation. The kindly Government of Pakistan has provided this modern place for the convenience at the low rate

of 12 annas daily for those bringing their own amenities such as bed rolls, camp dishes etc.

The Museum, set in beautiful gardens, appears as a vibrant Shangrila in an expanse of silence. Like a country mansion it stands majestically, a highlight of exploration which it treasures from the past. The entrance is built of fine reconstructed stone. As one steps inside the large oval doors, an archway of roses greets the eye seen through a corresponding door leading to a huge ground, filled with trees, flowers and hedges of Corinthian appearance. The curator, steps forward with pride to show visitors around. His intense interest in Taxila is reflected in the comprehension he imparts to all who come. With his guidance, one realises this is not just an ordinary museum but a world of ages, portraying a way life that was different, where time was not rushed and each person or object had their rightful place. In the mad scramble of our twentieth century when the creation of bigger and better methods of annihilation are as important as peace conferences among nations .....the principle of simplicity and the sacred worth of human life are forgotten but these are stressed joyously in the implements and art which fill Taxila's museum as well as its three cities.

The exquisite pieces of Gandhara sculpture, all have classical Indo-Greek characteristics. The folds of the drapery in stone, the dreamy smiles, the chaste features drive their inspiration from the Hellenistic

School. All show a craftsmanship lost to us today. The numerous vases and statues cut from rich granite range from the 6th century B. C. to the 5th A.D. Copper bowls still gleaming have jewels encrusted on their rims The pottery, coins and seals denote the rank of the people who used them. In special rooms the jewellery of kings and princes are preserved for observation in fine cabinets. Diamonds, emeralds, rubies and topaz, thousands of years old still look as beautiful in their precious settings as they must have done adorning the ladies so long ago. Tiny rings and bracelets reveal the love tokens that the Buddhists and the Greeks used for their children from birth upwards.

Weeks could be spent and enjoyed examining all the minute details of the remarkable workmanship on these valuable ornaments. The artisans of Taxila possessed extra-ordinary talent. The era which begot them was one of piety, patience and good-will. The wealth left behind speaks of scholars, learned men and of an age when art was the most noble among professions.

In the cool confines of the museum, it's easy to lose oneself in admiration of the past but teatime came around, and the friendly curator invited me for a cup in Taxila's own guest house. I lost myself in admiration of its present day comforts for it was as good as a first class hotel. I could cry because so few people stay there. I could weep again because the Tourist Department of West Pakistan merely states in its folders that

Taxila has a Rest House with 2 double and 2 single bedrooms, adjacent baths, drawing and dining rooms... Nothing more. No mention of its old world charm and the garden and terraces surrounding it, or the friendly Pathan servants who cater to your every whim and who cook meals as you desire them. No mention of the tall cypress trees outside amid the relaxing gracious atmosphere and no mention at all of the low 8 rupees daily rate (food extra) for staying in an enchanting stillness where nature has the only voice—the rustling of leaves in the night.

I, who have written up the glories of accommodations around the globe, do solemnly swear that I have stayed in rest houses all the way from the China Seas to Atlantic areas, and from the Pacific to the Himalayas, yet, I have never before encountered such an honest old-fashioned bargain—like Taxila.

There is a similar Rest House at Nikra, just a mile away from the Jaulian Monastry, an archaeologist's paradise which the average tourists knows so little about.

The history of Taxila began when the world was young. It was inscribed in the Mahabharta. Its original name was Takashila, meaning city of cut stones. The name was later shortened by the Greeks. Taxila was invaded by the Persians and was included in the Persian Empire. Through seven dynasties which rose and fell after Alexander the Great, Kanishka, the

Parthians, Chinese, Asoka and the ravaging white Huns, Taxila prospered. Conquerors all, who came and helped the growth until it was spoken of as the most wealthy city. Pilgrims found sanctuary in its environs. Artisans practised their trades with fervour. Its renown spread far and wide, it was known as a seat of great learning. Scholars, philosophers, were attracted to its university. From accounts given out by Alexander, Taxila was a city of content, well-populated and ruled by wise governors.

The excavations which took place early in the century have revealed the excellence of the citadels dedicated to knowledge. The university was planned with huge assembly halls, pools and domestic quarters. Nearby are the monastries built on hilltops for seclusion and contemplation. Picturesque and open to the sky, twenty-nine small white-washed brick cells stand with the original lamp niches and shelves carved in the walls. The stark simple dwellings of students and monks. Earthenware vessels are still embedded in the floors.

On lower levels, Stupas of reigning monarchs are master pieces of the Gandhara sculpture. They are in close groups : large ones circled by small ones, evidently on family sites. The Stupa of Kunala has a legend of tragedy. It was built as a memorial to Prince Kunala whose eyes were put out because his step-mother ordered it.

Under the rule of Ashoka, Bhir Mound, the first

of the 5 cities served as a training centre for the Sangha Buddhists. Rare antiquities found among its ruins include gold and silver coins, medallions, ivory and copper vessels and toys made of terracota-mosaic. Traces indicate the remarkable planning of houses in city blocks separated by wide streets and again by still wider main roads.

Sirkup, the second city, was the seat of the Government throughout Greek, Scythian, Kushan, Parthian and Kanishka rule. The walls were all stone of which four remain. Blocks of houses are in regular formation and its Apsidal Temple has a shrine of two headed eagles, Aramaic inscriptions are clearly seen. The palace of Sirkup has many chambers and rich objects were discovered including precious stones. Inside the chambers, one may contemplate the rare Ghandara sculptures which are Greco-Hindu in design. A few remarkable statuettes and vases of granite and marble are still well preserved though dating back to the 5th Century A. D.

The contemporary third city, Siruka was founded by Kanishka. Very little of it has been excavated, though its rectangular plan is obvious. From its monastry whether at daylight or dawn, the vibrations of circling land make it a place of echoes. Far across the solitude on can call a name, the echoes will answer back without faltering.

The echoes and monuments remain. but Taxila's

glory faded when the White Huns invaded it and overthrew 500 years of kindly Kushan rule in the 5th century A. D.

The excavated ruins and shrines of Taxila tell a story of greatness and power. Perhaps, too, an admonition in the shape of things to come.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Nathiagali-.The Place of Pines

The Galis of Pakistan—up from queenly Murree, adding a bonus some 20 miles from Abbottabad. The Galis are pinelands on rare soil, exuding heady perfume beneath snow-covered mountains, crisp, sharp and invigorating where the air blows fresh, fragrant and cool, and the pines lend their fragrance in sunshine and rains.

Not many people find their way to Nathiagali which is the most known and favoured of all the Galis. The 58 mile drive from Rawalpindi is not easy over the primitive mountain road nor the shorter cut of 21 miles from Abbottabad, but people do traverse it who wish for that something different, something rugged in scenery, atmosphere and relaxation. Each hamlet on the way is a tiny green land lush with foliage bidding welcome to exhausted city dwellers. A rare land of deep sunsets and healthy living, snow bound in winter and heavenly cool in summer. The season from May 1st to Sept. 20 holds an enchantment of delightful days and nights.

The rewards of such visits cannot be measured in material things. The zest of pure mountain air, the absence of city attractions, and the lonely grandeur of tall sentinel trees offer a true get-away-from-it-all feeling



In Nathiagali.



Gun loving Pathans on the Frontier.

which adds up to a bliss inside one's heart.

Suddenly it is as if we were born again, grown up but new without ills, and all the pleasures of radiant vitality flowing through our veins. What? should we ask ourselves—could take the place of such feelings! What? should we say, when the glory of nature all around envelops us in a serenity that forms contentment superb, thus it is at the Galis; and apart from radio, there are no man-made delights other than the glow of evening fires started at sunset to ward off chills...but not lit until the last glitter of the afternoon sun has departed.

The magnificence of a Nathiagali sunset can hold a person in a trance. In August, the sun sets late. I can remember walking the high hills from the hotel up a path-way which seemed to lead to the sky.

"Look" said my escort "look at the sun— it is a ball of fire at this hour of the day." And I looked...and the Galis had captured me forever. The tall pine trees were ablaze in glory. Their shades of green were lit by an intense illumination and glitter. The valleys were painted in shadows and strong light. Orbit in colour on the rooftops of the world.

I was spellbound; Nature's fireworks on a summer evening. A display of all the colours of the rainbow merged with a softness which would put an artist in rapture and imbue a simple person devoid of aesthetic

feeling with a sudden desire to paint at 7.30 p m. the ball of fire rose behind a mountain and the glitter was such, my companion and I were transfixed and the silence sealed our joy.

I remember someone saying that the tropical sun fades away—perhaps in other places in the world it may, but not in Nathiagali, not in Pakistan. It bursts into a glitter and then becomes invisible, disappearing as if it had never been. Evening after evening I have watched it, and the magic enchants me still.

Cradled gently at a height of 8.200 feet, Nathiagali is considered the most beautiful of all hill stations in Pakistan. It commands breath-taking views of the snow-covered hills of Kashmir and Kohistan.

The hard green slopes of Mira Jani at 9,793 feet are a platform from whence one can see Abbottabad and Nanga Parbat after the morning mist has evaporated. One can also reach Moshipuri and Lalazar with its lovely big gardens. At Dunga Gali, a wonderful walk, there are tanks with 17 natural springs where the water is gathered and supplied to Murree.

The simplest pleasure in the world is walking in Nathiagali! The socialite of Pakistan find their way there, season after season. Nathiagali is important because it is the seat of the Government and the Governor of West Pakistan uses it as his summer headquarters. Formerly it was the official Presidential

summer residence. Nowadays the President just visits there occasionally from his summer camp in Murree.

The healthy climate, guaranteed cool, when Karachi and Lahore blister and burn with heat, attracts particular people who are content with the simplicity of life in the Galis.

Apart from private homes there are two hotels, the old-fashioned logwood Greens Hotel with rooms and country board starting at 15 rupees daily. The Pines Hotel which is very popular and is the oldest established in Nathiagali. Recently its ranch—like appearance was enhanced by complete renovation, including all expected modern and desired amenities. You may arrive tired, dusty and hungry, lets say you will, by car, jeep or bus (all methods of road transporation lead to its doors) and the welcome awaiting you at the Pines is like coming home.........hot tea before your hot bath. A roaring fire at night-time, because it becomes cool, then dinner, that is such a delight with fine food and fine companions, you will wonder why you never found the Pines earlier. All this comes for 28 rupees per day single. How they do it is hard to understand. There must be love of the countryside imbued with deep affection for such comforts at such moderate prices.

Yes it rains sometimes in Nathiagali, the soft rain pouring, but indoor games and books in the hotel

library can keep the visitor content. When the rain stops, there is warm golden sunshine flooding everything and the delight of being in Nathiagali starts anew.

Airmail, telephone and telegraph facilities are available, so if a busy tourist must contact the outside hemishhere, he is not cut off. Tennis and other sports are popular. The social activities, of course are the long walks, the meetings with strangers who have become friends over long slow drinks........ and sometimes stern commercial ministers in bush-shirts. Quaint Mosques, and an old and lovely Church too—all for the spiritual and material comforts for whosoever wants it in lovely, lovely Nathiagali

Nathiagali, where walking on a mountain path, a path flanked by tall green pines, and the road covered by tiny flower shoots in rainbow colours, becomes an adventure with each step one takes.



Picturesque Nathiagali



The charm of Murree.



Murree Hill Station.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Murree Happy Hill Station

In this world there is only one Murree—a beautiful Murree—lying at the foothills of the giant-Karakorum Peaks, one of the most important hill-stations of Pakistan. Its hills are low and easy to climb. To relax upon them whether drowsy or wide awake is a precious experience. The sky above is always a radiant blue, the occasional clouds appear to float like white silken fleece, while beneath you the grass on the hillside is a carpet of tiny flowers, the buttercup and daisy and even bluebells lending their scent to perfume the air and wash away the strain of daily cares.

Huge birch, oak, chestnut and the chennar trees, are in flower and the singing of the birds blend with the gentle sounds of rippling streams. There is an air of something new, something pure which stimulates the visitor and makes him feel born anew with effervescence and vitality. You may be exhausted from big city life or trvelling; a few days in enchanting Murree changes your entire outlook and happiness is instilled in the very heart of you. Surrounded by dense forests, over-looking the Vallery of Kashmir, Murree stands as the special place of individuality where poets and artists linger with inspiration...to create songs, music and paintings portraying the scenery, the culture and the simplicity that is the charm of Murree. Like a passport; it opens its doors to a

city that is all countryside...and all content The cycle of life in the pleasant hill station of Murree comes into full swing each year by April when the heat of Karachi and Lahore approaches intensity. From the hot streets of those cities, people flock to its comforts. The hotels fill up and summer homes are opened. Murree's high altitude bordering on 8,000 feet, sheds cool breezes from the pine covered heights of Kashmir Point to Sunnybank at 5,000 feet and the air is always crisp, sweet and fresh.

In the cold season—December, January and February when the snow falls, the air is invigorating and entices one outdoors.

The rest of the year Murree resembles a land of Eternal Spring where daisies, forget-me-nots and blue geraniums grow wild amongst the planted carnations and roses. Silver Firs, Oak, Chesnut and Cherry trees in bloom add enchantment and the songs of cuckoos and finches are heard as they build their nests in the branches. If you did not know you were actually in Murree, you would think you were in beautiful English Cornwall. The steep roads and cobblestone paths surrounding it resemble its fishing villages.

Everything and anything can happen in Murree. Romance is in the atmosphere, intrigue is in the air and cupid is a permanent all-year resident. The roads to this happy holiday resort embrace both the heavens and the earth. Bachelors and maidens feel the spell

of it. In Murree it is easy to fall in love.

The choice of transportation is as varied as Murree's own offerings, and the visitor can spend a little or a lot to suit his budget. The nearest Railway Station, Rawalpindi, is only 35 miles down on the main line running across West Pakistan from Karachi to Peshawar. Pindi is 837 miles from Karachi, 180 miles from Lahore and 109 miles from Peshawar. Mail and Express trains are fast and reliable. In season taxis and buses leave every half hour from Pindi to Murree and get there within two hours.

One of the liveliest rides in the world is on the 'Pindi-Murree Bus, loaded with natives and tourists who get friendly en-route. The swiftest way to reach Murree from Karachi is by PIA plane to 'Pindi which flies there between the hours of break-fast and lunch everyday. The last lap of the winding mountain road is a panorama of delight, reminiscent of the lovely highway to Acapulco in Mexico. Deep gorges abound flanked by trees which resemble sentinels dressed in green uniforms. Seven miles before Murree all conveyances stop. the riders alight and drink and enjoy the crystal ice-cold clear water which pours down from natural subterranean spring beneath the mountain. The scenic attractions, songs of the birds, the ever-present sunshine and purity of air makes the water taste like the nectar of the Gods.

The people of Murree number 50,000 and good

many of them meet on the Mall. The Mall in Murree is the customary meeting place for anyone you expect to see or don't expect to see. The ladies change ensembles several times a day and venture forth anew. To stroll along the 3-mile level road running on the top of the ridge down to Sunny-bank is like watching a good fashion show. From the General Post Office (which is the unofficial information centre) to the end of the Mall, a quarter of a mile stretch, the crowds thicken, the gift and souvenir shops are packed with tourists and the two most popular teashops, Sam's and Lintotts are full of local residents, visitors and honey-mooners enjoying snack, prattle and "What do you know?" conversation. A good number of married couples who who met there for the first time always return......and if you wish to find someone even the Post Office does not recall, the waiters in these teashops can assure you "How, where and when" they are. Though the delicacies offered are standard, the atmosphere crackles with social chit-chat. It's like New York's Plaza on a Sunday afternoon, but it's everday fare in Murree.

Cocktail hour in the big hotels is somewhat similar. At Cecils, and other first rate hotels, members of Pakistan's elite gather in formal dress, which includes the traditional flowing shalwars and kamiz, (a graceful slim dress over voluminous pantaloon) exotic silken saris and gharara outfits. Foreign visitors are decked out in European ensembles, while the gentlemen, whether Pakistani or visitors all wear the same: white dinner jackets and dark trousers.

American accents mingle predominantly with the English. At the other first class hostelries, Brightlands and Lockwoods, the pattern is repeated, but the boarding house set who stay at simple but comfortable places like Byrns, Mrs. Davis's, Keyes and the Metropole, often stick to blue jeans, for evening and daytime wear.

Muree goes in for educational development in a big way. Its Annual Cultural Festival held the second week of August is attended by famous poets, writers and artists. Young composers and new authors are invited to give readings of their works. Singers too have an opportunity of showing their talent in the musical part of the programme, "carnival spirit saturates it and the competitive influence often leads to promising new careers for the contestants.

Muree's bracing climate is responsible for the many schools in its vicnity. Muslim and Christian children from all over Pakistan attend the Convent of Jesus and Mary. The Lawrence College at Ghoragali is renowned for its academic tradition, and among the puplic institutions are the Survey Headquarters, the Army Training School, the Signal School and the Seed Production Centre of Sericulture. The Military Dairy Farm supplies pasteurised milk, and drinking water is always pure. Fine modern hospitals and branch of National and Grindlays Bank complete its civic necessities. Holiday Hostels are open to working youth. Thus all classes are catered to in Muree.

As Islamabad the capital is just 30 miles away. Muree has the majority of diplomats from Foreign Legations, residing there during the hot summer months. Each one serves its consulates at the hill-station; it is therefore easy to get visas to far-away places while you are still on holiday.

Hiking in Muree is popular and wide choice of walks range from Mountain View Road below the Mall to the mile long climb at Kashmir Point and the ruins of an old palace near Lawrence College which is now a new camp for Boy Scouts. Ambitious hikers find joy in walking to the Post Office road towards Changlagali with its tall Chennar trees leading to the picturesque valley of Nimbal. Changlagali's tiny Bazaar has fruit stalls and teashops and makes a delightful refreshment stop. From here one can reach the Goli Club Hotel on a stony road. Cottages on its slopes are like dwellings in Kashmir. Further down is the green forest, silent but for the murmur of running brooks and the song of birds.

Muree has been a hill-station of prominence from the time the British annexed Punjab in 1849. Their General Officer Commanding, made his home in Muree and his Units developed areas of the upper and lower Topas. British troops were stationed there throughout the hot weather. After partition its popularity increased and it now ranks as the largest and the finest summer hill-station in all Pakistan.

Muree has no smoke stacks, no intense industrial activity, and no plans for bigger and better town life. Racing Cars never enter its pathways. From 5 to 7 p.m. daily, promenades are closed to traffic except rickshaws and they are pulled in the same style as 100 years ago by four men, two in front and two behind, in the manner of a palanquin. The walks are especially closed to traffic so that people may stroll in gentle fashion, meet and take tea at their favourite cafe. The jogging motion of the rickshaw is like the pace of Murree. No one hurries, no one rushes. There is time to relax, time to laugh and time to play. Within view of the snow-capped mountains of the Himalayas, Murree remains as Queen of Holiday Resorts in West Pakistan. Its is of stimulating quality. Its relaxed way of life is a far cry from the nearby interim Rawalpindi. Murree's offerings also include winter sports with Ski-slopes and ice-scating rinks.

At Ayubia the residential paradise resort which nestles at 8,000 feet above sea-level over-looking the Himalayan Chain, just 14 miles from Murree, such plans are in operation. Ayubia is reached by a good all-weather road that affords the tourist glimpses of the scenic beauty to come. Two sites covering 2,750 square feet have been prepared for further expansion as a resort and electricity, water and telephones have already been installed.

At the new city of Ayubia, the Switzerland of the East, accomplished skiers and beginners are able to

enjoy its wonderful slopes. A brand new chair lift transports tourists to the gently inclined plateau 800 feet above. Here the apprentice skier receives instructions amidst truly breath-taking panoramic beauty. The expert and the aesthetic too will pause, enraptured by the view before beginning their respective descents to the base station; the expert via the full ski run traversing more than 3,000 feet and the other in the comfort of the chair-lift. The resort offers three other gentle slopes for beginners of approximately 1,200 feet in length.

In summer, Ayubia has much to offer the tourist. Well situated Rest Houses cater to the needs of the hiker, climber and the rambler alike, Ayubia could be called a rich dividend for tourists who visit Murree. Its future is rosy with promise. They will savour the fireside delights of this all-year-round holiday town, plus the newly discovered Alpine slopes of Pakistan, drenched in sunshine, towering almost two miles into the sky.



On theK aghan Valley trail.



Picturesque Kaghan

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Kaghan Valley Holiday

If you believe in legends. fantasies and the pleasures of what there is to enjoy in primitive surroundings of raw and rare scenery...Kaghan Valley bids you welcome: Thus, during my travels in Pakistan—in contrast to the marble halls I've often dwelt in with riches and serfs at my side; eventually I reached the Kaghan without serfs and no riches.

At one time only adventurous tourists visited the valley but now Pakistani families and students from all walks of life find it a country to sojourn with diversions to suit all tastes. Fishing, hunting, mountain climbing and hiking trails are plentiful. The vast sweep of valley rises high and there are forests on mountain tops where horses gambol like fawns and children gather nuts by the wayside.

The modern scene with its ornate splendours and deluxe comforts are non-existant. Telephones are rare and cinemas unheard of, but donkeys, bullocks, camels and fish were plentiful and people reminiscent of other eras cross paths on caravan trails once trod by Alexander the Great.

The chafing of 20th Century days will evaporate when you arrive; you will probably become bewitched

and fascinated as I was—at its ruggedness and the way of the life of its inhabitants. Spiritual idleness completely disappears. The mind instantly absorbs the surroundings while your eyes are feasting on the terrain. I saw trout leap and spring to the fisherman's rod from gushing brooks, those sylvan tributaries of Kaghan's long winding Kunhar River. Content and tranquility seeped through me. The anticipation was exceeded by the depth and breadth of the natural beauties. The air was cool and invigorating. All of the valley seemed to speak and the rustling of the leaves was like a gentle voice in a quiet place. Kaghan Valley, harsh yet spectacular, once remote and only accessible by animal caravans is now easy to reach by jeep from its base at Balakot, the gateway leading directly to Naran. Balakot is in the district of Hazara and is reached via Abbottabad and through the pretty little village of Mansehra.

From Karachi it's a 3-hour PIA plane flight or a pleasant overnight train ride to the focus point at Rawalpindi. The tourist then has a choice of conveyance for the delightful 73 miles drive over a fine paved highway to the prosperous small city of Abbottabad, which is pretty and a worthwhile stop because of its historic places. Kakul, the West Point of Pakistan is situated 5 miles from all walks of life has equal opportunities for higher education leading to a military career. The climate in this area is mild throughout the year. The Palace Hotel is a firstclass and charges only 20 rupees per day. European plan Though there are several others in Abbottabad run on family style at even more

modest rates. Fine station-wagons of the Pindi-Hazara Transport Company Ltd., make the journey with only 5 passengers at 5 rupees each all seats reserved. The happily crowded bus rates are only two and half rupees or you hire a private car for 30 rupees which also stops en-route a picturesque and historic Taxila, 15 miles away on the first lap of the journey.

All arrangements for the route, jeeps and stopovers at the Kaghan, can be made beforehand at the Tourist Bureau in Abbottabad where passes are issued for accommodation at the Rest Houses and Dak Bunglows. There are no hotels in the Kaghan Vally but these Government sponsored dwellings are clean with cosy fire-places all set ready to burn pungent pine logs when evening chills descend. The rates range from 3 rupees to 5 rupees per night, and the majority of the bungalows do have flush toilets.

More detailed information is given at Balakot where the stranger almost becomes part of Hazara's family, for the station master Abdul Rehman takes a positive fatherly interest in every one's welfare. His fleet of jeeps belonging to the Provincial Transport Service are the sturdy "Willys" four-wheel drive, specially constructed for loop turns, are manned by trained drivers with "know-how" who must be experts on rough mountain road. He suggests stops which may be over-looked by the average tourist run, and through his eyes, a Kaghan Valley holiday becomes an adventure painted in its true colour. He often joins his drivers

on the road and he is the kind of guy who'll step and get milk from a buffalo on the highway if an infant passenger in its mother's arms loses its bottle. At his headquarters he imparts knowledge worthy of a Public Relations Officer. Many a visitor comes backs time and again to follow the personal itineray of Abdul's experience.

First stop for the glories of the Kaghan is Kawai, 15 miles from Balakot. Kawai leads to the beautiful eastern slopes of Shogran, the forests in the sky within half-an-hour. Towering pines seem to touch the clouds. White mist settles on the fresh green branches. The plateaus are full of delicate strange wild flowers as if the yellow buttercup was coloured pink and blue. Young horses prance and roll on the grass as if exclaiming to the heavens their joy in life. Students and youth hostellers climb Shogran's tree-covered mountain with the rest with zest and joy. Shogran's altitude is 7,800 feet.

A good rest house resembling a chalet set on a plateau invites the visitors who wishes to spend a few days in the rare quiet atmosphere where the sound of waterfalls and the song of birds breaks the silence with musical notes. Perfume from the cypress and fire trees penetrates the air. Wood smoke from cooking fires curls like silver grey strings and the view on all sides is enchanting. From the east, one can see Mount Makra (14,000 feet). From the west, all of Balakot Valley

appears while a clear view is obtained of Kund Peak and the Dadar Tuberculosis Sanitorium......where lung troubles of humans vanish in the pure air. Mount Musa-ka-Mussalla at the height of 14,000 feet can be seen from the north. From the south, Malika Parbat, 17,000 feet rises up like a sentinel. From Malika Parbat summit, climbers can absorb the glories of Nanga Parbat and Azad Kashmir. A new jeep road is being constructed by the Forest Department to Makra which will enable tourists to reach the mountain in the east with ease. Another road is being built from Paras to Sharan.

The 1,000 inhabitants of Shogran are farmers tanned golden by the sun. They are tall and lithe and look very much like slender athletes as a result of living in the clear bracing climate. I am sure the visitors will be overwhelmed at the warmth of response given by these people upon whom he has no claim. And at the friendliness of the children who offer strangers dried fruits and corn beans as gifts: Just because YOU have gone there.

At Kawai, back on the Kaghan Valley route, it's a four-mile run to Paras. Everyone must stop in order to pass through the barrier gate. The gate opens at 9-15 in the morning and again between 5 and 6 in the evening. This enables all traffic to pass through, one by one so that the road may not get clogged. Like covered-wagon days the camel caravans, the bullock caravans, the horseman and pedestrians follow another

in line, some to continue on and others who will pause before darkness falls at the cool river's edge where there is water for the tribesmen and animals. Fires for cooking will be lit, while the menfolk set up tents for the night.

Many visitors who have arrived before and after the scheduled barrier hours are graciously permitted to pass through because they are strangers to the Valley. This inherent courtesy in an established routine.

Paras has a quaint market place and a lovely new tea shop, built square by the edge of the highway. A haven of refuge from the dust, one could call it a tea-house for it bears no relationship to the average tea room. Long tables for community style tea-drinking are its chief feature. Throughout the day travellers and the local citizenry gather and take tea with or without the roasted corn which grows in the region. Three annas for a good cup of pungent tea and 4 annas for corn. The springly mixed English and Urdu chatters comes for free. Tea-house in the Kaghan means conversation between old customers and new. Always the question arises "Do you like it here." Your affirmative answer is received with a glow. The proprietor, offers helpful hints on when it's good time to go hunting bears which are known to be in the vicinity. How to find guides and which part of the mountain-tops do ibez lurk. The furniture in the tea-house is finely made by Paras branch of the Cottage industries They weave cloth from sheep and ibex wool, make shoes from the

leather hides of their cows and altogether are independent villagers.

Nine miles further on lies Mahandri where there is a clean rest house with chowkidar service. Tall trees line the way and though the road is dusty—kicked up by the caravan animals, there is also shade and breeze. Mahandri people make fine leather shoes encrusted with silver and golden ornaments which sell for only 8 rupees a pair. In Karachi they are sold at 25 rupees a pair. Artisans hammer jewellery and fashion buttons out of glittering metals. Silver hoop earrings with bells—sell for 3 rupees straight from the craftsman's hand and the silver-smiths are a happy lot to meet. The apples of Mahandri are as big as melons and the potatoes taste creamy as if milk grew inside of them. The surroundings of the village are primitive and the houses are built of rocks fállen from the mountain-sides. No one hurries. In the most leisurely fashion, the people work, stop to admire tourists and consider their visit a high event.

Shinu some 30 miles from Naran is noted for its fine trout and huge full-grown fish swimming side by side in their special ponds, carefully nurtured in order to keep the rivers of the Kaghan glutted each season. Licences are issued at small cost to all ffishermen.

The little town of Kaghan, 9 miles further on its another high-light. Down below its rocky hills, the Kunhar River rushes by. Here one can stop, fish and enjoy all the pleasures of a hunter's life. Chikor and

Himalayan pheasants are easy to get and the black bear and the red bear are not difficult to come by. Before the tourist stops at the Kaghan rest house, (there is a good one similar to Mahandri) he can arrive loaded with his own freshly caught fish and fowl. A modern Hospital at Kaghan can be used if required by tourists. Kaghan, whose name is given to the Valley is a pleasant place with quaint, attractive houses, a Post & Telegraph office and simple comforts. Its panoramic beauty enfolds the visitor. As the road winds upto Naran, the 14½ miles distance is as colourful as an Alpine wonderland. You will think you are in Switzerland. The hills rise and fall, the mountains are a background, a chain majestic circling the area. The villagers blend with and are as much part of the atmosphere as the trees and flowers. A great many of them are normal tribes who settled at Naran from Afghani stock, married native daughters, have huge families...all of whom join in their spring and winter treks—seeking the sun and fodder for their animals.

These sturdy people traverse the length and breadth of the valley, setting up home wherever their fancy roams, changing from the cooler plateaus to the warmer ones as the cold sets in. Picturesque as the background, old gnarled lively grandmothers wield sticks to plod the animals along. The children sit astride bullocks holding plump chicken which will later become the family-supper. Without exception all the younger women carry healthy babies and those yet to be born. The menfolk are astute traders who follow the hours of

the sun, rest as twilight falls and takes as much as a month to come and go across the steep road leading to their destination—Gilgit in the Himalayas.

The pure Afghani Tribes known as Powindas, descendants of warriors who fought in Kabul and on the Khyber Pass—are also inhabitants on the trails. Their caravans are huge affairs distinguished from the Raghanites by their appearance and clothing. The women wear heavy jewels over brightly coloured garments. The men wear robes and even their smallest child whether boy or girl has some ornament. They are extremely inquisitive and consider anyone who pauses to admire them a potential customer. For a price of a small gift (could be a pocket comb, sweet or hankerchief) they will allow you to take pictures...which is a good bargain anyway you look at it for the Powindas are the most picturesque travellers in the Kaghan Valley. Camping grounds at night are carefully chosen and something of royal seraglias remains in the decorative way they put up tents.

All of them have considerable wealth in cash, cattle and camels apart from merchandise which they sell on every journey. Powinda-women are renowned for their beauty and huge sums of money are demanded for the hand of a marriagable daughter. At every part of tne Kaghan Valley you will be passing the Powindas. The children here, perhaps are more fortunate than children of the cities. On the trails they ride like small conquerors between the camel's hump and rump, seeing

the world around them in kindly fashion. What children of our present age have such travels in a world so remote and rich in historical background? yet day after day the camel caravans ply their way in peace across the brown sandy pathways, often dangerously narrow. From Balakot and Naran to Gilgit, and back again, repeating the cycle month after month until snow and frost sets in. Then they return to their homes in Kabul and in Khyber Pass villages until Spring comes again. They cover an average of 10 to 15 miles a day.

Last stop on the Provincial Transport run is Naran nestling deep in the valley. Accommodations for about 20 tourists is available at the P.W.D. rest house.

Naran is the halfway House of the Kaghan. All the jeep drivers, traders and caravans stop for the night to refuel, load and unload goods. Huge petrol-drums roll down hills. Fisherman come in flushed with the catch and less fortunate tourists who could not get a bite are invited to stay for fish-supper. What could taste better than the golden trout roasted over pine wood in the cool of a mountain night? Naran has a colourful market place where visitors congregate along with the camels. Away from the market, Naran is a quiet place, overwhelmed by towering peaks which hide the long roads ahead. Several youth-hostels are in this area and students coming to the Kaghan are made very comfortable. Early morning finds everyone preparing for that hunting and fishing trip, that jaunt to Lalazar, Butter-kundi and the beautiful Saiful-Maluk Lake......each

with its different approach. Saiful-Maluk can only be reached through a trying, extremely narrow gorge by horse, mule or on foot. Traversing it is like walking back through the pages of history and time...touches of the desert at Samarkand, the Sahara, lush green vales and Scottish Glens filled with heather, exotic flower growing out of nooks, stones and crannies with no sign of the lake anywhere. Suddenly like a mirage it appears—the shining lake, the silver lake...like a sheet of glass in myriad colours constantly changing, a mirror reflecting all the shades in the sky. Glimpses of darting fish and blue Jays flying above the surrounding snowcapped mountains casts a spell. You will become transfixed with reverence at the canvas in the heavens—and all earthly things vanish as breezes, sparkle and sun's rays mingle—playing on the surface of Saiful-Maluk.

Saiful-Maluk Lake belongs to the ages. Fables and mystery surrounds it. In the hearts of the people born in its shadows—there lingers a tale of Oriental enigma, told over and over round hearthsides...of a Prince Charming who disobeyed his Royal parents and wandered in forbidden paths in search of ethereal beings. He stumbled upon the lake which lay like a gleaming jewel cut in the side of a mountain. He beheld fairies dressed in gossamer rainment, frolicking like dancing butterflies above the lake, then they dived and swam in its water. From every crevice in the rock the fairies poured out—as if inside that hard substance there were countless tiny dwellings. The Prince's quest

had not been in vain. He returned to relate the story of the Fairies of Saiful-Maluk. The fable was put to poetry and song early in the 19th century by the mystic saint, Mian Mohammad who made it immortal. Among the village elders, Mian's songs are still sung. Young swains, the shephered boys and the farmers tilling his land hum it over their work. Visitors are enchanted by it and around camp fires at night, once again the story is told and the village folk make entertainment and dance and sing the songs of Mian Mohammad. With awe and reverence, tourists—remembering the Prince's adventures, half hope on their way back that the fairies will appear. With regret they tear themselves away reluctantly—wishing they could stay there for ever.

More wonderful days may be spent at Lalazar just 12 miles from Naran. The sun shines warmly but the winds blow cool in its environs. Lalazar is a forest of hemlocks, spruce and pine trees. Fantastic shadows slant across the sky as the forest climbs and clouds of white foam float above purple and mauve woodland flowers. Pine cones dropped in clusters wash the air with fragrance and waterfalls from secret niches drop into silver streams below. The low built rest-house sits on a platform with open verandahs like the retreat in "Lost Horizon".

Returning to the valley you can stop by the village of Jared where Government Spinning Mills have just been completed on the banks of the Kunhar. This

is a Ford Foundation Project which has meant employment for all the villagers, while changing the tiny town of Jared into a proud place with a future. Among its agricultural sources of food and fruit produce—the feathery tall red sorrel plant grows wild on all its hillside. Wide-red and carmine, its flowers are full of rich dye for use in the new textile mills. Mother Nature holding out her hands to enrich the new project.

The summit of Kaghan is 13,000 feet, reached at last at the Lalazar Pass on the borders of Gilgit. The Kunhar River flows through its narrow confines but the charm of Lalazar Pass is glorified by the sight of Nanga Parbat, gleaming white with her gown of snow, a crystal magic robe on the queen of mountains flaunting her beauty like a lady in love. Her radiance covers the few Sheep-herder's cottages and tents pitched by the visitors who can feel they are sleeping in a grotto. They can peer at the black of the sky and the twinkling stars, so near, seem to be wishing them a personal goodnight and good rest.

I stood by the shores of Lala-zar Lake in Beisal. The air even in the bright sunshine felt frosty and sharp. The lake, wreathed in flowers shimmered in many shades of blue and gold, as if the sunset had come down to earth before its time casting burnished streaks while the colours mirged.

Kaghan! which I left with reluctance and remember as a bewitching place......a pagan valley

whose people though far removed from modern civilization hold out hands of friendship, tell of their folklore and become your neighbours—when you pitch a tent beside them. So much to treasure in Kaghan, so much to be inspired by, so much content to glean in the environment. In a way, the rewards of your visit to that wild terrain, so Alpine! so mountainous! so rich! will be like pockets of radiance surrounding your heart. The Prince and his quest will come alive again. Your last day in the Valley will be as bright as the first, though richer—for the many panoramas of beauty you have witnessed and become invigorated by.

The Kaghan is a way of life. Its appeal will linger with you,......you the happy traveller who will one day want to return.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Peshawar--Crossroads of the Sub-continent

COMBINING KOHAT PASS AND WARSAK

What makes Peshawar tick? So many things: it is famous as the oldest key city of the North West Frontier, written about through the centuries...home of the unconquerred Pathans...route of old caravan trails and still a trading centre of repute after countless centuries. Love, laughter and violence have held hands together in its environs and martial music has been heard from its every roof-top.

Peshawar is a destination you will enjoy and the starting point for the tourist who yearns for something different—for the magic and mystery of the Orient surrounds it. Peshawar has grace and is blessed with the good things of life, besides being the gateway to the romantic Khyber Pass and beautiful Swat State.

Two thousand years ago it was one of the most important cities used as a trade route from Central Asia. Buddhist merchants led caravans laden with silks, rare cloth, precious stones and spices to Turkestan and India. Upon returning, they brought fine linens, glassware and the silver and gold of the western Hemisphere while passing from the Mediterranean through to China.

The land prospered and princes and ministers were said to have acknowledged that whosoever visited the region had seen all the glory and comforts of the Eastern world; Kushan Kings, Hindus, Sikhs and Mughals made it their exclusive home and later the British ; in turn each one fought over it.

Today, with a population nearing 155,000, comprised of proud Pathans, some Canadians and a great number of very young Americans, Peshawar still retains its Asian appearance as one of the oldest cities of Pakistan. The altitude is 1,136 feet above sea level and the winds blow fresh and cool over its two distinct sections. The Cantonment, covering an area of 5 miles square, has pleasant tree-shaded roads lined with pretty houses, each having its own garden. The city-area has a fine Mall with gay shops on streets with even gayer names. It is fun to walk down the Street of Partridge Lovers or the famous Street of the Story-tellers and the Grand Trunk Road which forms the highway in Peshawar.

Peshawar has the distinction of being the chief military station on the Afghan Frontier and is the terminus of the Pakistan Western railway line traversing the length of Western Zone. Trains from Karachi reach there by direct route. P.I.A. Pakistan's own International Airline has several flights daily from Karachi in just 2 hours and 45 minutes. Many people also drive to Peshawar from Karachi and stop over-night enroute. From October until April, the climate

is crisp and fresh but in January and February the countryside is surrounded by snow-capped hills and the sharp tang of winter in the air is delightful.

Dean's, the principal hotel where I registered upon arrival is a pleasant place. Built like a series of bungalows, is sprawls in flowering grounds. A spicy foreign flavour invades it, with guests coming and going, to and from Russia, Turkey and Europe. Technicians and diplomats mingle with businessmen from the States. Writers and adventurers gather over drinks all eyeing one another with inquisitive interest. The staff are very obliging and an unexpected guest is somehow accommodated even when the hotel is full, the tariff all inclusive is Rs. 40 daily.

The Tourist Department has a small office at Dean's where visitors can arrange trips, get tribal passes and information as a courtesy of Government of Pakistan, Department of Tourism. P.I.A's headquarters are also in Dean's. Tongas and taxis line the outside paths. Some smaller hotels, Greens, Lalazar and Services' offer simple room and board at very medium rates. The Circuit House and Dak Bungalow located in the Cantonment area can be made available to tourists with permission of the Secretary of Public Works Department.

At the Peshawar Club, life is leisurely and gracious. A huge beautifui swimming pool is available for guests and visitors. Out-of-towners often stay there.

Its accommodation is old-fashioned, combined with modern amenities. The rates start at 15 rupees a day, with fine home-cooked meals included. The Club has a library where one may read and browse. There are big lawns to relax, for tea, dining and dancing. A good section of the community belong to the Club. The fine 9-hole golf course belongs to it too. The tennis and squash courts at the Club are used all the year round. Several, modern cinemas in the area have matinee and evening shows. The new Frontier Tourist Club is now open to all visitors. Modern rooms, fine food and good service at medium prices.

The Peshawar Museum is a wonderful place full of Gandhara art and historic pieces ranging from Statutory to rare gold and silver coins, armoury, ancient Arabic and Persian manuscripts and priceless jewellery. The antique pottery shows the work of craftsmen from past centuries. Minute details and exquisite workmanship portray talent rich in expression and Muslim culture. Situated in the heart of Peshawar, the historic Gorkhatri stands as a reminder of the Buddhist era. It became the home of Italian General Avitable during the Sikh period. The picturesque all white Mosque of Mohabat Khan in the Andhersher Bazaar is an inviting place with lofty minarets beckoning the visitor to pause awhile and rest. It was constructed by the Mughal Governor of Peshawar in the days of Shah Jehan. Another fascinating place is the high steps to its bastions from where is beheld the lovely panorama of Peshawar. Stirred with emotion I

looked down and saw strange tribesmen of the Afridi and Shinwari clan, magnificent in physique, pass by with laden camel-caravans, bullocks and donkeys all bound for the market place. I thought of ancient days when other carvans trod the paths, and how battles were fought for land, women and power from these very battlements. I thought of all the struggles through the ages ending at last with Muslim courage coming out on top in the frontier and something from the Holy Quran came into my mind......

"Peace unto you for that ye
Persevered in patience: Now
How excellent is the final home:

It fitted in with the atmosphere and the tranquility. It fitted in with the concept of Pakistan which let no obstacles stand in its way for its faith and independence. Later with some friends I visited the Jamrud Fort, 19 miles out, the headquarters of the famous Khyber Rifles on the Khyber Pass. The young Captain in charge showed us around. So few people venture there, he was pleased at our surprise entrance; we watched the soldiers drill and then attended a lecture illustrated by films which proved to be a diversion for trainees in their role as guardsmen of the now peaceful borders. The Khyber Pass of course is a 'Must' on every tourist's itinerary.

For those people who must see the educational

facilities, they may enjoy a wonderful day roaming through the great, grandiose Peshawar University with its numerous departments, covering every form of learning. What is so remarkable about this place is the very big mixture of nationalities, tribal students and professors. Imagine it, the stalwart Pathan youths whose fathers knowledge and prowess lay in guns and more guns, rank among the most absorbent pupils in the literary departments. At holiday time, proud chieftain fathers hold Darbars to show off their learned son's knowledge. The several thousand students form a university town by itself with its traditional Halls of Ivy, in which they study all subjects to fit them in the world of today. Their ever-young Vice Chancellor, Dr. Mohammad Ali puts his heart, soul and energy in the university to make it among the finest and most unique in this hemisphere. How he has succeeded you will see.

About 15 miles out of Peshawar, Canada's largest Colombo Plan project, Warsak, now completed is another enthralling place to see on the Kabul River near the outskirts of Afghan. The Warsak Dam serves to generate 160,000 kilowatts of power and irrigate 100,000 acres of arid land. Canadians and Pakistanis have learned much from each other. Young Canadian mothers became attached to faithful ayahs whose loving care guarded their children. Ordinary Pakistani cooks who would not lower themselves to wash a dish— cheerfully performed such duties, besides cleaning the home, plus cooking under the kindly interest of a

foreign mistress.

Language differences among the children were rapidly overcome. The Canadian children had a school all their own, staffed by Canadian teachers to make them feel at home. Skipping rope and playing ball together were games that needed few words. Gestures and understanding smiles came easily while fond mamas looked on and exchanged knitting tips and patterns. The bond of family life made the private world of Warsak a happy place for the 150 Canadian families who were stationed there. All the busy fathers, whether engineers, drillers, welders or carpenters found that working together was even a stronger bond and admiration poured forth from Canadian executives for for the quick aptitude of the Pakistanis.

Canadian engineers are still remembered with awe by tribal dam workers because they rolled up their sleeves and laboured with their hands on the back-breaking jobs which could have been passed on to juniors in the profession. Deep in the recesses of the tunnel they were seen, sweating, panting and leading groups of un-killed employees while adjusting a pipeline into its correct place. Day after day the Canadians poured out of the power house, grimy and black with grease, their steel helmets askew flushed with deep content after 8 hours work well done. Small wonder that tribal dam worker shovelling and digging were amazed that educated foreigners laboured with them in the rough earth.

In the past, men from other countries came with swords and sought to rule them, seldom did the strangers come to teach, show or assist them in a friendly way. Centuries ago, invaders came and went. Each conqueror in turn fought to subdue them—the Pathans who were born to be free—the Pathans who carry guns from childhood for protection against a world at large they did not trust. Even the British were repulsed when they wished to build a railway by the side of the Kabul River, by the side of their lands which would aid their transporation, the tribesmen would have none of it. They still have mules, their horses, their camels and two good feet. Their destiny remained unchanged until the Canadians came with absolute peace in their hearts, offering to irrigate there lands, offering to aid them with electric power and a chance to live better with less struggle and more faith. However the Pakistani Government convinced them, and among the rare educated Pathans who had been abroad, one was chosen to explain and speak of the good to come their way.

Shah Nawaz Khan Sahib, big and strong, shrewd like his fellow-Pathans took trying time and patience to gain their confidence. Day after day he invited them to visit the dam site at Warsak. He paid them wages just for listening. He told them when the dam was finished that the waters of the Kabul River would flow on their barren land, their crops would grow and flourish. Schools would be available, free for their children. Electric light would aid them. The dignity of work was

not a sign of weakness. They would be paid for it in substantial rupee amounts ...... and could purchase things they needed. New clothes for their wives, bangles and jewellery for the womenfolk, bicycles for themselves. Good food and better shelter and change in their pockets.

After many days of listening and free rupees, Shah Nawaz asked which among them would care to work. 7,000 men were needed. Only a few responded, the rest went back to their neighbouring village to ponder. Weeks passed and the working tribesmen came home with money jingling, here and there, music poured forth from an isolated hut where a radio had been installed from the Pathan's earnings. Quickly, thousands of others followed suit and many Pathan families were soon living in Warsak ground. Pathan children were shyly entering school for the first time in their lives. Bicycles belonging to Pathans stop outside work yards. A Pathan is human, very human and he likes the convenience of his own hard earned conveyance. Still they came to work with their guns. Still occasional feuds resulted in tragedy, but at long last seeing the Canadians empty handed, they too were presuaded to leave the guns home among the 7,000 Pathan workers, not a gun is to be seen. Warsak is a true study in Democracy which bound together these people and the Canadians for five hard-working years. Though the 5 years have been forgotten, the friendliness and Canada's contribution to humanity in a far-away country will

remain as an everlasting memory in the heart of Pakistan.

About 25 miles south of Peshawar, the famous Kohat Pass runs through a strip of Tribal Territory where the wandering Afridis live and work. Their hand-made revolvers and rifles are finer in appearance than precision instruments and valued highly by tourists from all parts of the world. Kohat resembles a tight little Island, containing strictly off-the-beaten track merchandise at ultra low prices. Imagine, I found a shop selling silks from China and laces from Madrid. I draped myself in a creamy lace wrap and bought it on the spot with an admiring audience of hoary tribesmen who stared in fascination while the transaction took place. Afterwards, I sat down in the company of the local chief and ate blood-red fresh beef from a cow just slaughtered and cooked on an outdoor grill. With raw onions it tasted good. People eat heartily in the Kohat Pass—naturally when the food is exceptionally fresh.

After these educational and serious sight-seeing activities, relaxing days can be spent by visitors viewing Peshawar's fabulous old-world bazaars and industries. Here the golden shoes, for pennies, are made before your eyes, here the arts and crafts of native-born skilled workers glow with colour. Jewellery is hand-hammered in front of your eyes. Leather is tooled and fashioned into box shapes. The attractive Pathan caps and turbans woven with gleaming threads and lace embroi-

dery are as delicate as the spider's web, crockery and woodwork is painted with rich deep stones. Clever tailors sew on Persian Lamb and sheep-skins, and the brightness which shines from the brass and copper products of Peshawar is the pride of the North-West Frontier. The huge round trays, beautiful coffee tables, coffee sets, candle-brass and odd-shapped dishes in glittering metal make the most hardened tourist who has bought everything, still want more. The secret of this fine workmanship is traditional and inherited, handed down from father to son through the ages. These accomplishments are as much part of their lives as the faith they believe in.

In an Arabian Nights atmosphere, the Qissakhawani Bazar is a compelling place. Renowned from days of old as the stoty teller's bazaar, the flavour lingers still with the fortune tellers, hawkers and dancing boys. Stalls piled high with delectable fruits and produce from Peshawar's fertile valley are mouthwatering sights. Tropical viands, vie with sweets in fantastic array and fresh fruit juices are sold at 4 annas a glass. Tempting appetizing aromas from outdoor cafes lead the visitors to yearn for Seekh Kabab. Chapli Kabab roasted and savoury over pungent charcoal; Pulao, another favourite, made of boiled rice and mutton is as popular as Kalla-Patcha a succulent soup prepared with heads and feet of goats and sheep. Eaten with hot over-baked bread, it's a feast. Try some, you can go home and say you have partaken of the strange exotic foods of Asia.

Shopping can be amusing. I was deep in consulation with a sandal-maker when a farmer stopped by. "Memsab" he said "Wouldn't you like to by a nice fat chicken? and before I had time to reply he whipped out a struggling hen from a bag and proudly shook it in my face. I reluctantly refused his offer with thanks. "What would Dean's say if I came back to dinner with my own chicken?" The simplicity of these people is part of their charm. They will approach you any place for a good sale. They want you to enjoy your stay and show you everything, including Pathan chickens.

Another place to enjoy in the Peshawar environs is Nowshera, a few miles away over pleasant wide roads. It stretches along the banks of the Kabul River where there is a pathway known as "Lovers Walk." Nowshera is a small country town of the home of the renowned Ferozesons Pharmaceutical Laboratories, the same Ferozesons of book publishing fame. They employ over 500 people, all happy workers producing the vital medical needs of everyday life. Nowshera Cantonment stands on the right bank of the Kabul river; this important military Station is the headquarters of the sub-division. The Grand Trunk Road runs through it and the river is crossed by a boat-bridge as well as a rail-cum-road bridge. There is a gay Dak bungalow here set in a flower-filled garden. The fine Officers Club on its embankment holds open house to visitors.

Risalpur, some 4 miles from Nowshera is a popular place for many reasons. Its climate is considered

extremely healthy. It is an important Air Force Station with a training school, and it is situated on the picturesque left bank of the Kabul River. Cherat is another beautiful scenic spot much cooler than Peshawar and with higher elevation.

Peshawar district has the distinction of being the birth-place of Khushal Khan Khattak, the classical Pushto poet and patriot whose father was the head of the Khattak. He was born 8 miles from Nowshera in Akora Khattak. Because the elder Khattak was ambushed, Khushal became head of the tribe in his early years and won many victories for the Mughal army. He fell out of favour during Aurangzeb's reign and imprisoned by the Mughal Court at Peshawar and later at Delhi and Jaipur. At 57 he was set free. He composed his poetry in prison, and though it was partly written with revengeful themes, much of it is famous for its praise of the Prophet of Islam. He also wrote mystic and lyvical poetry characterised by chivalry and honour to one's self. He died among the Afridis with whom he took refuge and his last wish was that he should never be buried at a place which may be disturbed by Mughal raiders. His simplicity was like the simple sincerety of the people of Peshawar.

Something splendid has been added to the byways of Peshawar. A huge ceremonial platform has just been completed at Jamrud to greet guests. The setting is at the entrance to the Khyber on the Peshawar Road. Here the sacrificial lamb and gift offerings to illustrious

visitors will take place with more dignity than in a theatrical back-ground and dramatic flair, against the old mud fort of the Sikh period...beneath Peshawar's sky of everlasting blue on Peshawar's own highway to history. This impressive arch and gateway is another notch blending in with the traditional atmosphere of the historic Khyber. The columns are built like Tribal watch posts from the lovely white marble hewn out of the nearby Mullagori Hills. The then breezy Commissioner of Peshawar, The Honourable Mr. A.G. Madani has personally supervised the entire construction. He has poured his heart into making it a fitting welcome place.

Down below the highway the parks of Peshawar, laid in the Mughal period such as the Shah Bagh and the Wazir Bagh are compliments to the gateway of Asia. Lush tropical trees and flowers grow in wild profusion and the cool benches cut of stone are desirable seats for contemplation. No possessive grip enfolds the visitors. Peshawar life follows a pattern ...... a combination of glimpses of the past mingling, adding precious moments of joy to every hour of its present.



Pakistan's famous Khattak - Dancers.



The mighty Khyber Pass.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

The Khyber Pass & Its Inhabitants

Khyber Pass : The magic of its name is powerful, bringing memories of valiant days, great heroes and the long, long ago. Khyber Pass : The mighty Khyber...... sung about, written about, the place everyone wants to visit when they come to the land of its creation. Few know its wild beauty and strange heritage. Fewer still know about its inhabitants, the Pathan race, unconquered people still dwelling in its secret hamlets and caves, still following traditions known to their forefathers, still dying for honour rather than live with a sullied name...

What are the Pathans made of? What is their background? What part have they played in the present, apart from their great past. How have they conformed to 20th century civilization? From the days of Warsak when the new dam was built they played a brilliant part. No martial music heard, no wild acclaim, yet this true story actually happened just a few years ago.

Cave-in...rumbling sounds, tumbling rock, and dirt coming down from the ceiling, slow at first then a noise, rising from a soft crescendo, turning suddenly into a thunderous uproar as the rattling lumps fall about the shoulders of engineer Shah Nawaz Khan and his

slender assistant Ghulam. Moments before they were standing in the open end of the tunnel at Warsak Dam outside of Peshawar where golden sunshine poured in—penetrating the clammy dampness. Now without warning they were engulfed and daylight and sun disappeared as if a black curtain had been thrown across it. More sand and choking fumes then a silence. The stones had stopped falling. Shah Nawaz Khan wiped hot sweat from his face and spoke the dread words "CAVE-IN", as he pulled the transfixed Ghulam away from the debris. "Come", he said, keep calm there is still a streak of light showing this means we are not entirely blocked in.

Threading their way over the mounds of rock and sand they discovered the source of the light. A smaller hole was revealed in the blocked exit barely large enough for a man to crawl through.

"Go out Ghulam, then come back—we shall see how safe it is, there are 100 men working in the other end of the tunnel, we must get them out quickly through this hole". Ghulam crawled out and in again. "Sahib—Sahib—Very loose and shaky, but we can make it." Shah Nawaz then telephoned his foreman and said, "bring the men to this end of the tunnel immediately. I want to see them everyone."

The men came without any panic and before rescuers had arrived, Shah Nawaz saw every worker safely out and no one took the rest of the day off.

Instead they spent the following 18 hours clearing away the cave-in and the next shift of 100-men appeared for work as if nothing happened.

These people were but part of the 7000 Pathan-labour force who built the Warsak Dam. Pathan blood is strong and fearless. Thats the stuff that Pathans are made of, whether they are from the Afridis, Affandis, Mullagory or Mohamand and the Malik Tribes. Though thousands of them dwell throughout the length and breadth of Pakistan, they are concentrated mainly on the North West Frontier which is the area of the Khyber Pass, Peshawar, Kohat Pass and Swat, all with the same customs and traditions, all speaking their own language "Pushto," and all carrying guns.

The Pathan has countless customs, for birth, marriage, death, love, war and hate. Not all are in exact harmony with the world of today, never-the-less, their stern upbringing has produced brave fighters. As a child his mother teaches him to follow a strict code of behaviour and offers him a gun instead of toys. He is forbidden luxuries that others would consider normal comforts and wears somber clothes lest he become vain. Charms are stitched on his clothes to ward off evil spirits and he often wears a special one on his forehead to increase his wisdom. He is taught by his father that to die for honour is better than to live with a sullied name, thus he grows up—unafraid of death.

He is known to be among the direct descendants of Alexander the Great who marched on their mountains and the hilly Khyber Pass. Racially he is Greek in appearance and character. Many of his villages have Greek names and follow Greek traditions. Most of his feuds are over women, yet at heart he is a singer and a poet, gentle and kind, but he does not wish you to know it. The Pathan is a mixture of other races who came to India, from Persia, Mongolia and the Ottoman Empire. He is a powerful warrior and loves to fight. His Islamic faith has a great influence on his life. His look is striking, a tall talwart person, who is hot-blooded, poor but proud. He earns his living in his own little village or valley either on the arid Khyber or in the out-skirts of Peshawar as a simple farmer or just from his meagre crops on a small plot of land. A few are artisans who make pottery and metal and pray 5 times a day in the mosque.

In the Khyber's hidden villages concealed from the roadway via tunnels cut into the hills, the families dwell in primitive fashion. Fires blaze on open hearths, kettles bubble with boiling tea. Sturdy tribesmen sit sphinx like—a hookah pipe in their midst and small boys pass by leading herds of goats. Women covered in burqas carrying babies, shop in the village bazar...... treading softly as if not to disturb the sphinx-like men. They take a lot of knowing these Pathans, but once you are accepted as a friend, his hand is outstretched in welcome. When a Pathan talks he will tell you of his work, his struggles, his horse, his new gun and his

ageing wife. Village stories will show the throbbing of his heart. "Look at the warmth of my greeting" he says "not at my humble abode." He will become eloquent and speak of blood-feuds and the ever-lasting searches for the sons of enemies he has never seen. He will scrub his face, perfume his face, perfume his hair and put on his best clothes for a vendetta—perhaps to lose and meet his Maker......for—if Allah wills it, a fighter can go to Paradise.

The Tribal Agency of the North West Frontier does not approve of these vendetas. Yet when their Administrative Officer calls on his monthly inspection visit, (and a "who dun it" enquiry) he is greeted with smiles by the village Head-man.

The Pathans marry within their own family group. The tribes are often short of young women, in which case a girl is sought amongst oulside tribes. The parents arrange everything.

The Pathan women are guarded as jealously as a fabulous treasure. The mothers-to-be of their sons never look at a man outside of the family, and for an outsider to cast smiling eyes upon one is to court death. An arbitration council will not help. A brother will shoot his own sister or his dearest friend to avenge any such slight intimacy. His anger sees no reason. He is compelled to shoot his wife and parents will not sneer at him. He will gladly climb to the gallows with pride and his family will admire him, shouting "Hero", while

the judge who condemned him cries "Murderer", and who can say which one is right?

To this day the Pathans have never been conquered even though the British ruled them for 200 years. Other nations in the past fought to subdue them—but without avail. The British actually hired them to keep peace among other tribes. Only once in recent years have the Pathans left their guns at home. During the construction of the Canadian Colomo Plan's Warsak project when 8000 workers were required, the Pathans laughed at offers of money and transport in exchange for routine labour. They still had their mules, camels, horses and two good feet.

It took the ingenuity of Pathan Engineer Shah Nawaz Khan to get them interested. Only a few responded but when these few came home with jingling pockets and rode to work on bicycles purchased from Warsak earnings; 7000 of them joined the labour force—all with guns. Shah Nawaz told them that the Canadians did not carry guns—why should they? and soon among the 7000 workers—not a gun was to be seen. Later they stood proudly to attention when one of their own Pathans performed the opening ceremony at Warsak.

The Pathan who opened it, was, none less than Field Marshall Mohammad Ayub Khan, the President of Pakistan.

Just as these Pathans changed the barren earth of Warsak into a fruitful project, so has their Pass changed the destiny of mankind. Emperors, princesses conquerrors and their warriors were enticed by the mere mention of its name. The challenge to seek new lands within its frontiers was as potent as the atomic powered space ships seeking to land on Venus, Mars and the Moon.

For more than 25 centuries it has stood as a silent witness to countless great events in history, for the Khyber stands as a key from its rugged mountain ranges which hide villages and plains—deep in its recesses—to smiling plains—full of rich harvest and temples filled with gold.

The excitement of driving on the paths trod by distinguished personages so long ago, begins to seep through you. Great Alexander the Babar, his son Humayun, and so many others...they must have walked on the same thick earth as a relief from the caravans of mules, horses, camels and bullocks. They must have rested on huge stones by the side of the road while thinking of new worlds to conquer. The weeks elapsing before their final descent must often have been unendurable, yet now we cover this 35 miles stretch in hours.

Travelling in a jeep with friends, as it climbed slowly for the first 10 miles over rising roads from the starting point at Peshawar, the same emotion overwhelmed me once again which I felt before as I stood by the

tomb of Vasco de Gama, the great navigator in Lisbon, and again by the statute of Abraham Lincoln, the great emancipator in Washington. History was re-written because of them and history was written here while new eras flourished and died. A stalwart tribesman, tall and bronzed, wearing a turban, baggy dress and grass shoes lent an aura of the past as he strode by with eyes full of manliness, smiling in his pride, a camouflage to hide his wants, his dreams and his feuds. We waived to him and he saluted in response as we drove on. The simple valley soon vanished as we climbed higher and higher on the Pass upto 3,500 feet, where gigantic peaks multiplied mile after mile, I thought of the numberless hordes traversing it. The traders, battalions, foreign invaders and kings seeking new wealth and more power. What stories those jagged peaks could tell of violence and bloodshed leading to the sandy reaches of Afghanistan, but the towering rocks were silent as if hiding a secret known only to the conquerors of the past.

What secret must have taken place on the rough plateaus when Alexander led his armies in 326 B. C. down the harsh Khyber to the Kabul river......and later the Scythians, fighting, only to be overwhelmed by nomad tribes, Indo-Greeks and Lakas. "What was it like"? I wondered, some 200 year later when Darius circled its bases and watered the valleys. And as the centuries passed, Muslim Rulers made triumphant assaults with their soldiers and overthrew the forces of Jaipal at Peshawar. And Babar with the blood of Chengis Khan in his veins, marched through on the

mountains and established the Mughal Empire in the Sub-Continent. What songs must have been sung when the Khyber echoed to the martial music of Babar's son who brought illustrious painters from Persia, Mir Sayid Ali and Abdul Samad who founded the first Mughal School of miniature painting, and whose descendants made it a tradition in cultural renaissance and inspiration.

A hot day, sun pouring fiercely down but the strong wind on the Khyber cooled the air. The never-to-be-forgotten past rises on a curtain of blowing air and...then suddenly disappears.

Stepping out of our jeep we walked with our guide by a circuitous route down many steps into a Khyber Pass village, concealed from the roadway as if it never existed. This then was one of the secrets of the Pass. Even farseeing horsemen of other days could not find them without previous knowledge. Like cave dwellers they dwell is houses of mud and clay. Cut into hills on the hidden plains and dipping roads, each village has its own mosque standing like a citadel on guard. The only building of charm on the entire scene with minarets shining in bright colours like the spires of a church in a remote world.

Straggling, round-faced children passed us by. They were very shy and when our guide spoke to them they burst into giggles and turned to their parents to see

if permisson would be given—so they could have their pictures taken. Naturally the parents wished their pictures taken too and it availed me nothing that I only wished to photograph one small boy and his sisters. Everyone joined in because the thought of having pictures taken by foreigners was something very special, so few foreigners came down into their hidden villages and this to them was a historic occasion. My friend and I, attracted by their enthusiasm took pictures of them all—and I did manage to get a snapshot of the first children (whom I had admired) alone......in their typical cloths. We gave them sweets which changed us from visitors to dear friends. Just about all the inhabitants came out to look us over; approve and bless us. We considered ourselves fortunate to have been accepted. They can be so aloof.

We parted from the gracious Pathans with reluctance for there was more of the Khyber Pass to see as it wound its way upto the borders of Afghanistan. As we neared the top, Louraga came in sight. Cool and lovely with green fields criss-crossed by shining brooks, a retreat on the dusty mountain. A meal was taken by the wayside on a grassy plot from where we watched present day caravans going through to Kabul with produce, footwear and all kinds of commodities. Though conquerors no longer traverse the Pass, the frontier is lively with traders coming and going on both sides. At the head of the Pass, the fort of Landikotal stands as symbol of strength, that Pakistan is a bastion of

strength and freedom for its people. Its flag flutters proudly silhouetted against the sky. Like the Jamrud Fort (Khyber Rifles) at the entrance of the Pass, both are dedicated to the peaceful pursuit of guarding perhaps the most famous Pass of all time...the eternal Khyber. The gateway to all who come in friendship.

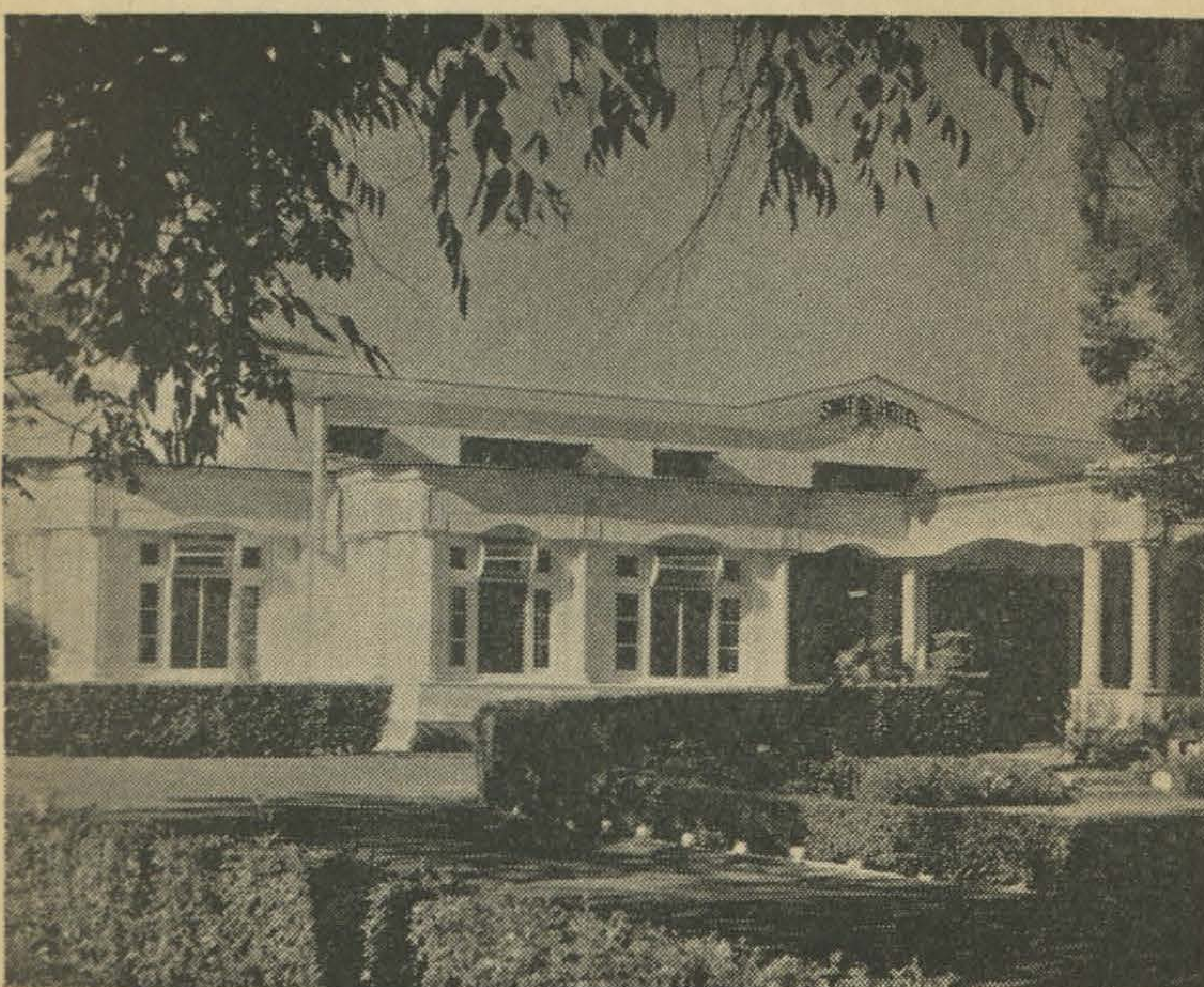
CHAPTER NINETEEN

Swat - Where Queen Elizabeth Rested

Swat is a dream land come true. Swat has mountains and hills. Swat grows natural honey and natural people. Love flourishes in Swat because the Ruler and his happy family see to it that even the humblest villager has a place in the sun.

The Golden State of Swat entices visitors to return. The memories left by a previous sojourn are rich and ever ripe in one's mind. After a long absence I came back to Swat and found the once sleepy and relaxed state wearing a brand new look. "Could be political," I thought...old orders changed then I discovered there was also a human interest element written into archives of the world.

It sounds like a fairy tale but it is a true story which actually happened—when a young and beautiful princess went up into tree-house one night and came down the next morning...a Queen, the present Queen Elizabeth of England...whose life changed while on Safari in an African jungle. A few years ago in more joyous affinity, the young wife of the prince of Swat retired for the night as the unassuming daughter of a great general. When she awoke the next morning she had become illustrious daughter of a new president. Many miles away in Karachi, her father, then General



The lovely Swat Hotel in Saidu-Sharif.

Mohammad Ayub Khan had taken control of the ruling government and became the guiding light of a troubled nation.........before dawn broke in the sky.

From the beginning of time in similar respect, the history of Swat has changed over and over again. Each succeeding power from early Buddhist eras when Swat was known as the "Garden" has added treasures to its present, and among the popular holiday resort of West Pakistan, Swat offers more archaelogical wonders and more glow, in a Swiss Alps background, than any other enticing area of Pakistan's North West Frontier. No longer do tourists have to hire a private car from the gateway at Peshawar or beg some friends to take them there. Lo and behold, like a genie rubbing his lamp a recent station-wagon-service plies the 100-miles-mountain road with ease and 6 utterly strange passengers become friends en-route. A smart travel agency, The Sehrai Travel Service Ltd., incidently the first that Peshawar can boast of, now runs the Peshawar-Swat Station Wagon Service there and back every day. Its deluxe, but the price isn't. For 15 rupees you ride in style, dust free and comfortable to the door of your destination in the capital at Saidu Sharif. Air Aids-the friendly travel agency from Karachi also runs a similar service. Not all the passengers are tourists. On my trip up, I met the friendly principal of the Jahanzeb College and his assistant, and then there was the director of an old established Textile Mill and Major Getly, the warm-hearted resident general manager of the Swat Hotel. I was the only tourist. We had fun

all the way. As the only female, each of the passengers insisted on paying for my refreshment at the numerous tea-stops we made. This included big country-fresh hard boild eggs peddled on the roadside and tempting hot "nan" i.e. bread. Swat-youngsters with rosy cheeks crowd around and stare at you as if you were a visiting royalty. On the way we also saw new schools rising up in every hamlet and town.

How well I recall a previous visit. We had stopped by a streamlet at the foot of a hill because my companion had become carsick. I cupped my hands into the water to get some for my friend. Some youngsters noting our plight, climbed down and brought up a pitcher of crystal clear water to assuage our distress and thirst. The parents of the boys came forward and insisted on inviting us to rest and to take tea in their humble homes. These people of Swat were only village farmers but the spirit of hospitality dwelt in their hearts. The same hospitality is still in force. The schoolchildren even throw petals at passing cars, showing exuberance with each arrival. They often ask shyly if directions are needed when the visitors stop to admire some of the rare and lovely wild flowers growing by the wayside.

The way to Saidu lies through the Malakand Pass a striking road drenched with reflection from the blue of the sky. Fields line the way, thick with golden ripe corn and wheat. Brooks and rivers girdle the land and the waterfalls mirror the tree covered hills and

mountains.

There are two hotels in Saidu Sharif. The Madyan, is plain but comfortable at 16 rupees a day, single, with all meals. The Swat Hotel with accommodation for 100 people is very high class, modern in extreme coupled with old world grace. Rates, all inclusive with sitting room, bed chamber and bath start at 22 rupees per day. Fruit served with meals is all grown in Swat. Luscious grapes, pears and apples are rich, and jams made from them is for sale. Swat honey is famous and appears on every table. Visitors take pots of it home. (The Bee Farms are a good place to visit.) The lounges are luxuriously furnished and there are huge lawns for visitors' children to play on. Afternoon tea served beneath the trees gives one a festive feeling. You chat with strangers who have become friends. Swat is a wonderful place for romance and just perfect for honeymooners. There are horses to ride and lovely paths for walks. Should you visit in winter, the fireplaces in each room are glowing with pine logs. The smell of woodsmoke and the firelight in the dusk has the charm of a private villa. Dinner may be taken in your suite. The excellent cuisine is both Continental and Pakistani. The management of the hotel operates a club where badminton, squash, tennis and golf are played. The grounds are spacious and a delight to relax in. Swimming and fishing can be enjoyed in the surrounding rivers. The success of Swat hotel is due to the regal Chairman of the Board, the energetic Ruler of the State of Swat, known as the Wali.

Together with his son Prince Aurangzeb, (the Heir Apparent to the throne of Swat) both take personal interest in the management of the hotel. It is quite the thing in Swat to pay a courtesy call on these gentlemen whose offices are always open for the humblest inhabitants or tourists, who may visit without fanfare. The welcome is cordial in extreme and the guest is always asked to have tea and biscuits.

The Wali whose name is General Miangul Abdul Haque Jehanzeb is a gracious person. His firm discipline and kindly justice are highly respected by the people of his state. Prince Aurangzeb aids him in the administration. The present dynasty of Swat was founded by the father of the Wali who is called the Badshah Sahib. The Badshah in his youth brought together all tribes in the area and fought against feuding rivals who sought to capture Swat for personal gain. The people of Swat acknowledged him as their ruler in 1917. The British recognised him in 1926. The Badshah devoted himself to the up-building the land with education, hospitals and public services. New roads and highways on mountain trails appeared. Industries sprang up, giving livelihood to those who were not agriculturally bent. He instilled new enthusiasm into his people and trade flourished under his benign rule. In 1949 the Badshah retired in favour of his son (who then became the Wali) and now spends his days like an old-fashioned grandfather in the marble palace at Marghazar outside the capital. Visitors often wander into his gardens, thinking they are in a park. If the Badshah sees them he invites



Girls in Picturesque Campus.



Girls at a Campus.

in. Tea again and a friendly chat. The informality is refreshing.

This was the place chosen by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth and Prince Phillip for four days of relaxation on their 1961 trip to India and Pakistan. Elizabeth was overwhelmed by the warmth of the Swatis. Where-ever she went, her car was surrounded by admiring crowds throwing flowers and crying "Welcome". Her host, the Wali of Swat, beamed like a kindly father. Formality was tossed to the four winds and Her Majesty's brief holiday became a family party on this golden piece of earth.

The 500,000 people who live in Swat are proud citizens of Pathan origin adhering to the Muslim faith who have not changed their simple way of life. New small taxis have added a modern touch to the horse and buggy method of transport which still jog along Swat streets. A few motor scooters, bicycles and transistors galore prove that the occasional factories and mills have aided Swati economy. The Jahanzeb College across the Swat Hotel is a citadel of learning where classes in Arabic, Urdu literature and Quranic studies are as popular as chemistry, science and biology. The Alumni numbering above 400 students come from all over Pakistan and from all walks of life. Tuition is free. The Wali built this college for just this purpose so that deserving youth would not be deprived of higher education. Board lodging in the college Hostel is but

one rupee per day. The Halls of ivy amid the flowering gardans of Swat speak volumes for civic accomplishment. The Principal, Khawja Mohammad Ashraf is a Frontier-Region gentleman who takes personal interest in each scholar. Many a tourist sight-seeing in the college has been heard to remark out loud :- "I wish I was a student once again—in the holiday land of Swat".

Surrounding territory embraces Islampur where villagers weave gaily coloured curtains and cloths on hand-made looms. Hundreds of Punjabis now live in Swat who work for the Mingora Textile Industries in Saidu Sharif. The Swatis and the Punjabis get along well together due to the good living earned at the Mills. Both Pakistani and foreign tourists are amazed at the huge modern plants in Swat. Mingora employs more than 500 people. Power looms whirr against screened windows. Machines created from Japanese designs pour fourth rolls and rolls of silk cloths and shirtings in the shadow of the mountains unclouded by drifting city smoke. Night and day shifts too; there is work for all who seek it. Young Mr. Ghafoor, the Mingora director whom I met on my journey into Swat, takes pride in showing off his plant. Originally these mills were in Lahore, but the good air and fine business inducements offered by the Wali in his country-setting have made the Ghafoor family and other Sindhi and Punjabi businessmen move, lock, stock and barrel to beautiful Swat where work is accomplished with ease in the cool breezes and gentle sunshine.

The climate of Swat is near perfect and brings holiday-makers from all over. Swat is free of monsoons. Mountain climbers find it a made to measure paradise and there will be ski-slopes here in the near future. Just recently Austrian ski experts came here under the patronage of Ambassador Dr. Kolb and who spent much time trying out possibilities for making this country an Asian headquarters for winter sports.

The young experts spent several days in Swat at Malam Jaba (chosen beforehand by Dr. Kolb) where the snow-covered slopes were hard-packed and a delight to ski on while the sun shone overhead. So enthusiastic were the Austrian Skiers that the project of winter sports in Pakistan has already commenced, following the Austrian pattern with correct equipment. There will be a hotel for skiers stop Malam Jaba, a ski-lift installation and skiing instructors from Austria. Plans similar to this are also under consideration for Pakistan's Himalayan area. Tourists from far and wide will enjoy Oriental and Asian hospitality without paying the terriffic high prices of American and Continental resorts. A skiing holiday will be far less expensive in this Muslim land.

The beautiful mountains of this country will become as useful to man in this rendevouz, as fertile soil is to the farmer. From time immemorial these snow-covered high peaks have been regarded with awe. Climbers plodded their way to the summit. Mountain

animals were objects of the hunt......today they will add lustre and usefulness by becoming ski-slopes, radiating the means of pleasure and good health as winter sports ground.

With the highest cooperation of His Highness the Wali of Swat, the new Winter sports centre in the garden state of Swat is bound to be the "Plat de Jour" of conversation for months to come.

Rest houses in the area will be increased; in any case there are rest houses in all the Swat villages. At Madyan, some 30 miles from Saidu, the scenery is enchanting. Five miles further at the hilly hamlet of Buhrain, nestling on cliffs, huge waterfalls pour forth gushing white torrents like snow foam in the valley. Camping sites abound and for 5 rupees a night one can sleep in an atmosphere reminiscent of the Matterhorn. Buddhist relics and ruins are still picturesque enough to thrill those with archaeological leaning, and expeditions often arrive in Swat to search for more of the ancient relics. Occasionally relics of gold and precious stones are discovered. Recent Italian expeditions have unearthed many valuable statues from prehistoric eras—and more than 60 stupas.

The latest discoveries were made by Professor Ciuseppe Tucci. Although the Professor's expedition has been engaged on the site for the last seven years, this past year has proved to be the most rewarding. These discoveries will provide a great deal of additional

information about the people who lived in this Central-Asian locality in the days of long ago.

Careful and methodical excavations have brought to light the remains of burial grounds that are considered to belong to a period prior to 1,000 years B.C. and five centuries before the period during which the Indo-Greek Gandhara flourished.

These considerations are based on the discovery of vases and other objects belonging to over 100 tombs which were found to be in a good state of preservation. The sacred zone of Butkara with its tombs and remains of burial furnishings, illustrate the evolution of these people and their customs. This was completely identified by Professor Tucci.

There are signs of many elements taken from other civilizations which existed before and after the period, that is now the subject of archaeological research. It is quite certain that the locality was inhabited by primitive people. This is evidenced by the simple designs on the articles found nearby and in the tombs. In some of the tombs recently opened were found human bones of both sexes, which brings to light the knowledge of man and wife being buried together. In another tomb the skeletons of two horses were discovered.

Perhaps the most exciting excavation revealed, were the remains of Buddhist buildings in similar styles

which had been built on top of each other during decade after decade through the chapters of time.

North East of Swat is the beautiful mountain glen of the great Indus River. Below agricultural lands lie radiant green plush valleys of Bisao Pass; with the Kandai Karmang and Duber peaks rising to heights of 14,500 feet, drenched in sun and shadow. It's wonderful for hikers and it's fun to take a ride there on the Swat local bus and become friendly with the gay, inquisive Swatis of this region.

On any day in Swat, whilst taking a stroll along the river's edgeone is likely to meet a wedding party on the way. To please a stranger, the party will obligingly stop and let you photograph them and take a peep at the veiled bride. They will urge you to join in the festivities as an honoured guest. If you accept, admiration will pour forth from the assembled group and the chattering voices will be as sweet as a love poem under a full moon. In ancient horoscope readings—to be invited to a stranger's wedding spelled not only good luck but the chance that a bachelor or a maiden may meet their future mate......In the holiday land of Swat—It could happen too.

CHAPTER TWENTY

Enchanting Gilgit

Majestic splendour, walls of stone...high plateaus and mountain peaks veiled in snow...beloved by mountain climbers from the four corners of the earth—this, the most densely mountainous region in the world can be seen in the top-left-hand corner of the Pakistan map.

Nestling enticingly in its heart is Gilgit Agency, a grown-up village running along streams where fresh-water trout spawns, and every youngster is a fisherman-while birds sing all the day long (and far into the night) and game flies overhead as target for local citizenry and hikers. The hikers generally are expedition-bent in friendly Gilgit, young, eager and enthusiastic as conquerors ready so climb, sweat, freeze and pant breathlessly for countless miles and that indescribable feeling which overwhelms the most hardened climber and bathes him in a glory so aesthetic that his body seems no longer earthly as he reaches the summit of Karakoram's Mountain peaks.

Gilgit is a 80-minute flight from Rawalpindi and as the PIA plane soars in the air, the firmament takes on a new look for the passengers. I had waited days to be one of them, for the weather must be bright on these trips; then there is no groping over the Indus Gorge.

Climbing steadily we aimed straight at the high mountains. From the windows of the plane, Murree appeared like a tiny town of toy houses sliding down a hillside, then Abbottabad, and Muzaffarabad with its little Secretariat shining in the sunlight. After 25 minutes we had climbed beyond 12,000 feet towards the snow-covered range whose peaks looked like giant teeth casting shadows on the earth. Somewhere along the way, detached and misty, rose Nanga Parbat like an invincible warrior standing guard eternally.

Below lay the fertile Kaghan Valley with its jeep track showing clearly cresting the Babulsar, which links Gilgit in the summer months to the outside world. In the distance, glistening with melting ice the Karakorum line broke into vision while the jeep tracks became steep dark spaces in the Indus Gorge. A little frightening to look at but overshadowed quickly by Nanga Parbat towering close, drenched in sun and radiance. Soon, destination Gilgit appeared and our brief life in the clouds with its moments of silent breathless beauty disappeared.

Once, long ago, travel, to Gilgit was a precarious hazard. Passable only by caravan-borne trade routes over high passes, months would elapse before the arrival. I thought how wonderful it was that Gilgit staged its own mild revolution, throwing off the yoke of allegiance to the Maharaja of Kashmir in 1947 and how, with Pakistan at the back of it since that date, roads had been cleared and planes flew daily according to the

climate and season. What a colourful place this Gilgit turned out to be.

Surrounded on all sides by the mighty Himalayas, its airport walls are mountains rising to the sky-dazzling and white-capped with snow. Like a cove sheltered from the sea, its entrance is a green grassy inlet, reminding me of Palm Springs in California with its desert approach. An oasis where palm trees, wild flowers, small brooks and horses with riders congregated on sandy stretches, enhancing the memory as I walked in the tropical sunshine. The amiable airport manager, a smart Pakistani from Karachi with a genuine Hollywood touch created the rest of the illusion which transports all visitors on arrival from the common-place to a garden of loveliness by installing easy chairs beneath huge parasols on a large dais specially built—similar to a Hollywood sound stage in the centre of the airfield. The only difference between a real stage and this platform was the thick white handsome cord encircling it, nautical fashion and most artistic. Departing or arriving guests use it as a comfortable lounge while cool fruit drinks and freshly picked mulberries and apricots (whichever happen to be in season) are served on the house.

Everyone agreed it was a refreshing welcome.

I have alighted in airports around the world. This is the first one I encountered with a threatrical look so pleasing, it seemed as if it had grown there,

plank by plank, stone by stone along with the wild flowers, sprouting by it.

Visitors with Minister of Kashmir Affairs are often offered the hospitality of the Political Agent's house which is a charming bungalow set in its own grounds, though tourists can now avail themselves of good accommodation in the new rest house. A trout pool winds its way up and down the hillocks and a vinery gurgling water channel is enclosed amongst Cypress, Willow and Juniper trees. Flowers from the bright yellow buttercup to roses of rich red hue flaunt their glory amid apricot, apple and fig trees. Plump chickens wander at will and the big green lawn is an inviting place to sunbathe in under the immense foliage and to enjoy at teatime when the air is cool. The master of the house, who is the Political Agent—leads a busy life. Coupled with his duties equal to those of a local governor, he spends all his spare time thinking of ways and means to improve living conditions for Gilgitis. Aided only by his personal secretary and a young stenographer, he performs an astonishing amount of work, besides the eternal round of entertaining guests and chiefs of expeditions. He is a warm-hearted and exceedingly gracious person and loved by all his villagers as one loves a father. Apart from being Judge and Magistrate, they call upon him with private troubles which he somehow manages to ease. His presence adds to the enchantment of Gilgit, for his friendliness is of round-the-clock variety.

Rambling pathways to the market place are flanked by low stone walls and streams which irrigate the fields of wheat. The villagers are kindly people and show helpful interest towards strangers. In the market place "Cured Fox Furs" are sold by merchants, for as little as 8 and 4 rupees each. I could hardly believe it, but hunting is taken for granted and animal skins constitute hunter's spoil. Other objects strangely incongruous is an Oriental bazaar, and I wondered who buys the elaborate clocks and picture frames piled high among clothes and silk. A Chinese merchant sells brocades from the Far East. Tailors sew up a garment in less than a day, Visitors receive VIP treatment at their hands and the charges are still local. Since Polo playing is a national sport (having originated in this region) one must have a pair of Jodhpurs often made in haste. The sewing gentry appear as characters out offi ction but their finished efforts show Bond Street's ancient training and the former British influence. Some few things remain as reminders of English rule. The Christian cemetery, well kept, is like a floral carpet with moss-covered headstones.

Gilgit's Public Library has roses growing round its doors. Standing in the centre of a park where both cricket and tennis is played every afternoon, it's like an old-fashioned parlour with cushioned window seats and crowded tables. One might come just to borrow a book but the enchantment of delving into the life and times of other eras while making a selection is enthralling. Hours pass before you leave, satiated in having read

history tied to the present with a happy-ever-after finish.

Horseback riding is very popular, the trails lead through cobbled and earthen roads across the countless flowing brooks to the airport. A good stiff 5 mile run both ways is taken by residents and visitors alike in the cool evenings. Willows border the paths and wagtails hop down in curiosity. Fishermen cast their nets in the clear blue river for the sweet trout so famous in Gilgit. As darkness falls the call of the Muezzin is heard for devotion and prayers. Lamps dim and the bazaar doors close, for Gilgitis go to sleep early and rise with the dawn. Life is simple and uncomplicated...the way the people choose to live it.

When the Gilgitis pledged allegiance to Pakistan as a Muslim State...in prefence to bowing before a Hindu Raja...a new order began for all. Grammar and High schools were built in Gilgit for boys and girls (non-existent previously). In the outlying districts 20 new primary Schools were opened. A Special Education Officer was appointed to cater to the needs of children, who supervises all institutions in the agency. Education for girls, formerly unheard of, is now given special attention.

The Gilgit Health Agency comprises a hospital building with the most modern surgical and medical supplies. Patients receive equal treatment whether they are rich or poor. All dental and medical care is free. A visitor with a sore throat is welcome to soohting anti-

biotic lozenges. He is considered part of Gilgit's family during his stay. I spent amazing hours in the company of a military surgeon who is in charge of the Hospital and the young attractive lady doctor who escorted me throughout the length and breadth of the hospital grounds—marvelling at the X-Ray machines of modern design and other new equipment. Beds were placed on outdoor verandahs in the soft warm sunshine with a mountain view while music flowed through the air from a generated radio to aid the patient's recovery and content. Apart from spotless large operating theatres, there is a dental clinic in charge of a dental surgeon who performs wonders in creating new bridge plates besides curing the common toothache. These services are offered by the Government of Pakistan to the entire population because of their simple way of life and lack of any important industry.

Horticulture, farming, hunting, fishing, bee-keeping and cloth-weaving are among the simple means of Gilgitis livelihood. However in the recent years a village AID programme has engulfed Gilgit with magnificent results. Stone in unlimited quantities, white, grey, some with mineral content culled from Gilgit's mountains have aided in building up the villages. Construction on roads and buildings has been completed. An Agricultural Officer is in charge of 7 large farms, including the new fruit nurseries. Sericulture has also been introduced and more water-channels have been constructed to bring extra land under plough in order to make the area self-sufficient in foodgrains. Trout

hatcheries in remote regions are pleasant places to visit. One feels the progress of Gilgit in every new achievement. The main object of Village AID was to create a spirit of self-help amongst the people. The results have been astounding. For example the Bargo Bridge above the Gilgit River has been constructed solely by the hands and minds of Bargo villagers in record time eliminating the costs of skilled labour. The huge suspension bridge in the heart of Gilgit, links the river crossing with the road to Hunza and Nagar States. Modern machinery helps in terrain of complete simplicity. In the more far-flung districts of Gupis, Ishkoman, Yasin and Astore (all reached within a few hours from Gilgit) there is a veritable hunter's paradise for the ibex and markhor roam at will, the snow leopared and the bear prowl and shikaris from the four corners of the earth gather in their hunts.

Because Gilgit (like Skardu) is hemmed in by its lofty mountains and perilous passes, mail delivery has always been extremely slow; in fact delivery from the mainland takes 10 days to two weeks and often more time than that if there had been a recent snowfall. Of recent years the Pakistan Post Office has run a charter plane every single day and airlifted the mail. How it has managed to reach every nook and corner is almost a miracle and a story of pluck, strength and courage.

The transit time is now hours instead of days. Since the chartered planes have been pressed into service

without any increase in postal rates there is greater happiness in the region. Word from family and friends coming in often is as good as the presence of loved ones. This boon is greatly appreciated.

In the extremely primitive terrain of those regions, the postman plays an important role indeed. His work is literally uphill. This doughty, sturdy-legged, sure-footed voyager climbs mountains and deep ravines, trudges along passes, wades through slush and sludge and reaches his destinations keeping a tryst with time. His work could be considered a veritable feat of endurance, courrge and personal interest. He covers the entire Skardu and Gilgit Agency afoot. He stops to warm up with an "Assalam Aleikkum" and a cup of tea while he speaks of how the relatives are—just a mountain or two away. Above all the postman is always a welcome guest.

Expeditions bent on scientific research, explorers and mountain climbers always find a welcome in Gilgit together with free camp sites and bounteous information. When the Political Agent was asked about this generosity, he replied. "We do it for good-will".

If a visitor is being entertained by a resident, phone calls reach him wherever he is. The whole town knows exactly with whom he is dining even though he never mentioned it. When sunset falls, the peaks of Gilgit turn slanting walls of fire...and as night descends in the valley, a heavenly peace enfolds the mountains.

One after another the stars come out and shine like lanterns in the sky and the happiness in Gilgit is covered by a radiance which reaches deep into all the low stone houses under the aegis of the Islamic Moon and another shining star.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Punial. Its Never Never Land

The Rajas of Punial and Gupis are very loving relatives. As uncle and nephew they are as friendly and close to each other as twins who hate to be apart, but as rivals they are keen as prize-fighters for individual acclaim. Each one considers himself the better host. From personal opinion, I know they are equally charming and offer hospitality in their mountain-kingdoms for such small recompense that both breeze-swept domains could be called "Never Never Land."

Since Punial is the first of these fantastic places reached from Gilgit, it fully deserves the title of Never Never Land. Peter Pan would heartily approve. In fact this mythical small boy (who flew before aeroplanes did)......would feel at home in Punial. It is nature's garden on the rooftop of the world. The sun glows on fruited hill sides, the radiance is overwhelming ; you can hardly believe its real—even when you are there. It's a fantasy come to life, as if a magician had waved his magic wand and poured breathing mortals into a cosmos and strung it across clefts and ridges of a mountain range, out of his hat, in the heart of the Himalayas. The Magician is the Almighty, blessing the greatest concentration of peaks and glaciers known to mankind in the towering Karakorum Range of West Pakistan. The breathing mortals are friendly and gentle folk, dwelling in exotic

though primitive surrounding—in house made of granite and marble, cut out of cliffs, ruled by Raja Jan Alam who is also the Governor and dispenses justice with kindness in a civilization all their own, where bread is not popular and polo a most favoured sport.

The occasional diplomats and tourists I met in Gilgit previously thought they had seen everything, but even they were overcome and thrilled by the beauty of the irresistable State of Punial. Each one of them admitted they were never prepared for the high adventure and intense excitement experienced before setting foot on its fertile soil.

My own introduction to Punial was purely accidental. Visiting in Gilgit which leads to Punial. I met Raja Hussain Ali Khan, who rules Gupis, (another mountain State some 65 miles away). While both of us were looking over Gilgit's beautiful hospital where patients are honoured guests and all health services are free. He was offering me a light for my cigarette which kept going out by the strong mountain breezes. I cupped my hands over his. That did it! He became spellbound, stammered, quivered, bowed and smiled and said! "Madame, I am about to depart for Punial a distance of only 35 miles—in order to carry medical supplies. The Ruler of Punial who is my dear nephew, Raja Jan Alam enjoys the company of American visitors. There is room in my jeep—won't you come along? I was sunk. The Raja then was fiftyish, a slimmer,

more handsome version of the late Henry VIII and these things happen in the mountains. Some two hours later I was sitting in the jeep squeezed in tight next to the Raja, surrounded by barrels, boxes, his A.D.C. and a tribesman—driver, of Greek extraction. Neither the Raja nor the driver said a word about the route, that we would be climbing tortuous paths up in the Karakoram Range for the next four hours. The conversation turned to horsemen who crossed it as far back in time as the conquerors of the Khyber Pass, and the caravans still traversing it by foot, mule and horse.

An afternoon haze hid the snowtops normally visible from the valley on the Gilgit Road. Big stones, tumbled by the wind, lay in our way as we passed the gushing Gilgit River and 5 miles vanished slowly on floors of the valley. Magnitude surrounded us. Peak after peak like giant sentinels came into view. It was utterly different from other mountainous ranges, for 20,000 feet mountains signify nothing in the Karakorum. There are many peaks much higher. Brown rock masses engulfed the highway, then like an oasis, wild flowers, tall cypress trees and silvery lakes suddenly appeared soon to disappear into narrow loop the loop roads as we rode up and down on winding paths. The next ten miles set me praying under my breath for we were driving above ravines whose sides were cut vertically straight and sharp, down to hundreds of feet below. Our skillful driver manouvered the vehicle like the man on the flying trapeze. Enhantment and unreality

along the way soothed my vague fears. The intense pleasure of riding on paths of the heavens, made human cares vanish, as the highway became smooth and countless shimmering water-falls were like portraits carved on mountain walls. What earthly things could touch us? When thirst struck, we climbed down to where a brook flowed over gleaming stones and drank our fill of the pure icy water, nectar more precious than gold. Refreshed—our journey ended some three hours later, by the side of a river of rapids shinning in the sun. We had a choice of crossing it by bamboo raft or rope bridge, both offering wobbly but safe passage to Punial's Capital, the flowering village of Sherqilla on the other side. I never dreamt the day would come when I'd be climbing over rapids by crawling on a rope bridge one third of a mile long. It was fun though terrifying—and a feat of endurance to a city creature like me.

The Raja was waiting for us. Tall, fair and lithe, a true descendent of Alexander the Great, he welcomed us in kindly fashion by clasping the Raja of Gupi and me around shoulders. We could have been arriving in a feudal kingdom for most of the inhabitants lined up on either side and kneeled and kissed the hands of each Raja as we approached, then bowed to me. All visitors are thus welcomed. It fitted in with the medieval atmosphere of tall strong men, curiously blue-eyed in a Muslim world. The second welcome was strange indeed. After climbing a steep hill we reached flat ground and passed by a small cemetery.

Rather a gruesome sight for an entrance, but life and death are accepted as casually as food and drink in the mountains. Each grave had a cot planted directly on top of it (so that a wandering saint would also have a place to rest) though not a flower was seen or an epitaph erected. The graveyard overlooked the shining river, another conception wherein the dear departed ones could hear the rushing waters they had so often fished for trout in other days.

We were escorted across a courtyard to the guest house, I found myself in a sprawling stone bungalow set in lovely gardens consisting of a bedroom with studio couches, a lounge and bathroom and flowers everywhere. They were pinned on the backs of chairs and draped over the mantle-piece. They covered the pillows and decorated the walls. Evidently, Punialis believe in flowers for the living but not for the dead... Logs were piled high in the fire-place ready to be lit to ward off evening chills. Through all the windows, tree-covered mountains could be seen, reaching part way to the sky. It was so awe-inspiring that time no longer mattered. Baths and hot tea before twilight fell was more important than the hour. No electricity in Punial, but the firelight and lamplight were entrancing. A gong sounded for dinner and we all met again in the Raja's simply furnished palace. The food surprised me. I can't recall ever having been offered such zesty plump brook trout, grilled with spices, or such huge tender steaks and fluffy rice. The salad was delightful, the

greenest lettuce and reddest tomatoes. Punialis do not care for bread, instead they make big fat pancakes out of corn which taste delicious, and rare mild curries were always popping up. The milk is like rich cream for Punial is pastoral. All the food is grown there and the cows and oxen are fat from good grazing and warm sunshine. As we talked over coffee cups, his daughter, newly married to her first cousin, a strikingly loving girl with very white skin and blonde curly hair, was presented to us. She spoke only Urdu and Kashmiri languages, but words were not needed to appreciate her grace. She looked young and she was......only 15 but its the custom to marry young in Punial. The majority of brides are-12-year old when they marry, though the grooms are usually 18 to 20. Brides in Punial need no dowries as is customary in other parts of Pakistan. Instead the groom presents gifts of apparel and utensils for the home. The Raja's daughter was representative of her set. To marry and have children is the most important event in their lives. The groom and bride do not see each other before the ceremony, even though first cousins they have lived in different states and have never been permitted to meet. The parents make the choice among blood relations, thus keeping valuable lands in the family. The tradition in this respect is so strong that any other way would be absolutely wrong. Miraculously, the couples are generally very happy for the bride is suddenly a special person and enjoys the privacy of quarters over which she is mistress.

Raja Jan Alam is a modern man. He likes

battery radios, good literature and enjoys his radio-telephone which keeps him in touch with Gilgit (the area headquarters.) He also believes in having only one wife. She was visiting relatives a couple of mountains away so we did not get to see her but we knew she was young. Raja had told us he married when she was only fourteen.

That night for the first time in ages I slept like an infant. In the cool brisk mountain air, sleep comes without wine or pills, dreamless and refreshing. Breakfast appears, in wholesale amounts. Guests are expected to eat at least 3 giant size eggs plus apricots, mulberies, hot cornmeal and a steak. The Raja likes to fatten people up. During this meal, young women come around and collect one's travel-stained clothes. By the time I had got through the fruit and but two eggs, the travel.stained clothes were returned spotlessly clean and pressed to perfection. I still do not understand how they do it. Perhaps its better not to wonder and just smile one's thanks.

After breakfast, Uncle Raja Hussain Ali Khan and I wandered over to watch local court proceedings in his nephew's courtyard. Completely informal, one man, the lone miscreant, was tried on the charge of coveting his neighbour's wife. He always happened to visit when the husband was out. No misdemeanour had been committed for the children testified that their mother was never alone when the neighbour came in, but they did say he spoke pretty words which were strange to

their ears.

Raja Jan Alam heard the offender's story. "I needed some advice about my sheep. I only went in to see her husband but he was always out." The Raja cautioned him to seek advice on his sheep in the farmyards and not in his neighbour's kitchen, he fined him 3 dollars and bound him over to keep the peace. Everyone departed smiling.

There are no jails in Punial. Its rare to find a thief and the Raja dispenses simple justice by fining the culprit up to the maximum of 5 dollars. Among 15,0C0 souls of the region, an occasional murder (crime of passion) takes place between citizens but this is so rare that the assassin is sent to Gilgit where the Political Agent considers the case.

Weddings are the occasion for high festivities and a holiday. All the villagers attend. The Raja officiates and gives his blessings and many gifts of ploughs and farm implements which are highly prized in a land where all produce comes from their own soil and by their own toil.

Punial ranks as the richest state in the Pakistan Himalayas: Is sends wheat to Hunza, some 55 miles away, and to Gupis and the more arid areas in the mountain environs. Most of the land belongs to the Ruler and his immense number of relatives. The rest of the inhabitants are small independant tradesmen,

tailors and carpenters. The tenant-farmers and personal servents (known as bearers) who work for the Raja receive maintenance, clothing, medical care and needed supplies in return for their work plus whatever spending money they desire within reason. No one is poor in Punial and though each man keeps to his own social order, at Polo time all become equals.

Polo in Punial is a natioal sport. Every afternoon, at 4 after prayers, all work ceases. Punialis strike up the band with tartan notes and the game of polo starts to the sound of bagpipes and Scottish music. Master and servant play side by side with remarkable skill and prowess. For the past 25 years no one has been able to beat the Punialis, they have won all the silver cups in the Gilgit-Baltistan region. Dressed in jodpurs and trim sport shirts, its hard to believe that the majority of them were the cooks, bearers and staff who waited on you at lunch. Equality reigns at polo time and pensioned off bearers ride with the young ones. Visitors are invited to try the thrilling sport. Polo in Asia was first played by Mughal Emperors as far back as the 16th century. It has been handed down through the centuries, and through British occupation too. It remains as the most important form of athletic enjoyment in Punial. Horseback riding is very popular, even the youngest child is an expert at it, whether male or female, some from their toddling days.

Life in Punial is one of simplicity and content-

ment with sustenance coming from the rivers and good earth. The altitude of 10,000 feet makes the climate invigorating. One day follows another in the same pattern. The farmers plough by hand, people travel by foot or horseback. The movies have not yet reached inside Punial, Apricots grow wild and are considered a staple food. Orchids blossom everywhere. Pink and blue forget-me-nots line the wheat fields, a sight I could hardly believe until I picked bunches of them growing between the thick wheat-stalks. The children of Punial are amber-skinned and of striking beauty. After school hours the youngsters help with crops in a community spirit. When they grow up they learn local trades and become excellent craftsmen. All the males in Punial from 4 years to 94 wear rolled pancake-shaped felt hats and sport a tiny bouquet of fresh flowers in the first fold just above the forehead. The effect is charming and carries the look of a journey feather in the cap.

At harvest time in July a great feast is held and the men perform a special dance. November is cattle-purchasing month. The green pastures are very cool and the animals are brought down to the villages where independent farmers make their choice after which another feast is held. Most of the celebrations centre around the agricultural life of Punial. Punialis stay close to home. Because their land is so fertile they do not seek work elsewhere. In Gilgit you will find jeep drivers, bearers and clerks from Hunza and nearby states, but not Punialis. They love their own earth too much.

By way of progress Raja Jan Alam has started construction on a steel suspension bridge across the turbulent river. Tons and tons of stone by the river bed, nature's quarries, are used to build the bulwarks which hold the steel cables. This year for the first time in history, Punial will proudly boast of a permanent bridge which will enable jeeps to cross with ease above the rushing waters. Jeep garages of rock have already been completed on the side of the mountain where vehicles will be parked.

The Raja loves company and only recently made his guest accommodation into a commercial enterprise. Since all the food is home-grown and steaks come from his fine cattle, he can afford to offer a great deal for very little. He asked me if I thought five dollars a day was too much to charge for each adult—while children under 7 accompanying them would be free, and the older ones upto 14 years of age, half rates.

"My guests" he said "would be so welcome. They would enjoy country style meals, laundry and horseback rides all included in the tariff, for diversion" he continued, "I would escort them myself on hunting trips deep in my forests where the ibex and snow-leapords roam. Our rivers are full of fish and swimming is for everyone. Hikers would find the trails a paradise. For the children we have ponies and there are shallow brooks to wade in.. a groom for each child and unlimited baby sitters. What do you think—is five

dollars too much?" I told him I thought it was wonderful. The Raja and I then spent a pleasant hour looking over the new bungalow rising up on grassy slopes where carpenters and stone masons were singing as they worked while the flowers in their hats bobbed up and down with each hammer stroke.

Surrounded on all sides by the towering Himalayas, one experiences an ethereal feeling which seems to belong specially to Punial. The inhabitants, too, are steeped with a serenity of spirit which imparts itself to visitors. As we walked slowly back along the winding pathways, bells were heard and a mule caravan came into view. The fragrance of roses and lilac mingled with the distinctive smell of pines, and wood-smoke.

I could not help thinking that, for the most peaceful vacation in the world, abounding with as much exhilaration as one desires, Punial under the green flag of the crescent moon is the unexpected answer.

EPILOGUE:

On a later visit, one of Raja Jan Alam's dreams of progress had come true; the only sign of the 20th Century in the environs. The steel suspension bridge had been finished under his personal supervision above the roaring rapids. Like columns of the Coliseum, the towering supports controlling the bridge were columns

of triumph, risen—blending in with the atmosphere—all of solid granite, cut and hewn out of Punial's own mountains. Your jeep finishes in hazardous journey with a flourish in a matter of minutes at the portals of the Raja's home, though tourists have been heard to remark, "I miss the fun of the raft and the dare devil adventure of the old rope-bridgecrossing-"

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Gupis -- Ever Ever Land

Gupis : "Who ever heard of it?" perched high in the Himalayas; the capital of a strange mountain Kingdom—known as Koh-i-Ghizar; Gupis, which looks as if it grew there along with the flowers and trees.

10,000 healthy people live in it and no-one died there during the past 12 months, so you could call it "Ever-Ever Land." The local doctor who came from a big city is tearing his hair with boredom. He faithfully opens his clinic every morning but its weeks since he had a patient. The bracing mountain air is so pure that the inhabitants are as fit as fiddles and live exactly like their ancestors did in biblical days. The doctor was thrilled when I showed up, complete with a scratched finger and a sore throat, but I recovered far to quick to suit him. I cant remember ever receiving such solicitous treatment in a long time for he nursed me like a mother. It's the fashion in Gupis.

There is no such thing as being very rich or very poor. All the people own some land where they grow needed food and graze their sheep, bullocks and cows. Huge crops comprised of grapes, apricots, apples pears and tropical fruit like mangoes, melons and papayas fill the orchards. What they use for wine and foods is far less than they grow......and what they cannot use is sold

to outlying districts. They have not yet learned the art of preserving the luscious fruit into jams though they do distill grape wine in great quantities. I tried to tell them about it because a lot could be done with surplus amounts but they shook their heads. Then I cooked some and made in into a wonderful compote of slowly simmered apples and apricots, flavouring it with a dash of fresh lime and the firm green tiny grapes plucked fresh of the trees. It was delicious. The doctor and his wife adored it and fed a little to their baby, who cried for more. Why? because it tasted like dear old Gerber's strained fruit for infants, a little spicier perhaps but so appetising, but it did not appeal to the inhabitants of Gupis. (Though maybe Dr. Spock would heartily approve of it.) "How strange," they said: "Who ever heard of boiling apples? we eat fruit only in its natural state." And they wouldn't even taste it.

When visitors arrive, it's a red letter day. They drop normal tasks and crowd around in order to smile their greetings. On a trip to the new handsome market in Gupis where there are shops built with open fronts set on a low hill, quite an entourage appears admiring, admonishing and encouraging the buyer. If the price seems high, the shopkeeper is told off. Woe betide him if he thinks he can get away with an overcharge. On the other hand should a visitor wish a tiny item that is not for sale but the personal property of the shopkeeper, a scurried conference is held and the prized item is offered as a gift to the bewildered customer. It's the fashion in Gupis.

The people model themselves after Raja Hussain Ali Khan who is the Governor and Ruler of Koh-i-Ghizar, an extraordinary man of striking appearance, a true descendent of Alexander the Great's warriors. His subjects are of similar blood with the classical features of the Greeks and superior physique. They come to him with all their problems and kiss his hand in devotion on approach. He was showing me around one day when an old lady who was crying, came by as we passed the office. Her son had sent a money order addressed to her brother because he thought his mother was visiting a couple of mountains away. The brother had left and the mother was back. The postmaster could not cash the order for her, it was against the law. So she stopped the Raja with her plea. He could not allow the law to be broken but he did offer the sobbing woman enough money to assist as a loan until the order was made over to her name..... just like that ! In big cities, who would be able to ask the Governor for a loan or tell of such a problem ? In Gupis its the fashion.

The Governors in the Himalayan areas are a race apart. They come from a long line of emperors and princes. Their blood strain is unmixed for they only inter-marry with first, second and third cousins who appear to have sprung from the same parents. Raja Hussain Ali Khan looks like a Holbein portrait of an Engiish king...with a permanent twinkle in his hazel eyes. He rides a horse like a Texas cowboy while maintaining kingly dignity. He has two wives.

His sons attend schools in distant cities. The daughters stay at home—taught by old women of the house to be good housewives which is more important than studies in a land where careers of woman are frowned upon. Weddings in the community are attended by all. Traditionally, thousands are chosen by fathers and mothers. Living happily ever after is natural, for the wholesome life and invigorating air leads to contentment. The routine, of early rising is necessary in order to attend the farm. The young wife in time has babies to keep her busy and her own quarters where she is mistress. The cycle of simplicity is repeated through the years. Koh-i-Ghizar citizens are good Muslims who abide by Quran......and pray in the Mosques five times a day.

The fertile land is part of the Gilgit Agency and is reached over rough mountain roads from Gilgit, a distance of 68 miles by jeep, mule or horseback. The scenery en-route is beautiful and magnificient.

A radio telephone in Gupis (the only touch of the modern 20th Century) keeps the Raja in contact with the neighbouring states. Several times a year the Raja makes a complete tour throughout the villages of Koh-i-Ghizar to confer with his people and redress their grievances. He rules as a wise and a kind mediator. The Raja's day in Gupis begins with a session of his council (elected by the people) to discuss and decide arising problems which are taken care of immediately. The only jail in Koh-i-Ghizar is in Gupis, (with space for only 3 prisoners) is always empty, for crime is almost

not-existant. If a man has coveted his neighbour's land and used it, that's robbery. His punishment is not jail. He must return the land with interest. The wife of the Raja (called the Rani) visits the women and listens to their needs. When a husband dies, neighbours or the council take care of her future and arrange her affairs. There are no abandoned families, If a house burns down, the neighbours haul stone from the mountain side and build another one.

A good third of the adults speak passable English though the local language is Shina. In Schools English is taught from the fourth grade otherwise all lessons are in Urdu. A surprise in this remote land is the co-educational system. Though many of the women observe Purdah, the boys and girls of Gupis attend classes together. They are beautiful children with flashing eyes, fair glowing skin and lithe bodies. They show off their knowledge with gusto and are proud of receiving attention. The school is located on a hillside. On another hillside (Gupis is just full of hillsides) the Post and Telegraph Office sits amongst the flowers. No trains or trucks dash up with mail. No planes drop a mail bag. Life goes back to jungle days and human carriers, the official postman runs 8 miles swift as a bird, then stops—hands over the sealed bags to another carrier who runs another 8 miles and this is continued until Gilgit is reached. After that the post goes modern and departs by air for individual point of address.

Buying a pair of shoes in Gupis is adventurous.

They are made there of stout leather decorated with narrow strips of pliable bamboo. Mountain air stiffens the leather and getting them on for the first time is quite a feat. I bought a pair with the shopkeeper's assistance. His methods matched those of Cinderella's sisters for he calmly hammered the edge of the toe of the shoe with an iron weight while my unsuspecting foot was inside, in order to make my foot slide in. If the shoe is going to fit, it does. If it wont you just shout "ouch" and thats that. But of course he always chooses a size larger so that suffering is purely imaginary.

When tourists come to Gupis, the Raja's own troubadours assemble on his spacious front lawn soon after daylight to serenade the guests with music which sounds like bagpipes. It is called 'Bansura Music' and is played on home-made instruments known as sitars which resemble mandolins.

Recreation and relaxation are equally important in Gupis: Polo, the national sport is played several times a week with master and servant riding side by side.

At the foot of green slopes in Gupis lies the Punder Lake, thick with trout called the Golden Fish. They are amber skinned and delightful in taste which makes both fishing and eating a great pleasure. Horseback riding is the principal means of transport and picnics to more remote spots of beauty on horse-back are popular. I stayed at the Raja's private cottage just

five miles away across Gupis bridge in a tiny village called Ab-e-Hayat, meaning "Water of Immortal Life" We rode over low mountain trails to reach it. The cottage sits on a hilltop and has four suites with big fireplaces and flowers growing all around. Tall fruit trees shade, and the towering mountains give it a "Lost Horizon" background. When Prince Sadruddin and the brother of the Shah of Persia came on a visit they stayed in this cottage and were enchanted by it. Truly it's a place of immortal charm.

Hunting in Gupis is a public and an approved sport. High up between the surrounding snow and ice covered mountains lurks the ibex whose creamy shaggy coats of wool are highly prized. Gupis people weave it into cloth which feels like angora. The Ibex is an animal resembling a goat in a more solid form, thrives in cold climates and never ventures into the lowlands. Snow-Leopards are often found and caught in the same regions. Hunters have to climb rocks to discover their lair. Hiking is an all year enjoyment in Gupis and swimming is fun in the summer months. Gupis is warm from March until October, then the weather becomes very cold and long robes made of Ibex wool are worn by everyone. A striking feature of this robe is its cloak-look, yet it has sleeves two yards long tapering off to a 4 inch-closure. Thus hands inserted are completely covered while the sleeve end is lapped over the palm giving intense warmth with complete freedom of finger movement. A most practical convenience in an ancient world.

I never saw a crying infant or a sad person. In Gupis laughter is in the air and everyone laughs so much it feels like carnival land.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Romantic Hunza

Few people are aware that Hunza, the mountainous state perched high, high up in the Himalayas where people appear to be ageless...in an atmosphere resembling the fairytale kingdom of Shangrilla, is of utmost importance to the free world because of its strategic geographical situation.

Pakistan on one side, the Hunza State is bordered by Afghanistan, Russian Turkistan and the Chinese controlled Sinkiang Province. In recorded history, invasions of the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent took place from these parts in the Himalayas. Thus in effect Pakistan constitutes virtually the protective shield of the sub-continent on this little known Hunza-Pass.

Not long ago in these mountains there lived a ruler in his palace with all his family. It was a beautiful place in Baltis, very high up, and from every window one could see snow-capped mountains and glaciers. The quiet was so quiet that before reaching the palace, some visitors used to think "This must be where the Sleeping Beauty lives and nó prince has come to awaken her, or perhaps the seven dwarfs hid Snow-white and kept her safe from harm, for how could anything human reach here over this hilly fastness and terrible rugged paths? Though the palace and every

thing around it looked like a picture from a fable or at least the Arabian Nights—it was really true and when the ruler felt tired of living so high up because the cold in winter was very cold, he moved down to a lower elevation on an eight thousand foot crag and built a new palace at Karimabad with "Welcome" painted across it.

The real greeting comes from Ghazi-i-Millat, General Mir Mohammad Jamal Khan who is the Mir of Hunza who rules like a benevelent king in his small domain.

This unusal person is handsome and well built. He wears suits made of handwoven Hunza cloth which is just about the best tweed in the world and he is as modern in his ways and thinking as the 20th Century. Over the gruelling mountain highways carved out of the rocks, all manner of things arrive by jeep or mules for the comfort of the citizens. The Mir has the unique distinction of being the only subscriber in Hunza to the National Geographic which comes by plane, river, rafts and ponies once a month to fill his library along with other books and magazines for his visitors' enjoyment. His home is a magnificent castle, luxuriously furnished but his hospitality is even greater and whoever visits, feels they have been royal guests in a rare romantic setting with music, male dancers and a band played on flutes, drums and sitars (a version of the guitar) with penetrating rhythm.

Hunza State as part as the Gilgit Agency has the flag of Pakistan flying proudly above it. Long ago,

Hunza as the focus point of Central Asia bordered by Afghanistan, Russian Turkestan and Chinese Turkestan was popular as a mountain trading center. Immense wealth was spent between these neighbouring countries. Caravans to its frontiers were often looted and other such hazards befell many of the journeys. The same hardy robbers who relished being highwaymen were also very loyal and fought the British in 1891 when they sought to attack Hunza.

These Northern trade routes are now closed, the wealth gleaned from duties levied, sales and plunder has ceased, and Hunza is a peaceful principality occupied by friendly simple people whose existence depends entirely on what they produce from their small plots of fertile soil. There is no surplus and small needed staple commodities like salt and cotton materials are brought in through Gilgit. Fast flowing rivers offer great possibilities but so far the water has only been harnessed for a primitive flour mill rotated by a huge stone wheel. All the Hunzawalas are farmers, their main crops are apricots, barley wheat and oats. Panning for gold in the fast running streams is another occupation which turns out to be quite profitable for prospecting parties who often come from Gilgit and nearby small states.

The women of Hunza make exquisite embroidery on caps, shirts and dresses, Though the beauty of it is such that strangers and outside merchants would purchase it, they are content with sewing only as much of it as they need for personal use.

Apricots play a big part in Hunza economy. Throughout the area, between 7,000 and 9,000 feet, the land is watered by the Hunza, Gilgit and Shyok rivers, tributaries of the Indus. The apricot grows as a main crop, planted like potatoes whose yields are bounteous. Other fruit trees—apples, pears, peaches, mulberries and cherries grow in abundance. When in flower the orchards, present a rare and lovely colourful panorama, against solid mountain background. In summer apricots are eaten off the tree. In winter they are eaten dried, and the kernel too is enjoyed because the crisp almond is often ground and made into cake and country style bread which tastes delicious. A valuable oil is also made from the apricot kernel. This has a great deal to do with the health of the people. They all appear to be much younger then they are. Men of 65 with vigorous beards and strong handclasps look only 40. Their simple lives and plain diet combined with the natural vitamins of the fruit they eat—in the cool brisk air—keeps them as young as flowers in Spring.

Each January Hunzawalas have a ceremonial spring-sowing and mix gold-dust with the seed—a custom long adhered to, to-together with prayers for sunny weather. Grey days early in the year mean dangerous drought. Cloudless blue skies mean sunshine, melting snow and rushing torrents down the hillsides......and in the valley below, the wonderful sound of flowing channels irrigating the fields and watering the blossoming apricots.

Hunzawalas are a very friendly lot. Walking in the villages, one finds gentleness and laughter as well as intense interest. They trail visitors and stop playing, to catch up with them. Lively discussions follow—"Where did you come from? Do you like us very much? May we show you around"? and "Can we conduct you to the polo grounds?".

This anxiety to please makes you want to pick them up and hug them all. The adults' reputation for ferocity is untrue. They are different from the Pathans because their land is more fertile and their agricultural pursuits easier. Though strong and bodily tough, they all have natural charm, and crime is almost non-existent. All disputes are settled by the Mirs and there is no police in Hunza. The penalty for crime is expulsion to a remote settlement deep in the mountains called Shimshal. The thought of this isolation curbs any wrong intentions and to be far away from one's family is unthinkable. The peculiar and proud traditions of the Hunzawalas are dominated by a very strict sense of honour. Any slur on someone's sense of honour calls for immediate revenge; thus adultery is almost unheard of—and punished severely when it does happen. There is great hospitality among all the inhabitants of Hunza. If a woman becomes a widow, all her neighbours assist to bring up her children. Her small amount of cultivated land is cared for and new seed-sown each Spring. Her crops are gathered and she is not left alone to fend for herself.

The dynasty of Hunza is more than 600 years old. Former rulers lived in castles of wood and stone at strategic points in the valley—also serving as fortresses against dangerous attacks by outside Asian tribes. Above the entrances, stones were piled high and dropped on marauders. The population is nearly all Ismaili Muslim. Hunzawalas are followers of the Aga Khan.

The signs of progress in Hunza are numerous: New schools are being built by the Government of Pakistan so that all the children may have an equal chance of education. Recently a former impassable highway from Gulmit, a 20 mile stretch to Hunza has been completed which makes one of the direct routes from Gilgit to Hunza—jeepable all the way. It was opened by the President of Pakistan.

Years ago, the route was even more strenuous than it is today because its neighbouring state, Nagar, was a sworn enemy.

Some two decades past, the Mir of Hunza wed the daughter of the royal family of family of Nagar, thus breaking a feud that had lasted centuries and uniting two famous dynasties. This strategic move resulted in passage by a short cut through Nagar. Before, travel was a hundred mountain-miles further away. Travellers only became aware of the primitive life when they ventured into the rugged terrain of the Karakorum Range to see sheepherders and hillmen.

Narrow tracks abound all the way by the side of glaciers. Hunters and guides fill their water bags from the melted ice.

Vertical cliffs which must be crossed look impossible to climb...but following a Hunza-tribesman, who strides upwards like a conqueror while being loaded with heavy packs, gives the traveller a confidence he did not know he postessed. He becomes saturated with prowess.

After reaching 15,000 feet above sea level, the scenery beyond is incomparable. The grassy plateaus, tall pines and wild flowers everywhere framed by towering snowcapped mountains and the high Batura Glacier make one gasp as if coming into a new born world. Every imaginable natural beauty lingers. The bright green crops, the countless colours and deep spaces of blue where the sky creeps in, is a splendour which seeps into one's mind and soul.

Far away in the distance, the old palace at Baltis stands, perched like a tiny doll-house on a crag, white, aloof and romantic, surrounded by other tiny square houses. Visitors in jeeps and caravans often stop the night while en-route at Aliabad and Sarat for the villages of Hunza are spread far apart. New—comers sleep like infants because the cool invigorating thinner air tires them out. Nature's own prescription far relaxing rest. Near the snow-line at Patum Das, one awakes to see a fresh carpet of snow, while the

shikaris are out hunting game: for, ibex, wild sheep and snow leopards dwell in the thick woods. Lower down, the snow has become icy streamlets, marvellous to drink and enjoy.

Arrival at the castle of the Mir is a memorable occasion. His wife, the Rani and his many sons and daughters are all on hand to greet the visitors. How the Rani stayed so young and beautiful after having eight children is a mystery, but not really, for the spirit of eternal youth lies in the air of Hunza. Thus the Rani is but a symbol of the radiant health enjoyed by all the subjects, most of whom are vegetarians. The many varieties of wheat-grains grown in Hunza's fertile soil are rich in vitamins and minerals. One of the secrets of long life of the Hunza people lies in the natural foods they eat. The Mir's youngest daughter, little Princess Azra, resembles a pink-cheeked freshly painted doll. Her vitality is such that she can hop up the hillsides as if she was skipping with a skipping rope...yet once on terra firma her behaviour with guests has all the correct gentle aristocracy of a royalty.

The hospitality of the hosts in remote Asia is without parallel, Westerners are treated to European food with a delightful Hunza flavour, but a request for local diet brings forth smiles and you are treated to hot food with Chinese influence; which still remains throughout the Mir's home. Upto 1935 formal visits by Chinese

Military missions bearing ceremonial gifts from Sinkiang were made yearly. Fine vases, lacquer trays statuettes line the castle-mantlepiece. Won Tan soup and Chinese dumplings are carried in, steaming hot. Amazement at your delight in these delicacies is extreme, but one's own amazement at the luxurious surroundings in Pakistan's "out-of-this-world" place is even greater. The walls are covered with portraits of past rulers. English royalty too. In the bedrooms, quilts and drapes are of red and gold antique brocades. But the graciousness of the Mir outshines the magnificence or his material wealth......He wears his sociality like a king's crown.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

The Wonderful World of Skardu

Even on the hottest summer day, Skardu in the great hills and plateaus of Baltistan is cool and refreshing. Its peculiar gegoraphical situation, 100 miles north-east of Rawalpindi set in the heart of the Karakorum mountain range makes it so. Towering snow-capped peaks send dark shadows across its valleys. Sand islands strewn on the riverbed with the song of birds, trilling for the joy of life in their private far-flung domain. The long winding Indus River churns white foam over rocks, splashing icy cold spray over swiftly running brown trout, temptation for anglers who battle wits with these clever denizens of the water world.

Skardu is Christmas tree land. The rosy faced childern of its farmers resemble small cherubs as they romp and play by the roadside with a pet lambs and dog. Skardu is lake-land, some for-ever frozen, others shimmering eternally in the light of the sun. Skardu is a geologist's land, full of minerals and stones, granite and marble which would net fortunes of gold, if a way ever found to export but a fraction of the rich streams embedded thoroughout its terrain. Skardu has beauty and magnificence, undreamed of in the quiet reaches of its fertile pastures, but it does not shout out loud of its virtues. Little is known of this piece of Pakistan because it is seldom mentioned in tourist folders. A

visit to rock bound villages is a rare treat indeed. Fine rest houses with modern comforts have been built throughout Baltistan.

The flight to Skardu starts from Rawalpindi after a permit is obtained from the Ministry of Kashmir Affairs On board the Government P.I.A. Charter plane, one learns how much courage is required by both passenger and crew on this most hazardous flight, Perhaps the fact of it also being the most spectacular sight enhances the value. In contrast to the Gilgit flight, reaching Skardu is dramatic As the plane soars over the solid unbroken mountain range, one wonders what potent elixir has been instilled in these hardy creatures, the P.I.A. pilots and navigators, as they sit at ease, calmly smiling beneath their oxygen masks, hands trained to steer their winged birds in and out of dangerous crevices, with brains alert and superb vision, watching and measuring the height of each glacier as they rise higher and higher above them ... ... a flying carpet gliding over mounds of pure white and untouched snow on the countless rooftops of a silent world. A heavenly view but fearsome to many of the passengers as the jutting rocks below appear to rise on a smoke—screen out of a witch's cauldron...brewing in the black waters of the Indus. To hardier people, the scene is like "Paradise"—Fluted snow and powdered crests—Fantastic......beautiful and majestic. Nature flaunting her glory beneath pale blue clouds. A picture of magnificence and awe again t the palette of the sky.

The little town of Skardu is nine miles away

from the airport over roads which often cut into the mountains. Part of it is barren but much of it shows what cultivation can do in an otherwise primitive terrain· Chief among these are the one acre gardens devoted to the development of foodgrains under the expert charge of a dynamic young Deputy Agricultural Officer. His proudest moments are spent showing visitors around and even people not interested are swept with his enthusiasm at the sight of giant cabbages, beets, big potatoes and all manner of luscious greens sprouting in former barrew soil. Much of his success comes via the assistance of the I. C. A. which sends seeds from America for fruits and stock-graft, later transplanted on farms throughout Skardu and its environs.

Two years ago a former Political Agent, Bennat Gul Khan whose hobby was horticulture, cooperated with the young agricultural officer and bordered the food and fruit plots with flowers. Today his efforts show picturesque results and all cultivation throughout the length and breadth of Baltistan have flower-frames which delight the eyes. The present Political Agent continues his program and adds to the progress by distributing vegetable seedlings to one and all, whether they own half an acre or many—in order to wrest produce from the reclaimed land. The aim of the Pakistan Government is to increase food supplies in Skardu—and it needs a tremendous amount—not always obtainable through incoming caravans and air-transport cargo.

When visitors arrive whether State guests or ordinary tourists, the Agent spends a lot of time showing them around explaining projects and introducing them to local Rajas and Development Officer in remote primitive regions, so that whoever visits Skardu will have a knowledge of the vast resources just being tapped in Baltistan's Himalayas. He feels it is a priviledge and a duty to instill the feeling of wonder in you about results in the terrain he governs.

School in Skardu is fascinating. The students are fortunate for there is an unlimited space for children to study, play and enjoy callisthenics against the mountain back-ground. Classrooms are spacious' opening out to the sun. The youngsters have their own band. Lessons are in Urdu and English. Their own Balti language is extremely different and they speak it at home with their families. Through the interest of the Political Agent, fine new dormitories have been built, thus enabling isolated farm children to attend classes as boarding-students.

Not far away, Skardu's Hospital is a full-fledged institution where medicine, treatment and human kindness are dispensed without stern rules and regulations. When a Balti mother it going to have a new baby in the maternity ward, the midwife knows that the year old Abdul will break his heart without her and she moves a cot near Mama's bed...Little Abdul enjoys life playing in the grounds and sleeps contentedly when night comes at Mama's side. This is but a

fraction of the understanding offered to all patients.

Social activities center around Polo, horseback riding and the Spring-sowing of crops. The men perform traditional dance accompanied by a band consisting of a tudak, (flute) a suter, similar to a banjo and drums which beat out penetrating rhythms' fitting perfectly in their mountain seeting. The dancers are quick to interpret the changing tempo and the onlooker is fascinated by their distinctive motion. Each dance is symbolic of their life. Passion, love, tragedy and laughter are portrayed one after another. Tremendous applause follows. Modern life is interpreted by one performer who imitates an aeroplane. His act is so good that the audience stares at the sky with the expectation of seeing a plane alight. His rumblings of a jeep, rolling on the mountains trails, bring roars of loud mirth. He is the village star, though just a humble worker like others but a natural born mimic.

Balti people are tall and well built. The features are quite classic. They are for most part fair in complexion. They walk with an easy gait and slow strides. Hurrying is not known in the hilly areas. Travellers from outside Baltistan are greeted wih enthusiasm and warm hospitality. Fruit plucked off the trees are served with tea upon arrival at each village. The tea shops are numerous. The children are well behaved and friendly. They stand around and smile, thrilled at the sight of strangers and often run up impulsively to present flowers without words.

Eighteen miles from the Skardu's airport—high up in the hills lies Katchura Lake, reached over rocky expanses of road and barren land. A superb new panorama in the arid desert. Icy magnitudes enfold the tall dark pine trees which shoot up in the misty distance...like a mirage, surrounding Lake Katchur, a veritable sheet of silver in the sunshine. Visitors consider it the highlight of the tour.

A delightful mile-long hilly walk in the crisp air brings them to the lake. Pink roses growing wild dot its banks, bluebells and clover thicken the velvet grass while tiny narrow streamlets trickle over stones of granite. All hands are cupped to scoop the fresh running water which tastes like iced champagne (and is said to possess potent and amorous Influence.)

Stretched on the hilly slopes, listening to the song of birds and the whisper of darting butterflies, one becomes entranced and bewitched by the glory of nature in Baltistan where dreams drift in the air, wild mint, plucked and eaten, sends a fragrance that is keen and spicy. Far away earth problems vanish in the silence. The lake has a life of its own. Fish dart swiftly beneath it. Glistening in the sunshine and shade they become small pieces of a rainbow afloat, jewels shimmering on soft ripples of water. Little frogs hop saucily on the banks, occasionally encroaching into other domains, Saturated by the splendour and beauty of a true oasis beneath the mighty Himalayas......each person feels an asthetic pleasure while sojourning at

Katchura Lake.

On the way back to Skardu just about in the middle of nowhere is a fantastic man-made sight.

The Political Agent invites his friends and visitors to a surprise among surprises. Tea and refreshment at a genuine "Trailer House."

Planted by the bank of the River Indus the trailer stands squat, solid very real with the name "Orient Skylines" emblazoned over the front door. A close view showed it to be the body of an airplane, rebuilt for living, embedded on a base of earth and cement in picturesque bungalow styly.

How did it get there? Where did it come from? It seems that several years ago, a plane of the Orient Airlines crash-landed in Skardu. Rather than pay heavy haulage charges, the airline sold it for the ridiculous sum of 150 rupees to a clever Pakistani Brigadier. This gentlemen then proceeded to make the body of the plane into a comfortable waterfront home to be used by his family. An estate in the middle of a primitive piece of earth. All modern comforts have been installed, all guests exploring it want to stay put and never leave. Who wouldn't? Shaded by trees, the Brigadier has built a landing stage with his own hands from where he can fish, swim and go sailing. An idyllic picture in a no man's land fantastic and lovely. A place in the sun without problems or landlord.

Adventure is part and parcel of a Baltistan visit. A boat ride up the Indus River to Shigar Valley starts by jeep and foot-work along rugged mountain paths. Below at the mouth of the Indus, a ferry barge waits for all passengers without charge. It is drawn by human power. The Indus is extremely shallow in places and can only be navigated when many men pull the barges with thick ropes while walking on tiny sand islands which are dried up parts of the river. Some miles further on the passengers must alight and cross on islands of stone. A geologist would be in Seventh Heaven at the sight of countless stones, richly engrained with marble, granite and metal content—wealth untold for the taking. The scenery en-route is devoid of foliage, a stone age world of dark hills standing like somber giants outlined against a blue firmament.

Suddenly the fertile village of Shigar comes into sight. Quaint two and three storied small houses, all with balconies, crowded with growing flowers, the family wash blowing in the breezes and babies nappies make a pretty view. Like a tiny Alpine hamlet without snowslides, it stands in marked contrast—surrounded by playing fields used for their national game of polo and other sports—a whimsical contrast after the route of solitude, and barren earth stones. Shigar, ruled by young, vital Raja Ali Shah is a happy place. Population 23,000 Muslim souls. Like the inhabitants of Skardu, they are Ismailis, followers of the Agha Khan who till the soil and live as farmers. Originally these people were descended from Chinese and Mongolian races who

embraced Islam in later years. Strength and character show in their faces. Though they live a hard and almost primitive life, they enjoy each moment of it. Everyone is comfortably well off in Shigar. Because of the abundance of their crops, other valleys in Baltistan which are not as fertile are recipients of their rich produce.

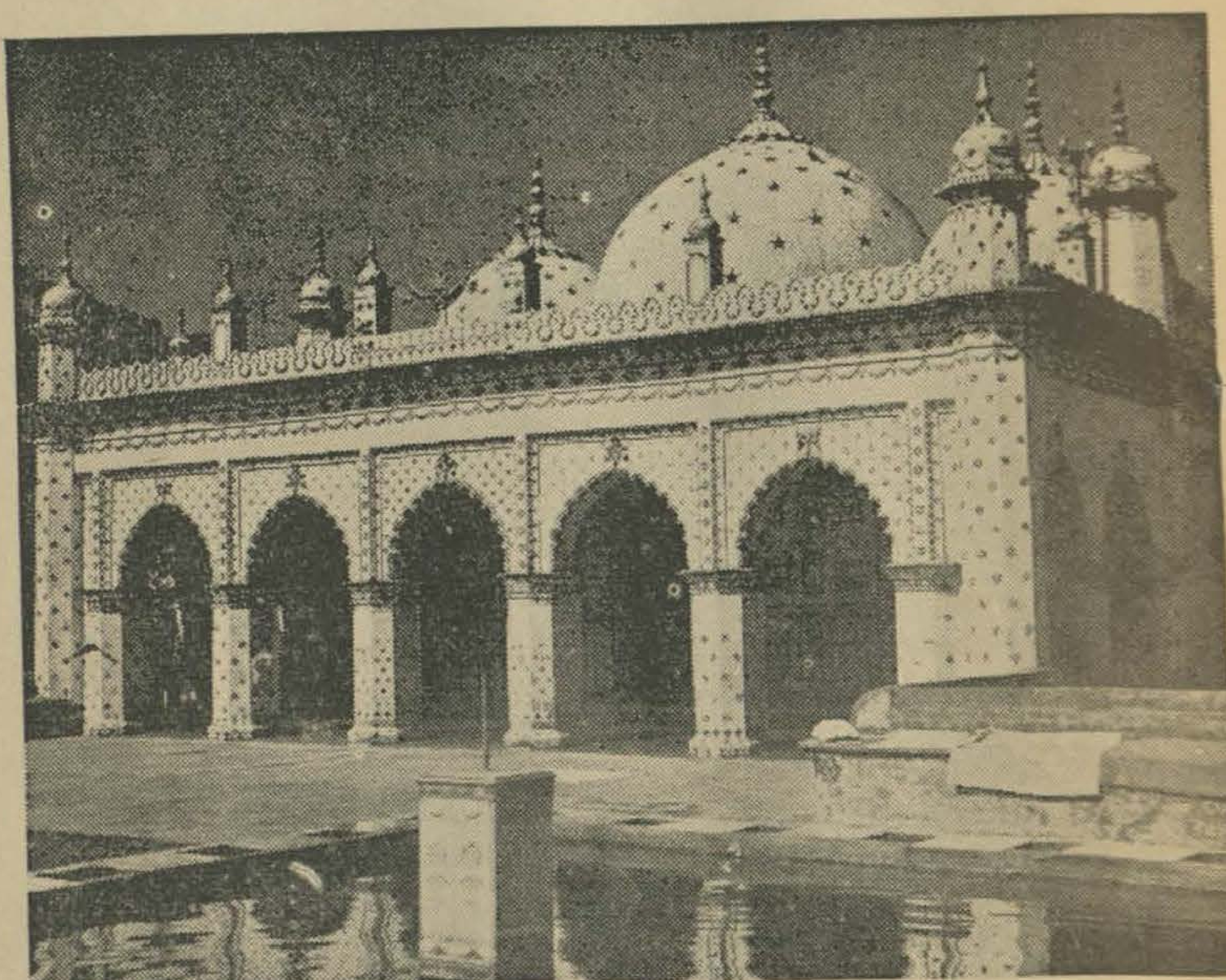
Village Aid has now come to each area in Baltistan. On land that was arid and barren, ways have been found to make it productive. From Lahore, Karachi and other large cities, young men with agricultural education have come bringing their knowledge and understanding hearts to show Baltis the way.

The people from the Forest control and agricultural divisions, the medical officer too and the Political Agent's staff all work together like a big happy family. Their respect for maintenance of tradition combined with patience brings greater personal rewards to them than those obtained in the Metropolis. They add prestige to the country by their devotion to labour. Socially they congregate with all the inhabitants. Of great though solemn-amusing interest are the Purdah Parties. Everyone has a wonderful time. The ladies in separate rooms and the men in others. Wives discuss husbands with the same zest as in a beauty parlour. Wearing burkas does not affect their open minds. With the other ladies they chat and gossip happily. These affairs take place in the home of the Political Agent who has a most spacious house...The parties are immensely

enjoyable and future marriages are promoted at the same time with all participants having their say.

Return to Rawalpindi is not always on schedule. Because flights to and from Skardu are dependent on the weather, planes do not always arrive when expected. Often visitors have to stay longer than planned. This is not a dilemma; rather it is a piece of good fortune. An extra day or two of holiday in a world so remote, so utterly different and tranquil is a pleasure. You will return to the Rest House with glee, in a spirit of sudden joy. A holiday provided by the elements...a joyous occasion, unexpected, provided by the heavens and the Almighty.

East Pakistan



Star Mosque Dacca.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Dacca - City of 700 Mosques

Who would ever dream that picturesque Dacca was once a remarkable centre for the jolly sport of horse-racing, and that those thorough-breds even won prizes for the Aga Khan and her Majesty Queen Victoria. Yes this is true. Lately it has been revived, so you sportsmen and ladies in love with those sturdy creatures, you may now not only enjoy the races but even add to your holiday allowance by taking part in this old, old sport.

Dacca is so full of wonderful things, that visitors from near and far should be as glad and as happy as the traditional kings. Indeed this is a city of individuality.

City of individuality, charm and Banyan trees. Dacca has a smiling face; affection wells up inside of you from the moment of arrival. Greenery all over; masses of flowers enhancing the garden.look.

This predominantly Muslim town has a marked Muslim Culture and its influence in customs, language and dress contribute a wholesome and vibrant sway over the inhabitants. The older groups called Mohalla Sardars are known for their wit and humour who still have the power similar to ancient story-tellers of

wielding jurisdiction over their immediate circles of family, friends and associates. Indeed as descendants of the Mughal Viceroy of Bengal who founded Dacca long ago, they feel, that worthy royal gentleman would be beaming in the regions of the Here-After. for his beloved city still retains its oriental atmosphere and exciting captivation which actually evokes more interest than the new look.

What visitor from the Western Zone of Pakistan or overseas has not wondered how Karachi's sister-city would be? One midnight they have boarded the PIA plane for the swift flight across foreign terrain, have been coddled to sleep with soft pillows and refreshments, and wake up to find themselves nearing Dacca in the daylight, fresh with anticipation. The small airport is crowded with people who are different; from the orange-robed monks, bare-footed and bare-headed, to small boys selling pineapples, while the spell of another land permeates the air. You go through Customs and Immigration, too, but in such a friendly fashion, you feel you belong your first hour there because you have not even lost a precious day while being transported over 1000 miles.

For the tired traveller or businessman who can afford to combine a holiday with work, East Pakistan has fine sea-going vessels such as the brand new ship called the Rustom of the Paak Line. What they offer to passengers crossing from Karachi to Chittagong is practically out of this world. In the first place they

have two classes only, the ritzy deluxe for 450/- Rupees all the way and economy for the crazy amount of only 85/- Rupees all the way. This means that the deluxe (so deluxey) cabins are 50/- Rupees less than their freindly competitors. Then you can swim in a classy pool, relax in a cushy deck chair or just sun bathe beneath the blue sky!......make a ship to shore call—bring the kids and your pet pooch with you, enjoy modern art in the foyers, get shampooed, valeted and massaged.

Who knows? you might even do business on board and last but not least in case you are a sailor (pirates included) a s cholar, a student, artist or ex-serviceman (any nationality) and even a writer they give you a discount and no extra charge for stopping off at Colombo. At night you can dance to your heart's content to the tune of a hot Hifi set or play bridge or chess (the best experts are on board) then sleep as sweetly as in your mother's arms in airconditioned comfort.

Ah! the economy class...You might think it belongs to a fairy tale—on account of you don't sleep on the hard deck for so cheap a rate; you actually sleep in a nice clean cool dormitory on the hard hard deck, get 3 big meals a day and meet students, loafers, lovers and East Pakistani families coming back from visiting their sweet West Pakistani relatives and other interesting species of humans sailing the ocean on the

cheap.

Other noted lines who have made this crossing for years are the Pan-Islamic whose ship, the swanky Safina-e-Arab carries you to Chittagong in luxurious comfort. The friendly Crescent steamship company has the comfortable Shams sailing once monthly via Colombo to East Pakistan. So the tourist has a choice of twice a month departure. First class is rupees 500, and 2nd class much less and either one gives you the opportunity of meeting Daccaites who will tell you what to see and do with great pride. Arrival is at the Chittagong Port and you must proceed by plane or train to reach the capital. It is pleaseant all the way.

Dacca is the seat of the Provincial Government. The Governor's house resembles a miniature Fontainbleau, for it is set in spacious gardens, reminiscent of France. Huge crystal chandeliers in high ceilinged chambers give it a palatial air. The dynamic Governor, His Excellency, Abdul Monem Khan, lives and breathes with every thought for East Pakistan. He is an approachable person, always willing to lend a ear to citizen and stranger alike. In such environs visitors feel welcome.

On my first visit, I arrived in Dacca just 24 hours before the New Regime of Martial Law in 1958. Like any tourist I wondered if the programme I had planned would work out, for so many agencies and offices were closed whose managers were waiting to see

the effects of the new rule. A call to the new Administrator brought splendid results. "Our life has not stopped," he said, "It is going on far better than before." Travel anywhere you wish freely our doors are not closed." How could I not help feeling both wonderful and relieved......As a stranger in their midst, I found friendliness on all sides, coupled with intense interest in a foreigner's welfare.

This new way of life was an almost unbelievable wholesome contrast. Then I remembered, excerpts from the Holy Quran which stresses "Universal Brotherhood" and I began to understand so clearly the concepts of what made Pakistan and how it came to be...with its equality among races, without prejudice for creed or colour. Other visitors from the same plane no longer thought of running home and we started to enjoy the individuality and importance of Dacca. On later visits, after Martial Law was over, and Pakistan's New Constitution had taken its place, I found the pattern set for continued peace and true to the ideals it had set for itself. Touring it, was a worthy highlight anyone could enjoy.

Much of its great past is preserved in rich monuments of impressive beauty, such as the Lal Bagh Fort, containing the tomb of Pari Bibi. The intricate design and workmanship testifies to the rare quality of art from the Mughal Era. Buildings and mosques erected by the sons of Shah Jehan are breath-takingly exquisite in design and formation. Close to

the Tomb of Pari Bibi is Bara Katra, a beautiful monument originally intended as a place for Shah Shuja' the son of the great Mughal Emperor Shah Jehan. The Chhota Katra pavilion nearby, erected by Shah Jehan is also an exquisite monument. Shah Shuja earlier built the Husaini-Dalan edifice and dedicated it to Imam Hussain, who was the grandson of the Holy Prophet Mohammad. His Churihata Mosque is renowned for its true Mughal trend.

Dacca's 700 mosques would take months to visit but these few mentioned are worth the time spent seeing them. Worthy of note is Satgumbad, a Mosque built by the Governor Shaista Khan which has seven exquisite domes. Binat Bini Mosque, the oldest monument in the city, was built in 1456 A.D. Other picturesque mosques stand by the water's edge on Dacca's waterfront. Their doors are always open—inviting one to pause awhile. Nearby Hindu temples add enchantment as one walks around observing the inhabitants so distinctive in appearance. Smoothly shaven Westerners mingle with strikingly handsome bearded men who sport luxurious growths of hair from ear to ear, Bible fashion, while Buddhists stroll nonchalantly along, wrapped in their brightly coloured robes, hatless under a blazing sun. Everyone else carries hege black umbrellas (as protection from both rain and tropical sun), a custom adhered to from the days of colonial rule.

One feels the Asiatic background seeing Pagodas

of Burmese origin, and the monasteries of Siamese workmanship nestling a street or hill away from the mosques of Islam and the occasional churches. No charges are made for entering these places, though charitable donations left in the door boxes are always acceptable. Urdu and Bengali voices are heard on all sides and most of the older generation speaks fluent English. Smiles and gestures often suffice when there is no common language. The Bengalies as East Pakistan citizens are called, are loveable people who show genuine concern for the welfare of visitors.

On my numerous strolls through the old city of Dacca, accompanied by a witty guide I had the occasion to test the brand of interest shown to visitors. The steel wire corners of a favourite overnight bag had become loose and snagged everything. The first place I went into where luggage was repaired offered to take care of it in a week. Since I had to move on, I could not wait and we wandered into a tinsmith's shop where fascinating candle holders were being made from old tin cans. I showed the tinsmith my bag and asked him to repair it. He shook his head—while explaining that if he soldered my corners anew, the plastic of my bag would melt. I laughed and picked up a piece of tin and suggested that he could use it for protection while using his blow pipe. He thought it was a good idea and promptly fixed each corner then said I should return for it in one hour so that the solder would settle. Returning with my guide I came back for the case and found myself plunged headlong

into an argument in which the tinsmith and my guide were the chief wranglers. "Goodness me," I exclaimed; "What is this all about—lets pay for the work and go." The guide became grim and said, "Lady this man is charging you too much money I wont let you pay it." "Listen"? I said to my guide, "this fellow has done a good job, he cant be asking more than the luggage shop wanted. They were going to charge 5 rupees; (one dollar). Please pay him for me and lets go. He became indignant and drew himself up haughtily. "I dont care how much that high class shop wanted, this is only a little tinsmith and he is charging too much."

"Oh dont be silly," I replied; "it cant be as bad as that, what does he want?"

"Well lady, I live here and I am a Bengali like he is and I know prices—and your repair was only a five minute's job...he is actually asking the tourist price of one rupee (20 cents) when it should only be half a rupee. I dont think you should pay it." I howled in surprise and gave the good man his rupee with many thanks, receiving enough bows and the Blessings of Allah to make me feel holy. "Are you mad," I cried to my guide, this was worth five times as much to me, I am very pleased. Let's go......"

I met some American ladies from New Jersey going into raptures over the cloth of Dacca. Spun like

gossamere, the muslins are as soft as silk and so fine they can be drawn through a ring. Six yards of it folded will fit in a matchbox. It is said that they have been webbed by fairies with the thread of winds. They bear romantic names such as "Dew of Evening" and "Grass at Eventide." The ladies bought so much of it, I felt sure that a lot of families in Trenton will be showing off dainty Dacca gowns. The Tangali is an excellent buy. It is made of fine cotton, interwoven with gold and silver thread. A six yard piece sufficient for a Saree is only rupees 25. Pearl necklaces and ornaments can also be purchased as treasures to take home.

The pearl industry in East Pakistan is a flourishing one. Factories in the capital produce bangles, bracelets and necklaces. You will get your money's worth as the prices are not high. Wind up your hours of shopping here with a visit to Dacca s water-front market. The over flowing rivers have a life of their own, crowded with sampans, canoes, yachts and the fishermen's craft whose washing flaps from the masts like flags flying in the breeze. Its a mercy sights indeed. Buy a fat ripe pineaple from the fruit peddlar for only 12 cents, split it open and drink of its nectar while sitting on a log as the crowds pass slowly by.

Art lovers may visit the Government institute of Art located at Shabagh and see the folk art and paintings of the Dacca Art Group. Talent inherited from Mughal ancestors is portrayed here, New exhi-

bitions are on display at festival time which is from September to March. Each month Hindu, Muslim and Budhist festivals take place. In the public schools the children also celebrate the festivals with their own version of ritual dancing. At this time, visitors are always welcome. From October to New Year at the Hindu Durga Puja Festival, temple girls dance wreathed in silk and lotus blossoms. At the hotels and rest houses throughout East Pakistan the Manipuri dances are performed for foreign tourists on request. With barely a few hours notice a troupe will come to entertain and perform Ballets as they were portrayed 2000 years ago.

Dacca's new look is overwhelming and offers modern comforts. The University Museum is full of precious objects. The Library contains rare books. The smart new hotel Shahbagh set in its own grounds has all amenities. Marble pillars all over the place give it a grandiose air. Single room, bath, telephone and all meals come for the modest sum of 35 Rupees per day. At Greens Hotel, not so plush but comfortable, the rates are only 20 Rupees inclusive. They have not yet heard of high prices in East Pakistan. Dacca's Radio Station is a showplace across from the Shahbagh. The Dacca Club in the same area holds open house for tourists and the swimming pool can be used by hotel guests.

Schools catering to all classes are filled with eager students. A tourist can attened a lecture and

learn a lot from contact with the youth of Dacca, Prehaps one of the most modern innovations in that capital city are the cinemas. Just recently a super-structure, completely air-conditioned, has been built, rising into the sky, two theatres one on top of the other, showing different films at the same time...in lovely old world Dacca.

Jute mill employees on their day off pass, balancing loads of heavy baskets on their heads wearing but a lungi (a one-piece cloth draped around them, much as we drape a towel after bathing) completely oblivious of other citizens wearing more formal attire. A day spent in jute mill land started by jeep or sampan is a rewarding happy time.

Sail down the river in a couple of hours to Narayanganj. Watch the Muslim and Hindu workers fish, pile jute and produce into small boats; see the floating markets en-route and end up at the Karim and Adamjee Jute Mills where the wonder plants supplies the needs of millions at home and abroad with rope, cord, twines, baskets rugs and countless other objects now created from jute.

Inside the humming factories some workers lie curled up asleep, waiting for their shifts to commence. Others are adept hands with the machines. Many girls and women contribute the delicate touch with deft nimble fingers. To begin with, I was told, these rustic people did not take kindly to industrialization, but the

steady salary and the excellent working conditions proved a good drawing card. It outweighed the charm of their former happy go-lucky existence. Now their homes along the river bank have radios and modern appliances bought from jute-mill salaries.

From Dacca, one can travel on 91 miles of modern railroad thoroughout East Pakistan or fly to Calcutta, Rome and London by PIA. With its own individuality Dacca may still be likened to any international city. It possesses fine medical facilities, foreign mission, the Asia Foundation and huge boat building centres. Three kinds of soil make the agricultural-produce rich and luscious and these tropical delights compliment other Dacca food specialities.

Occasionally, big name stars, orchestras and ballets make their way to Dacca. The population attend en-masse. Every seat is sold out days ahead, for cultural activities rank high. Once in a while, Hill-tract groups come down and perform their special dances at the Dacca Stadium. They are accorded the same welcome as visiting celebrities. It is not who they are or where they come from in East Pakistan, their talent and art stand for more. And how those Hill-Tract people dance. With abandon they pour out liquid movements; bodies sway to the beat of the drums. Hands stretch out in poetical ecstacy and the audience

is captured by their spirit. So much to see in Dacca, Hill Folk who come to the big city, Foreigners or Bengalis, businessmen or tourists, all enjoying the variety which Dacca has to offer. Go East to this land of friendship.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Chittagong Port and the Hill Tracts

"Grand Port...Town of sleeping beauty,
Emerging from the mists and waters..."

So spoke the Chinese poet Hsuan Tseng when he visited Chittagong centuries ago, and like a beautiful lady dressed in green, she waits with outstretched arms, bidding welcome to all who cross her shores.

From Dacca I enjoyed a 50 minute plane flight over picturesque sampan-filled waterways to Chittagong and found that busy seaport full of vessels from all over the world. Prominent among them were passenger and cargo ships from Karachi unloading needed merchandise for East Pakistan. Other such ships were returning with staple produce and goods for the Western zone.

Chittagong, situated on the Eastern sea-coast of the Bay of Bengal is the second commercial and industrial port of Pakistan—a vital link between the East and West wings. The big modern harbour is connected by Pakistan Eastern Railway and Inland Water Transport. Yet the town itself has country charm set against the background of rolling hills. The winding banks of the River Karnafuli foot the hills covered with lush tropical foliage. As the gateway to the Hill-tracts, the giant Paper Mills at Chandraghona, Kaptai,



Pretty Budhist girls of East Pakistan.



The colourful site of East Pakistan.

the Sunderbans and Cox's Bazaar, I could sense that Chittagong had more to offer as tourist-land in expectancy than other resorts of greater renown. If you arrive by train from Dacca, you will see through your windows the newly complered Cadet College of East Pakistan at Faujdarhat...a good place to visit during your tour. The college staff welcome visitors and it does the heart good to see what Pakistan is doing on its home-ground to educate and train young boys who wish to prepare for a career in the ranks of the Armed forces. Other vocations are offered so that military life is not an obligation. The classrooms are open to all and its a privilege to watch the eager enthusiasm of the young students at classes in science, medicine, civil administration, commerce and industry. After lessons the sports grounds and swimming pool are crowded and show the healthy life the boys lead. You may even be asked to join the cricket and baseball game. Indeed the young students will be very pleased.

Life in Chittagong centres round the harbour with an intensity but for the tourist, its great Karnafuli River offers holiday delights. Quaint sampans with bamboo oval shades make these small boats like floating houses. For 8 annas one can cross the narrowest point (about half a mile) where it circles Chittagong or sail along the 25 miles widest stretch to the near river for a 3 rupee fare. For company you will have Hill Tract neighbours dressed in simple clothes. The womenfolk wear bright sarongs carrying babies on their backs who

look like small smiling Buddhas. They will chatter in Bengali and climb on and off all the way to stop at Hill-Tract villages which line the shores of the Karnafuli. Many pleasant hours can be spent in the village occupied by Buddhists. Their houses built on 'stilts" are reached by short ladders. A Buddhist house is a spotless and simple affair. The floors are made of bamboo, smooth to bare feet and cool to walk upon. Mats of jute are spread out for sleeping. A fine picnic supper can be arranged by purchasing the fresh caught fish from the villages and cooked camp-style over an open fire on the hillside. River-shrimp and fresh water trout abound in these parts.

The Hill Tracts region while ranking second in area is the smallest district in population and the least economically developed in the province—yet the tribes are content in their life of simplicity for each family has space to breathe and move in– more than city dwellers. The district is bounded by The Tripura State of India, south by Burma and east by the Arakan Burmese Hills.

Dense virgin forests surrounding you appear to be the first impression of The Hill tracts. The closer look reveals cultivation, good roads and pretty native homes. There are three principal rivers, all of which flow through deep channels between high banks and are not subject to flooding...thus, though the waters may rise high after the rain, the brilliant sunshine aids

them in subsiding very quickly.

The Buddhists specialize in hand weaving beautiful fabrics, in rare colours. They also enjoy making baskets and mats out of bamboo which is very plentiful in their area. Their administrative set-up consists of a village head-man and then a chief who is above him. The various Hill tribes are known as the Chakmas. Tipperas, Kukies and Murunghs. Music is a passion with them and they play their stringed instruments on all occassions. They love Jewellery and all of them wear anklets as well as bracelets, Mythology and folklore are part of their very existence. Story-telling is as important to them as food. One could say that a visit to the Hilltracts to meet these people is a highlight on a Chittagong trip.

The Forests of Chittagong are a hunter's paradise, as the tourist can shoot both deer or tiger. Monkeys jump from branch to branch and elephants strump like kings in their natural domain...presenting a challenge to all who dare to hunt in the private world of wild animals.

In contrast modern architecture in the commercial heart of the city vie with monuments of another era. New homes and bungalows could be likened to dwellings in California painted in white and pastel shades. Among the historic buildings worth a visit, is the Court Building which commands a magnificent view of the

River, and the rolling ocean against a background of the misty blue Chimbuk Range. One of the most noted institutions, the famed Islamia Intermediate College in Chittagong was built by the Portuguese more than 300 years ago. It still has its underground chamber with tunnel and trap doors which was used as an arsenal. Another landmark of historic interest is the Jama Masjid on a 30-foot hill, built by a general of Shah Shuja's forces.

On the fine harbour road your car may halt simultaneously next to bullock carts and gaily painted rickshaws. You will smile at the pleasing contrast as the stop is made at a traffic light and compare it in your mind's eye to highways of ten centuries ago which history tells us was over-run by soldiers of warring Kings...until the arrival of King Tsandaya who named the port, "Tsit-Tse-Gong", meaning "War should not be waged."

In his wake, traders arrived by sea bearing rich spices, gums and coffee from Arabia together with the preachings of Islam which found fertile ground among the people of Bengal. The wily Tsandaya did not practice what he preached for long—in his "City of Perpetual Peace." It soon became a stronghold for pirates and slave trade. It is said that Prince Shuja, second son of Shah Jehan sought refuge with him. Beneath the guise of friendship, the Prince came to Chittagong to escape his jealous brother's wrath and crossed the Karnafuli to the village of Id-Gah to offer

prayers in the holy month of Ramzan. Tsandaya trapped him there and had him sewn alive in a goatskin bag and drowned. The ladies of Shuja's Harem protected their honour by following their beloved Prince into the sea. Descendants of the few who escaped still survive. They are called "Kamanchees". With intense pride they will escort you to the shrine where the Prince said his last prayers. No more do Princes flee across the Karnafuli. Tourists enjoy it instead Queen Elizabeth sailed down this river on the "Mary Anderson" during her 1960 visit to East Pakistan. I boarded a sampan for just 8 annas (10 cents) and crossed over its narrowest point. You may sail on the good ship "Mary Anderson" all for 8 annas down the river. It is fun.

In Chittagong one can board an ocean liner just as easily as a sampan for a short jaunt. As a health resort, its the only place outside Cox's Bazaar that can be classed as such. Wide clean beaches make a dip in the ocean worthwhile. Laze in the sun under a plam tree. Walk on the beach and collect shells of rare colours or just paddle your feet in the swirling salt water and feel refreshed. Picnic huts have been built all along the sands and there is a Government rest house with accommodation starting at 5 rupees a person. Jeeps can be rented reasonably all the time and the sanitary conveniences are new and modern.

Chittagonians are pleased when you learn something of their land especialy that it is the land of 12 saints. No matter which religion one belongs to, they

belive they are sanctified by the lives of saints through the ages. The shrine of Ba-Yazid Bustami (8 miles from the city) is visited by thousands of devetees all year.

Chittagong presents a welcome change from the monotony of the hundreds of miles of Gangetic delta, denude of earth mounds and its hills covered with greenery. The highest hill is the sacred Chondra Nath in Sitakund rising 1115 feet, the climb for a panorama of scenic beauty greets the eyes and the city and its port can be seen in the distance. But hire a guide if you wish whose charges are from 5 rupees up. Another range of hills near Sitakund are the Taunganga in the Toknal district which are 1000 feet high. These are composed of hard clay with some sandstone and dark green small pink and yellow flowers growing between the clay and stone...like clumps of confetti tossed by the wind. Cool sea breezes keep Chittagong's climate extremely pleasant and comfortable. It's neither too hot nor too cold.

You must pay a visit to the Spring at the Telegraph Hill which are said to possess curative water. Organized pilgrimages to the shrines at the Springs are looked-forward-to. People of all creeds come from far and wide to pray for cures. Some arrive on stretchers and leave walking on foot. All come to pray. No entrance fee is demanded. Everyone is welcome, but many former invalids shower the custodians with

big donations so that the shrine and its carefully tended surrounding gardens may be kept up for years to come so that other pilgrims may also reap the benefits at the shrine and the springs.

From the first moment to your last day at Chittagong, the welcome mat is out. You may find it hard to tear yourself away from the very friendly Chittagonians.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Jungle Road to Ramgarth

One of the lovliest drives and hikes in Pakistan is on the Jungle Road to Ramgarth. Nature with all her beautiful colours embraces you. The air is as soft as silk with filtered sunshine. The flowers are exotic and the birds are of brilliant plumage.

Asians and Englishmen are know the world over as a race of tea drinkers. Americans are not. As everybody knows they prefer coffee. The tea societies of East Pakistan can now add my name as a "Life Member."

I arrived at a late hour after a third cup of hot comforting tea on a rainy afternoon in Ramgarth, taken on the cool verandah of the Mukerji Tea Gardens where I had gone to look over one of the big tea plantations owned by the New Indian Tea Company Ltd. I found that the estate was a veritable domain of relaxation where quietness reigned supreme and tall palm trees made cool silhouettes against the deep blue sky.

Tea, whose buds and leaves of shrubs grow in the far flung corners of the earth, holds a key so few of us know about when we sit back and contentedly let its aroma waft through the nostrils. Sip it and with the first taste experience a lift which turns into a glow and

the tiredness vanishes...Why? because tea can only be grown in holiday land where the air is moist and hot, and there is space and sunshine, even and low hillsides open to the heavens. Wherever it sprouts, that place is covered by fragrance which flings its scent, and lends desire for the simple drink, one always takes for granted.

From Chittagong, Ramgarth is but a scant 38 miles and visitors glow with joy, thinking they can reach it in an hour or so...the first thing to remember when paying a visit there is that it's the longest 38 miles in the world and you must go in a jeep, land-rover or truck and prepare to take at least 6 to 8 hours to cover it. It's jungle land after you have left the city, and its fascinating every inch of the way. A combination of swamps, primitive earth, exotic forests, mountains and valleys, with sylvan pools all rolled into one and you will enjoy it as you never enjoyed a bumpy ride before.

Start out in the early morning and you will arrive early tea-time. Each mile brings new vistas, and your box-lunch will be eaten by a river bank where fishermen cast nets in shallow water and bring up ten to twenty fish at one time, including red squirming crabs which you can offer to buy, though your money will be refused One or two cigarettes will always be accepted (carry an extra pack, they are worth more than money to these proud East Pakistanis). You can boil the shellfish in a tin can over a fire of twigs on the river bank. This will add zest to lunch and give you a chance to talk with the local gentry who are simple folk and extremely

warm hearted.

Conversation can begin with a gentle hint on which is the best route to continue...very likely they will become serious and inform you according to the weather. You will learn to use the soft-caked roads which lead to gravelled paths, though there are numerous turnings and steep inclines, but whichever way the fisher folk advise, that is the way you should go.

After you have gone 20 miles, the depths of the jungle are reached. The Highway Commission have fine roads through this area. A wonderous achievement considering that small wild animals could spring out when least expected. Parts of the road are exceedingly narrow but passable. Tall trees of every description line the way. The ebony, fir, banyan and bamboo trees are neighbours here, locked and inter-twined tighter and thicker than closed gates...standing guard against an impenetrable bush where panthers and tigers roam locked in nature's environs as if shut in by steel. The only creatures ever forcing their way out are an occasional snake or two who slither across the path, often getting cut in half by a truck or the Machette of a woodsman—bent on the rich spoil of a snake's value-able skin.

My escort and I saw monkeys in droves darting above the tree-tops, whole families screeching in glee at the sight of a truck, often alighting on the car hood with curiosity. They will jump away like lightning if

you try to touch them. Many of them are captured by the natives and sold for export to far flung zoos around the world.

Along the next ten-mile stretch are no villages, just rough ground often furrowed by deep rains which made our driving progress very slow, yet I marvelled at the sunburnt natives, wearing only a lo'n cloth who marched along—carrying immense pieces of bamboo across their shoulders which evidently they had chopped off from the borders of the jungle. I have never discovered where they were walking to, they seemed to live so far from civilization.

About 3 miles from our destination we stopped to rest at a tiny square market which appeared suddenly on our route. The people were Hindus and all the women wore nose rings. Our arrival was something of an event. All the tea stall proprietors invited us for tea. Children flocked around us and the entire community (about 50 in all) aided in possing some of the youngsters in their long picturesque clothes for the photographs I took.

Minstrels played on mouth organs and parents beamed with pride for the occasion. We parted finally amid blessings for our presence. I felt sure we were the "plat de jour" of the conversation for many days afterwards.

For sheer beauty the last few miles are sublime.

Lush vegetation on farmlands and valleys labyrinths with trailing greenery carpeted our path and an afternoon mist leant an ethereal look to the scenery. White clouds above us seemed to dissolve into lacy curtains of foam and we drove along the highway in silence, spellbound by the loveliness. We felt a sense of isolation as if we were the only people on the road to Ramgarth; words were not necessary—we were in the midst of beauty which became fulfilment when we arrived at the tea-estate. It was late tea-time but nevertheless we were made very welcome by the Hindu manager, Mr. Mukerji.

He was the youngest son of a tea planter who has several plantations in Sylhet. Mr. Mukerji told us we were very lucky. It was Hindu Festival time—"The Durga Puja" and we were invited to stay and enjoy it. Smoky torches lit the scene—casting many shadows. Red flames added blood—colour to the sacrificial lamb slaughtered as a ritual when dusk had fallen. Somehow with the brilliant splendour of the gold, yellow, green and blue drapes circling the stage—it all fitted in as if a pattern was cut out from the caves of giant's kingdom. When night had come—beneath the black star filled sky, the Hindus sang to the beat of drums and other instruments...a steady rhythmic beat, haunting, now smooth, now fiery—at times almost a discord mingled with laughter, the chirping of crickets and all the happy sounds of the watchers at the Hindu Feast.

Again we drank delicious tea and watched the

dancing in front of the brightly lit stage around the spot where the lamb had been...dancing that could have meant prayers for its departed spirit or wishes as yet un-fullfilled. A life size Ganesh (holy idol who blesses families) and sacred figures of Godesses were arranged as if they were actors around the scene. Aged patriachs again beat the drums and made fire offerings. It was a thrilling sight to us who had never before seen a festival on the 10th day of new moon of the 10th month...

Much latter we dined with the Mukerjis and spent the night at their charming guest house—about the most modern one I had seen in all East Pakistan. The hospitality we received was gracious in extreme, and it is advisable—when possible to notify the tea planters in advance of an intended visit.

Half a mile away lies the border of Bharat, i.e. India patrolled by soldiers on both sides. Though I slept as comfortably as I would back home at the Metropole, I was somewhat thrilled when six Pakistani soldiers arrived to stand guard through the night.. as Mr. Mukerji said "You are a foreign national...we want to feel safe".

In the morning I toured the tea gardens, and climbed small hills where the tea bushes flowered, talked to pretty young girl pickers, watched the processing and learned more about the fragrant tea that we all enjoy so much. Rows and rows of flowering trees ready for plucking made an enticing panorama of green and

white.

Most of the tea is packed for export. It is of very fine quality. Some of it is blended, and the British buy it in huge quantities for its pungency, and strength. An interesting morning can be enjoyed discovering what makes Pakistani tea tick ; but tick it does, and the sales are beyond expectations.

All the workers live on the plantation. A modern school provided by the owners takes care of their children's education. Many of them grow up with the special desire to be tea planters.

It's a private world of Hindus at Ramgarth who grow tea, not only for other nations, but also for the friendly country they live in...Muslim Pakistan.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

The Glorious Sunderbans

Its the home of the Royal Bengal Tiger! that prince among beasts which big-game hunters dream of meeting on the prowl......for opportunities unlimited lie in wait for sportsmen in this area. Opportunities too for the seeker of beauty in natures own domain are beyond expectations.

The wide river banks bordering the Sunderbans are virgin territory to flying pintails, fluttering Blue-wings, pigeons and water fowl. There are fat Brahmin ducks, wild geese and even the stately swan is to be seen—in a veritable wonderland beneath blue skies.

The Sunderbans is only accessible by launch; from Khulna it is possible to go though the forests of the Sunderbans by boat. Natural channels and creeks circle the sub-merged islands of trees, clearly visible, and uuusual sight worth photographing for that some-thing unsual anywhere in the tropics. Like the name of this place, Sunderbans conjures, up a private litle world that is different, though it derives its title from the networt of rivers. creeks and nullas. There are fortytwo of them, divided by small islands which stretch across the Gangetie Delta all the way from Khulna to Calcutta.

In East Pakistan, hunters, painters and fishermen consider the Sunderbans specially adapted to their individual desires...

How many times has the man of the house wanted to choose a holiday where he could hunt wild animals one day, shoot game the next, then relax and just go fishing where the roads, rivers and forests meet in the sylvan Sunderbans. It seems like a dream but it can be realized when one boards the steamer at Khulna for a slow delightful trip all through it. And he can sleep on board until the Indian border is reached, then camp out doing the things he wants to do untill the steamer-launch returns. He would be wise to take the family with him if possible, who will enjoy the sailing. Each night upon return to the boat from one's adventures, they will thrill over your prowess and trophies.

As the launch passes through the River Passur, where lazy crocodiles congregate and sleep in the sun, a good hunter can spear one noiselessly from the deck. If his aim is sharp and true and he can strike through its eyes to the brain.. then friend hunter, you have bagged a crocodile and an enemy of all mankind. Other animals, wild and free stand and stare boldly in an authoritative dignity on the edge of the river bank as if saying "We belong here—we have prior rights." It tends to make one realise how powerless we would be, face to face on equal terms.

The Bengal tiger is at home in the Sunderbans, and he is truly royal, though not easily seen or attacked. A good hunter cannot even come near him on foot for the land is swampy and logs are unsafe. A true hunter sitting perched on a high tree tops in the thick forest bordering the narrow river, may not catch a tiger but he will vision rare sights inside nature's sanctuary which few people ever have a chance to see.

Just before twilight when the sun goes down sending shafts and streaks of colour like rainbows on the water, herds of deer will be running like dancers in rhythm. The tiger will prowl for his meal, and chitals will scatter at his scent, with the instinct all jungle animals possess.

Deepening shadows and a silence, then suddenly a wild uproar will be heard as the nimble tiger stealthily catches his food, a stray black pig who travelled alone. On the rare occasion when this man-eater is caught, the hunter earns good rewards for he is lessening human casualties besides fulfilling the ancient beliefs which native workers hold dear. The whiskers of the tiger are supposed to cure foot and mouth diseases. It's fat is highly prized throughout East and West Pakistan. Tiger claws are worn by men and women as charm against evil and the tiger tongue is considered a superior medicine for bodily ailments when it is cut in small pieces and placed in plantains before eating. Ancient Muslim warriors are believed to have command over tigers and were even able to ride on their backs.

Once more on the launch, life sets a slower pace for one reaches the River Bugboga which is said to be tha narrowest river in the East Pakistan stretch of the Sunderbans. The captain must manoeuve his vessel with great skill for the narrowness is so concealed that the launch comes upon it and almost touches both sides of the river. Often large flotillas consisting of a steamer with flats (big covered-over dumb craft) in tow, frequently tail the banks and brush past dense jungle.

Consequently all vessels have to be manned by experienced masters of Pakistan who know these waters. The passengers watch in admiration as they see the perfection of the masters' skill. Their captain is a person of great courage who knows how to avoid pitfalls.

During monsoon season the rivers rise and are dangerous to navigate and few launches take the chance of crossing them.

But monsoon time has its advantages, foi the glories of Mother nature are washed and painted a new, and hyacinths and lotus blossoms grow like weeds in the rain. Defying time, tempest and earthquake, footprints of animals are baked in the earth. One becomes lost in wonder thinking about them. Trailing ivy grows and drifts in the hollowed out space.

The colours in the Sunderbans glow with fresh radiance and the wealth of the forest takes on new hues.

After the deluge, burning sunshine shrinks wood, and timbre is cut for house-building. Here the Golpata plant spreads open its round fan-like leaves all over the foot of the banks, and it is plucked and used for thatching roofs by river workers.

Fishing in the Sunderbans is an enjoyable sport. From this area comes the largest source of supply for East Pakistan. Fat Hilsa fish (little known in the West) is prolific and is the staple diet of countless people. It's delicious flavour pleases the most exacting fish-eater. West Pakistanis on a visit marvel when eating it for the first time—Hilsa—the special fish of East Bengal.

The Sunderbans could be likened to a land-gift from the heavens. Primitive grandeur mingles with the exotic. The Sunderbans are known to possess the mystery of hidden wealth. Tourists from near and far often wonder what lies behind its barricades of unprobed and mythical treasures.

On your return to Khulna, a wonderful treat would be to visit the Kapilmuni Fair which is considered a highlight for its dramatic display—portrayed by Hindus. Long long ago during the age of the Mahabarata, a Hindu King-saint named Kapli son of Basudeva, King of Ponudra was driven away from the capital of the Kingdom by his elder step-mother. The prince came down along with the river Kapotaksha and settled at this place and took up the life of

meditation and became famous as a saint. On the day of Baruni, 13th day of the Moon in the month of Chaitra, corresponding with March he became successful in his meditation. To commemorate this day, his disciples held a fair on this day and took their oath in river of Kapotakshi and since then, the fair is held each year. The fair continues for a week. Hundreds of Hindus assemble for the occasion and take their annual bath in the river. The place has been named after the kind-saint Kapil.

The Hindus say "His spirit lingers still" and should you linger after the fair, Kapilmuni will pour blessings in your direction and all your thoughts will be joyous.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

Karnafuli Mills and Hydel Project

Imagine seeing shiny-smooth bamboo turned into wrapping paper on your holiday. It's true when you visit the great Karnafuli Paper Mills, such things happen. Of course it's in East Pakistan and as usual you get to it by PIA from Dacca via Chittagong.

The delight in reaching this huge independent world of machinery starts when one boards the evening launch in Chittagong for the long river journey to Chandraghona in Hill Tract regions. The air is fresh and cool, the water calm and the river-banks slowly disappear. An occasional sampan and other craft pass by, and the skill of Bengali rowing in narrow canoes makes one think of boat races on the Thames, except, that Bengali boatmen are born with an inner knowledge of the rivers, the sea and its moods. Just watching them is great fascination. The hours slip away and darkness falls and your seat on the deck of the launch, becomes a throne, from whence you vision the magic of life on the busy river, as fishermen hurry home, while families living on houseboats float by. Music from mouth organs and home-made stringed instruments penetrate the night-mists. Fireflies dart from invisible places and stars come out and twinkle in the pitch black sky. Depending on the river current the launch may take from 4 to 6 hours to reach there, so be prepared and have a packed meal ready or one that

can be cooked on board.

Fish sizzling in a pan over a glowing brazier is more exciting as the water swirls part. Then fish-fry at home. It tastes different with that special picnic flavour of strange places. You may even step ashore with the launch-captain while he shops. (as they usually do), in a tiny Hill Tract village, and pick up extras like shellfish freshly caught and white-skinned onions plucked from the hillsides, served to you amid the entire clan of inhabitants who will watch your purchase with rare and friendly interest.

When I reached Chandraghona, drowsiness induced by the soft lapping of the water, overcame me. I awoke to find someone from the paper mills waiting to greet me and escort me to the Rest House. A lovely place, modern in every respect with luxurious comforts and dinner piping hot.

A message sent previously to the Managing Director, expressing your desire and reasons for visiting Karnafuli, will assure any tourist an overnight invitation. In the morning, the beauty of your surroundings will enchant you. Green hills, flowers, and the silence of a Shangrila setting, broken only by the songs of birds, makes one reluctant to start even a tour of the mills.

Swift jeeps carry you to huge busy factories, tree-logs cut into barrel shapes are piled high. Small

mountains of bamboo and other products of the good earth all go into paper-making at Karnafuli. But its the laboratories shining with steel and copper devices, test tubes, ovens and implements of chemistry resembling huge spotless kitchens which will thrill you. The laboratories are the wombs of Karnafuli, and not a day passes without some new discovery which will improve the texture, quality and strength of the tons of paper pouring forth from the giant machines. Paper for scholars, paper for wrapping, and household use, and a thousand other uses, and perhaps the most important—paper, on which the news comes out.

A morning spent seeing all this is a genuine educational venture into the unknown—for unbelievable cranes swoop like eagles across the factory lifting and shifting rolls and logs with ease which normally would require the strength of many men. Next time you sit down to write a letter home, the stationery would have a new look, for you have seen what goes into paper-making in the fabulous huge plants in Chandraghona.

A tour around the housing project for the hundreds of workers at Karnafuli is another worthwhile experience. Garden plots come with each home, flowers, chicken and little lambs give the place a farmlike atmosphere. There are schools for the children and clinics where a new generation of Karnafuli babies are born, beneath air which is sweet and fresh. Credit for the splendid organization could be placed on the shoulders of the Managing Director who plays the host

to visitors and puts all his time and energy into the paper mills. One comes away with reluctance from this factory in the green hill...but your launch awaits and the 50 miles river journey to the Karnafuli-Hydro-electric Project in Kaptai gives you time to reminisce and absorb the wonders of life of what our modern age can do in a barren land. I spent the second night in this area on the boat and it became a very relaxing experience to be lulled to sleep with only thenight sounds and the paddle of the fishermen's oars. My companions and I swam before breakfast and clambered on board hungry as hunters, before dis-embarking to visit the new multi-purpose dam. The Hydro-Electric project.

The Project is like a miracle. Rivers have been filled in to make rich soil and good earth for all agricultural purposes. Mountains have heen blasted and have made space for new roads. All nature's abundant and primitive resources have been harnessed to give might, power, and freedom of excess toil to mankind. Electricity flowing from power-stations has added channels throughout East Pakistan. American and Pakistani engineers have worked long hours side by side to complete it.

The several million dollars poured out by the United States Government in conjunction with local capital has turned currency into vital deeds, irrigated earth, light, in darkness, and given opportunities to the humblest peasant that did not exist before. During

the years that the Hydro-Electric project was in making, the Americans built a complete small city for themselves, on the river-banks and called it "Little America". There were schools for the childern, amusements, cafeterias and community halls. The Pakistani professionals engaged in the work often came over to enjoy social functions. The spirit of brotherlines was rampant. One and all worked with a family feeling in order to complete the fabulous dam.

Long after the dam was finished, the labourers whose earnings had brought them radios and comforts formerly undreamed of—remain in their near by villages to this day—blessing the project. Their pride in it is combined with a feeling of everlasting frendship for the Americans who helped make the dam possible. The American machinery used on the site, now serves other plans of the East Pakistan Government.

All visitors to the project may enjoy refreshments of Eastern and Western variety at the Hydel Cafeterias. The tour through the new plant is an enjoyable experience—and may be likened to an Exploration.

CHAPTER THIRTY

Rangamati

Rangamati in East Pakistan on the Banks of the Karnafuli has individuality—and could be compared to a small country-town in Northern Europe with its quaint market places and peaceful inhabitants.

Rangamati is easily reached by launch from Kaptai in two hours. Coming ashore—one is liable to cross paths with youths who look like shepherd boys leading their animals to water—as if in a scene from Bible days, for little lakes and pools dot the village where children bathe, women wash clothes, and old men fish. It is the kind of place where public notices are not printed. They are read out loud by the official "Town Crier" who will repeat, the news several times in Bengali, Urdu and local dialects, then in halting English for the benefit of visitors. The citizens crowd round him with gusto, listening intently with enthusiasm born of deep interest. The town crier is an honoured person who shouts from an old fashioned horn until sufficient people have gathered, then he smiles and struts merrily like the Pied Piper of Hamelin walking along, secure in the knowledge he holds within him and that his audience will follow wherever he goes.

Business stops, the baker shuts his shop, mothers gather up their babies, and errand boys on bicycles rest

lazily, glad for the chance to mingle with crowds. The news is always important, though, it be but a ruling often talked about (advantageous—yes !) or an old order cancelled.

For the stranger, the atmosphere is similar to a country fair and he must stop and join the throng. Getting through it when the town crier is speaking is an impossibility, but its fun to relax and listen. Just watching the various types of people tell another story not found in books. A black bearded soothsayer nodding his head in agreement. Orange-robed monks, solemn-eyed, harking with devout faith, and merchants trailed by their assistants standing at attention, whispering "Take heed boy—take heed, this new law must be obeyed."

And thus a pleasant half hour is spent reminding the visitor of years gone by when storytellers came to the market place on special days and kept shoppers enthralled. This could happen while one is on the way to Rangamati's Guest House or small Pensions (rates 5 to 10 rupees daily), for Rangamati is a true tourist town and the principal gateway to Hill Track Land. Within an hour, one can walk or ride from the heart of it to the high green hills where the Chakma Tribes who are all Budhists live in a happy state. Their leader, young serious King Roy is the son of an English mother and Indian father who professes the Buddhist faith. King Roy holds court daily in the region. In the near future a new Hiltract area will rise in the environment of a

Chittagong built on simple though modern lines.

If an appointment is made in advance via District Commissioner, King Roy will greet you with all his family in his rambling home behind palatial gates. His pretty wife and son and heir will be shown off. Refreshments offered along with friendly words and interest in the visit. It's stimulating and you will unconsciously be comparing the difference of your life with theirs. This regal group dress up for the social visit but other Chakmas do not.

Chakma children wear little or no clothes. Their bodies are brown kissed by the sun. The women often use only a sarong and carry bundles on their heads with the grace of statues while the men wear one piece dhoti or a loin cloth. Slender, burnished bronze in colour they represent a picturesque race, always smiling rarely sad. They lead lives of extreme simplicity and care little for modern devices. Their wants are few. Home is a thatched roof and built into bamboo basses. Cows and oxen graze near by. They dwell as their ancestors did in centuries past, untouched by time and progress, possessing great content......A content which lends itself to visitors who silently envy the quiet dignity and comunal spirit among these East Pakistanis. Should a tourist offer a gift to a Chakma child, the child will admire and return it, not knowing it was intended as a gift, for in their minds they do not seek thanks for small favours—or expect them.

Other Buddhist tribes can be visited whose villages can only be reached by launch and whose homes are high on hilltops, above valleys reminiscent of the old world. Buddhist farmers work with primitive outdated implements from dawn to dusk. Lambs, poultry, chicken and cattle wander freely on the slopes. In this region, Government cottage resthouses have been arranged for the visitor who wishes to spend the night, then awaken in the dawn to glimpse the beauty of Hill Tract country when the sky is a pale new-washed blue and the Buddhist Temples appear like shrines of silver, shimmering in the light of the new day. Tourists cherish each moment on Buddhist earth for the priests bless them as they pass by.

Back in Rangamati, one is expected to pay a courtesy call at the District Commissioner's house.

It is built on a rock and looks out over all Rangmati. The D. C's firendly interest and that of his young wife is the kind that makes tourists happy that they come. Part of the duties of the D.C. consists in entertaining guests, but this Pakistani couple act as true ambassadors for their country by exceeding their duties. They plan sightseeing programmes and ensure comfort to all visitors. If the local school should be having a concert, an invitation is extended to see and hear the childish efforts of East Wing Chakma children whose love for the country of their birth, is strong and proud.

One is swept with enthusiasm for the "Get-togetherness" in this small isolated spot...among official who are Muslims, and fellow-citizens, who are both Hindus and Buddhists. The finale of a tourist sojourn lies in discovering the warmth and gracious culture among a minority race in Pakistan.



Sailing in a sampan on the Karnaphuli River.



The Pagoda House on the beach at Cox's Bazaar.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

Cox's Bazaar where Land and Waters Blend

Coastline of Bengal—the Bay of Bengal where Cox's Bazaar stretches and curves like a woman in love. Mile after mile of it is reminiscent of fables when the sea was a kingdom, and mighty Neptune commanded the waves to recede. At Cox's Bazaar, the sea is so calm, the monarchs of today could walk in it at dawn, and bathe, yards and yards away from the shore, beneath a sky of newly-painted blue, surrounded by an enchanting end-of-the world look; as if there was nothing beyond the sea but shimmering waters, refreshing and effervescent to anyone's soul.

People come to Cox's Bazaar, just for a day but they never leave it so soon. Their desire to linger is a gift from the sea, the very special sea at Cox's Bazaar with its overwhelming radiance which speaks—like a caressing voice, in the daylight with the sun.. in the night-light with the twinkle of stars. There are 70 miles of golden beaches in this old sailors town and it is jeepable all the way. The sand is hard-packed and a delight to walk on barefooted, covered as it is with soft and thick trailing vines, ripe with clusters of pink and lavender blossoms. Visitors sun-bathing on it say:—"It feels as if we are relaxing on a carpet of flowers." Thousands of tiny red crabs live on the beach and scuttle in and out of tiny holes. At times they look

like ribbons of scarlet petals moving with the wind and shifting sands. Cox's Bazaar has a sea made to measure, quiet in the morning, bouncing at mid-day and calm again in the afternoon. It becomes an utter delight to swim after dusk. Burmese fishermen make it an entrancing picture as they sail across it on slender canoes and sampans. Frym a distance they look like quaint Buddhas bobbing on the ocean waves.

This, off-the beaten track, sprawling seaport lies 88 miles south of Chittagong...a string of countless hamlets straight out of an Oriental fairytale—half hidden by the jungle. A new luxury service traverses the fine metalled road direct to it, while the astute PIA now operates its air-bus service in a 25 minute run at the low cost of 12 rupees a ticket. Big steamships and the B. I. S N. line cross the waterways to its shores in a little over half a day. Wild beauty greets the eyes on approach. Nature in her most lavish mood dwells in Cox's Bazaar and the fortunate tourist is encompassed by exotic flowers and lush vegetation, banana and coconut palms and quaint thatched roof houses, huts of bamboo and silvery streams where water lilies float... The villagers, mostly Buddhists bathe almost all day long wearing naught but brief sarongs. The children scampering through shallow ponds look like traditional tawny cupids pure as infants in their nudity. Clothes to them are not important. They are as natural as the birds and bees. The parents live by fishing and off their rice-plantations and small weaving industries. They

work only enough to cover simple needs. A bit of food, cigars to smoke (which they manufacture themselves from home-grown crops) and some bright clothes to cover themselves are sufficient for all their requirements. For pleasure they play on wooden hand-made musical instruments, and any occasion such as a birth, village wedding, or other festivities, brings forth the band.

As a trading centre, the heart of Cox's Bazaar is full of long narrow street, crowded with all manner of small merchants whose shops have no windows. Wall size shutters are thrown open each day until siesta time when one and all sleep to escape the noon-day sun. Historically speaking, the city has no special background—but during the last century a virile English sea captain called Cox made it his base in the Bay of Bengal. The remote and isolated, deserted stretch of beach appealed to the adventurous Captain Cox. He stored great amounts of merchandise in strong sheds which became his cargo on returning voyages. The little hamlet grew up around him and many members of his crew remained and settled there. Today, among the few thousands of Burmese inhabitants who make up most of its population, one finds an occasional fair haired blue eyed descendant of Cox's sailors throughout the township, picturesque and gay like, his neighbours.

Accomodation in Cox's Bazaar is by the ocean-side. The fine Government Rest House charges only Rs. 5 a day for modern rooms, while their private

cottages are comfortable for families and the same rate applies for each person. Meals are reasonably extra, but you can bring your cook, shop in the quaint market and choose your own. Fancy clothes are unheard of because the Rest House and cottages are situated on the beach and swimming suits are considered popular apparel.

The children's playground complete with slides and other equipment is also situated on the beach, so take all the family along for real enjoyment. A ten minutes walk takes to you the new tennis stadium built by private community funds is a marvel of design, and for atheletic guests, sports are not overlooked. The friendly District Commissioner rents jeeps (for small charge) specially adaptable for driving on sand, and the visitor can go from one small village to another by driving on sand, along the edge of the sea. The blue—as tranquil as a gentle river comfortable to bathe in or swim, with natural health giving vitamins all for free, no-prescriptions needed in the ever-present sunshine. If you are unable to sleep, the air in Cox's Bazaar acts like a sleeping potion of a Witch's Brew.

The people of Cox's Bazaar are Buddhists and Hindus with aeshetic tastes developed through age-old traditions of art, music and literature. They speak Bengali but understand Urdu and a good bit of English. A few are traders. Some manufacture cigars in their Pagoda-like homes, but majority are simple fisherman,

who in pre-Martial Law days used to sail across the Bay to Burma in the dark of the night and return in the dawn with more than fish! Since Martial Law they are strictly fishermen! A good many of them are fine tailors. They delight in sewing for visitors. Sitting crosslegged on bamboo mats, they offer you a chair, fresh tea and smiles while taking your order. When eventually you leave their lovely seaport, they will show up with all their family to bid you goodbye and shower you with the blessings of Allah. They never heard of high prices or of extras, they put excellent work in garments with affection in every stitch. I came away with quite a classical array of tropical clothes which I would have been proud to lable.........."Made in Cox's Bazaar", (had there been such lables) from the hand of Abdur Razzak, my tailor by the sea.

About 10 miles away, on fairly good roads, one can visit Ramu, a Buddhist village with beautiful monastries, where their exquisite Buddhas in gold and other rare figures, emblazoned with precious stones line the high walls. Many monks live in the monastries who pray and do simple tasks each day, related to their religion or carve sacred objects with an artist's touch. They are kindly souls who are pleased with strangers, and will relate fables and history to inquiring visitors. The spell of Burma, Thailand and Japan hangs over them and one feels impelled to ask questions in regard to the hundreds of beautiful objects inside their domain.

In one of the monastries I entered, together with a friend called Dino, we found an aged and dying monk who preferred to spend his last days in its confines. He opened his eyes when we came near and asked if we had any water for drinking, since his attendant had gone for some and had not returned. The only liquid we had was some warm Murree beer left over from our picnic lunch. I explained that it had been brewed with good malt and hops and perhaps he would like to try some. He murmured that monks often made wine and that he was so parched he could be glad to try it. "Perhaps it will make me sleep" he said "that would help me so much—if I could only sleep—if I could only sleep."

Dino did not think so. He was furious with me. "How can you give a dying monk beer to drink, it might kill him."

"Dino" I replied, "I don't think so, ale with malt and hops are given to pregnant women in Egland and besides he wants it." Dino grunted—"are you mad, he's not pregnant, let's get out of here." I laughed and very genlty I held the monk's head and aided him while he sipped a glass full of the warm amber liquid. He smiled at me then closed his eyes and fell asleep before we had tiptoed out. (I can still remember the feel of his wooly head). That same evening on our way back to Cox's Bazaar we looked in to see how the monk was feeling. We found him

sitting up, very much revived, and dying for more beer......

Each day in Cox's Bazaar is an adventure. Wandering around old monuments brings back the ages of the Buddhist and mediaeval eras. Weavers play their trades in open fronted workshops and patterns in glittering colours come out on saris, scarves and table-cloths, sold on the spot with lively bargaining to arrange the price. And, after an afternoon sojourn, your own private beach in front of the rest house makes an evening's swim a refreshing ecstatic delight.

Dinner at the rest house is often enlivened by your dancing groups of villagers who bring stringed instruments and play while the girls dance, the special dances of East Bengal. The apparel of this people is rich in volume and texture. They wear Sarongs in pink and lilac and dainty muslin blouses. Velvet Burmese sandals always grace their feet, At any age, they all have garlands of flowers in their hair. Tall and sturdy, they are a joy and credit to Pakistan and look like cousins whether East in Ramu or South in Taknaf and North at Nilla. (Other villages similar to Ramu).

In the nearby forests and valleys, chattering monkeys break the silence, black squirrels and rabbits scatter as an elephant approaches and the jungle—remotely removed from the sea, has its own fascinating

life of animals while exotic birds fly and warble over-head,peacooks strut their glories and literally thousands of red-billed parrots make entrancing colour in the skies. In many sections hunting is permitted and fishing is for everyone, in the rivers or the ocean. For deep sea divers a rare treat can be had by pearl-diving for there are many pearl-bearing oysters in this region.

All this awaits the tourist at Cox's Bazaar and for a finalle, the immediately-near places from the rest house on the beach are very easily reached. A half mile walk brings you to a lovely tree-covered hill over-looking the sea and just wonderful for a picnic. Another good walk, and not so far for a Jeep drive is Chainda, 7 miles away on the south-east road. For hunting this place is ideal. Rent its Dak bungalow for the night and stop over, it only costs 5 rupees per person; then after an early morning swim and breakfast, hunt your own dinner! The jungle-fowl pheasants and deer are luscious catches. You may also catch a glimpse of his majesty—the royal Bengal tiger who dwells in Chainda's forests. The surrounding small lakes are full of ducks. In a dinghy with a pair of binoculars you can see their every movement and with the sun behind you, the chance for the direct shot is perfect. These are lazy birds and most easily caught. Stop for lunch at the bungalow and try again at 3 when the afternoon-heat makes the birds lazy and whole flocks are ready targets. What a choice supper you will have with your bag full of spoils.

The night is refreshingly cool, water ripples with a murmur alongside your boat. Sunset has descended in fiery glory and you will be witnessing a sombre solitude, enveloping in its serenity. For more beach—picnic grounds, picturesque Inani is but 20 miles distant. Tall palm trees wave on the shore. The sampans and canoes provide a picture-book background. About the best place to hunt in this area is Garjania, 22 miles East at the Burma border on the Ramu Road. It is hilly and full of thick woods. Fruit and vegetables practically grow wild. The forest of Garjania is the home of big bisons, elephants and exotic birds. Among the many, other villages, dont miss the one-hour sail from Cox's Bazaar to Sanadia Island. Millions of green pigeons, pintails, parrots, the Mynah bird, cuckoos and nightingales are to be seen here. The beach is full of bewitching shells in transluscent colours. Fishing is an angler's dream. The fish practically walk out of the sea. Shell fish abound and this is a place you will never want to leave.

Cox's Bazaar is so full of wonderful things—the diversions are unlimited. It possesses a similarity to Darkest Africa, the quiet calm of the English Lakes and the gaiety of America's Florida. You dont have to be rich to see it either. When I was leaving I thought of all the inexpensive delights I had witnessed and came to know...the Buddhist villages and their primitive, yet so friendly inhabitants, the peaceful hills and almost awesome jungles, the bouncing waves of that very

special sea—and most of all the sense of surprise when worlds change from city to city and an 88 mile journey is a trip back into time......

Your delight will be beyond bounds and something of the loveliness of this strange sea will remain with you for evermore. Cox's Bazaar casts a spell! Be you peasant, stroller, nobleman or traveller, its magic will enfold you...and endure long after the holiday is over.

THE END.

There was both pleasure and exhaustion in writing this book, and I hope dear reader you have seen the sights and sounds of Pakistan...heard the voices of the Sindhi, the Punjabi and those valiant sons of the Khyber Pass, the indomitable Pathans who are braver than brave, among other citizens of East & West wings. Last but not least, remember the love tales, the Prince and his quest...the sweet Bengali maidens and their folk dances so rare and so much more...perhaps by now you have become aware that it was all written by an author in love...in love with Pakistan.

C. M.